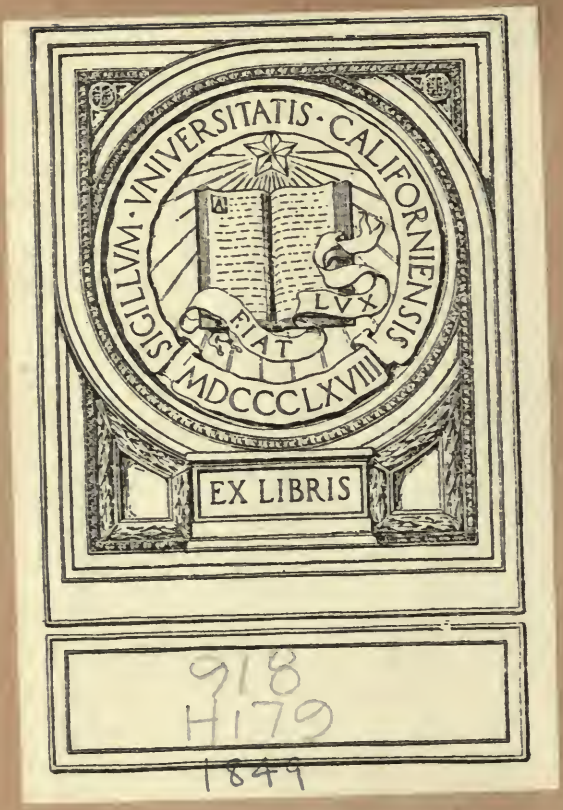


918
H179
1849

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/bookofbritishbal00ballrich

THE BOOK OF BRITISH BALLADS.

Hall

THE BOOK

OF

BRITISH BALLADS.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

FIRST SERIES.



EDITED BY S. C. HALL, ESQ., F.S.A.

LONDON:
GEORGE VIRTUE.
MDCCCXLIX.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

London:
Spottiswoodes and Shaw,
New-street-Square.



INTRODUCTION.

ALTHOUGH various collections of British Ballads have been published, from time to time, since the elegant mind, refined taste, and sound judgment, of Bishop Percy were brought to bear upon the interesting and important subject, no attempt has been made to select and arrange, in a popular form, the best of these Ballads, from the several volumes in which they are scattered, and mixed up with a mass of inferior, or objectionable, compositions. This appears, indeed, to have been almost the only department of our "Polite Literature," to which public attention has not been adequately directed. Yet, without subscribing to the opinion, attributed to high authorities, — "Give me the making of

146880

National Ballads, and I care not who makes the Laws,"—it requires no argument to prove their powerful influence over the thoughts and feelings of all classes—the cultivated as well as the uncultivated. It is not too much to say, that in "uncivill ages" no source of instruction was so fertile,—and no missionary so effective in moulding the general sentiment, as "the blinde crowder"—it may have been,—"who, with no rougher voice than rude style," stirred up the sympathies of the multitude, and moved even the great heart of Sidney, "more than with a trumpet." Nor can he be considered a visionary, who would draw conclusions, as to the pre-eminently moral character of Great Britain, from the fact, that the songs which encourage virtue and justice, uphold heroic fortitude, and inculcate, as an axiom, that "God defends the right," have been, in all ages, the chiefest "darlings of the common people."

The Editor has here endeavoured to form a selection that shall be agreeable and interesting to the general reader, and not unsatisfactory to the antiquary and the scholar. It has been, however, an essential part of his design, to collect only the Ballads that appear most worthy of preservation,—and not to reprint those which have no stronger recommendation than their rarity;—rejecting none, because they are already sufficiently known, and accepting none, because they are merely scarce. It was his duty to decline no labour that might give completeness to his task; and to omit no opportunities of consulting available sources of information, whether accessible to all readers, or to be obtained only by patient industry and careful search. His plan, in its several details, it is unnecessary for him to explain, inasmuch as it is here sufficiently developed. It will be perceived, that he has not modernised the orthography; believing, that "these old and antique songs" will be most readily welcomed in their ancient dress,—

"The garb our Muses wore in former years."

He did not, however, consider it expedient to follow any chronological order; to have done so, with accuracy, would have been indeed impossible, for there are few of the more ancient compositions to which

any date can be assigned. His leading purpose was so to arrange these Ballads as to obtain variety, both of style and illustration, without regard to the period at which they were written, or the sources in which they originated; prefacing each by such explanatory remarks as should communicate all the information he was able to obtain concerning its history.

In illustrating the work, he was ambitious so to apply the great and admitted capabilities of British Art, as to prove that the embellished volumes of Germany and France were not of unapproachable excellence, in reference either to design or execution. He believes himself warranted in stating, that he has been enabled to submit examples of the genius of a large proportion of the more accomplished artists of Great Britain — as exhibited in drawing upon wood. The supremacy of our English engravers, in this class of Art, has been long established.



ALEX.R B. GROGAN.
SAN FRANCISCO.

INDEX

TO

THE BOOK OF BRITISH BALLADS.

PAGE

AULD ROBIN GRAY 415
Designs by J. Franklin.
Engravings by G. Dalziel and F. Branston.

BARTHRAM'S DIRGE 293
Designs by Fanny M'Ian.
Engravings by Fred. Branston.

CHEVY CHASE 1
Designs by J. Franklin.
Engravings by W. J. Linton, T. Williams, J. Bastin, T. Armstrong, and E. Landells.

COLIN AND LUCY 261
Designs by E. M. Ward.
Engravings by F. Branston.

ELFINLAND WUD 421
Designs by J. N. Paton.
Engravings by T. Armstrong.

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNELL . . 393
Designs by J. Franklin.
Engravings by G. P. Nicholls and G. Dalziel.

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM . 179
Designs by H. Warren.
Engravings by Jackson.

FAIR ROSAMOND 21
Designs by J. Franklin.
Engravings by T. Williams, O. Smith, E. Evans, J. Walmsley, and Miss Williams.

FAUSE FOODRAGE 165
Designs by T. M. Joy.
Engravings by Miss Williams.

FRENNETT HALL 369
Designs by J. Franklin.
Engravings by G. Dalziel, F. Branston, and G. P. Nicholls.

GENEVIEVE 173
Designs by J. Franklin.
Engravings by T. Armstrong and G. P. Nicholls.

GIL MORRICE 97
Designs by Kenny Meadows.
Engravings by Smith and Linton.

GLENFINLAS 241
Designs by H. J. Townsend.
Engravings by G. P. Nicholls, F. Branston, and J. Walmsley.

PAGE

HENGIST AND MEY 433
Designs by F. R. Pickersgill.
Engravings by J. L. Williams.

JOHNIE OF BREADISLEE . . . 223
Designs by T. Sinson.
Engravings by W. J. Linton.

KATHERINE JANFARIE . . . 267
Designs by C. H. Weigall.
Engravings by E. Landells.

KEMPION 51
Designs by W. B. Scott.
Engravings by Smith and Linton.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH . . . 125
Designs by J. Franklin.
Engravings by W. J. Green, G. P. Nicholls, and T. Armstrong.

KING ESTMERE 375
Designs by J. Tenniel.
Engravings by J. Bastin.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT . . 409
Designs by J. S. Brine.
Engravings by J. Bastin and T. Armstrong.

LORD SOULIS 145
Designs by R. M'Ian.
Engravings by Smith and Linton.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET . . 157
Designs by J. H. Townsend.
Engravings by W. Folkard, Fred. Branston, J. Walmsley, and J. Bastin.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER . . . 207
Designs by E. Corbould.
Engravings by J. W. Whimper, and S. Williams.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW 85
Designs by R. Dadd.
Engravings by W. J. Green.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE . 323
Designs by J. Franklin.
Engravings by G. P. Nicholls, Fred. Branston, and G. Dalziel.

RUDIGER 273
Designs by E. M. Ward.
Engravings by J. Walmsley.

PAGE

RUTH 313
Designs by W. B. Scott.
Engravings by W. J. Linton.

SIR AGILTHORN 213
Designs by R. Redgrave, A.R.A.
Engravings by Walmsley, Bastin, F. Branston, and H. Vizetelly.

SIR ALDINGAR 107
Designs by J. Gilbert.
Engravings by Gilks and Folkard.

SIR ANDREW BARTON 357
Designs by F. W. Fairholt.
Engravings by T. Armstrong.

SIR CAULINE 297
Designs by J. Franklin.
Engravings by G. Dalziel.

SIR JAMES THE ROSE 339
Designs by J. S. Brine.
Engravings by W. S. Linton and T. Armstrong.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE . . . 117
Designs by E. Corbould.
Engravings by Orrin Smith.

SIR PATRICK SPENS 91
Designs by J. Franklin.
Engravings by T. Armstrong.

THE BIRTH OF ST. GEORGE . . . 185
Designs by W. B. Scott.
Engravings by W. Folkard, H. Vizetelly, and T. Armstrong.

THE BLIND BEGGAR OF BEDNALL GREEN . 73
Designs by J. Gilbert.
Engravings by H. Vizetelly.

THE BONNIE BAIRNS 235
Designs by E. Corbould.
Engravings by J. Bastin and T. Wakefield.

THE CHILD OF ELLE 57
Designs by J. Franklin.
Engravings by T. Williams.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD . . 13
Designs by J. R. Herbert, A.R.A.
Engravings by Green.

PAGE

THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O' OWSENFORD . 349
Designs by H. C. Selous.
Engravings by J. Bastin.

THE CRUEL SISTER 387
Designs by E. Corbould.
Engravings by T. Armstrong.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF ROBIN HOOD 333
Designs by H. Warren.
Engravings by E. Evans.

THE DEMON LOVER 31
Designs by J. Gilbert.
Engravings by Folkard and J. Bastin.

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW . . 229
Designs by J. Franklin.
Engravings by Fred. Branston and E. Evans.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN . . . 283
Designs by J. N. Paton.
Engravings by Fred. Branston.

THE GAY GOSS-HAWK . . . 253
Designs by J. Franklin.
Engravings by T. Armstrong.

THE HEIRE OF LINNE 135
Designs by E. M. Ward.
Engravings by J. Bastin.

THE LUCK OF EDEN-HALL . . . 399
Designs by A. Crowquill.
Engravings by T. Armstrong.

THE MERMAID 195
Designs by J. Franklin.
Engravings by W. J. Green, Fred. Branston, G. P. Nicholls, and T. Armstrong.

THE NUT-BROWN MAYD . . . 37
Designs by T. Creswick, W. B. Scott, and S. Williams.
Engravings by S. and J. Williams, Landells, Vizetelly.

THE TWA BROTHERS 67
Designs by W. P. Frith.
Engravings by J. Bastin.

THE TWA CORBIES 429
Designs by J. Franklin.
Engravings by W. T. Green.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHEVY-CHACE. Of the old heroic ballad of "Chevy-Chace," thus wrote Sir Philip Sidney:—"I never heard the old song of Percie and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved, more than with a trumpet: and yet it is sung but by some blinde crowder, with no rougher voice, than rude style; which beeing so evill apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivill age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindare!" There can be no doubt that he referred to the very ancient, and not to the comparatively modern, ballad; yet Mr. Addison, quoting the great authority, applies it to the latter,—an error that did not escape the penetration of Dr. Percy, who printed both;—the more ancient, from the preface to "Gul. Newbrigiensis Hist.," by the learned antiquary Thomas Hearne,—(by whom, the authorship is assigned to "R. Sheale;")—the more recent, from "the common stall copies." The older seems to have been forgotten, until revived in the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry;" for Mr. Addison confines his criticism to the modern version, with which only he was acquainted; and it does not appear that any of his contemporaries detected the mistake.

The style of the old ballad, Dr. Percy characterises as "uncommonly rugged and uncouth;" and "the soul of chivalry," Sir Philip Sidney, describes it as "apparelled in the dust and cobweb of an uncivill age." It is, however, so full of vigour, life, and action,—so grand in its natural rudeness, that few will hesitate to subscribe to the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, that the current version has "lost in poetical fire and energy, and in vigour and pithiness of expression, more than it has gained in suavity of diction." We give, notwithstanding, the modern copy in preference, as far more intelligible to the general reader; merely extracting a verse of the ancient, as a sample of its rude style and rough strength:—this verse we take from the volume of Hearne.

> The Perse owt off Northomberlande, and a vowe to God mayde he
> That he wold hunte in the mountayns off Chyviat within dayes iii.,
> In the magger of doughte Dogles and all that ever with him be.

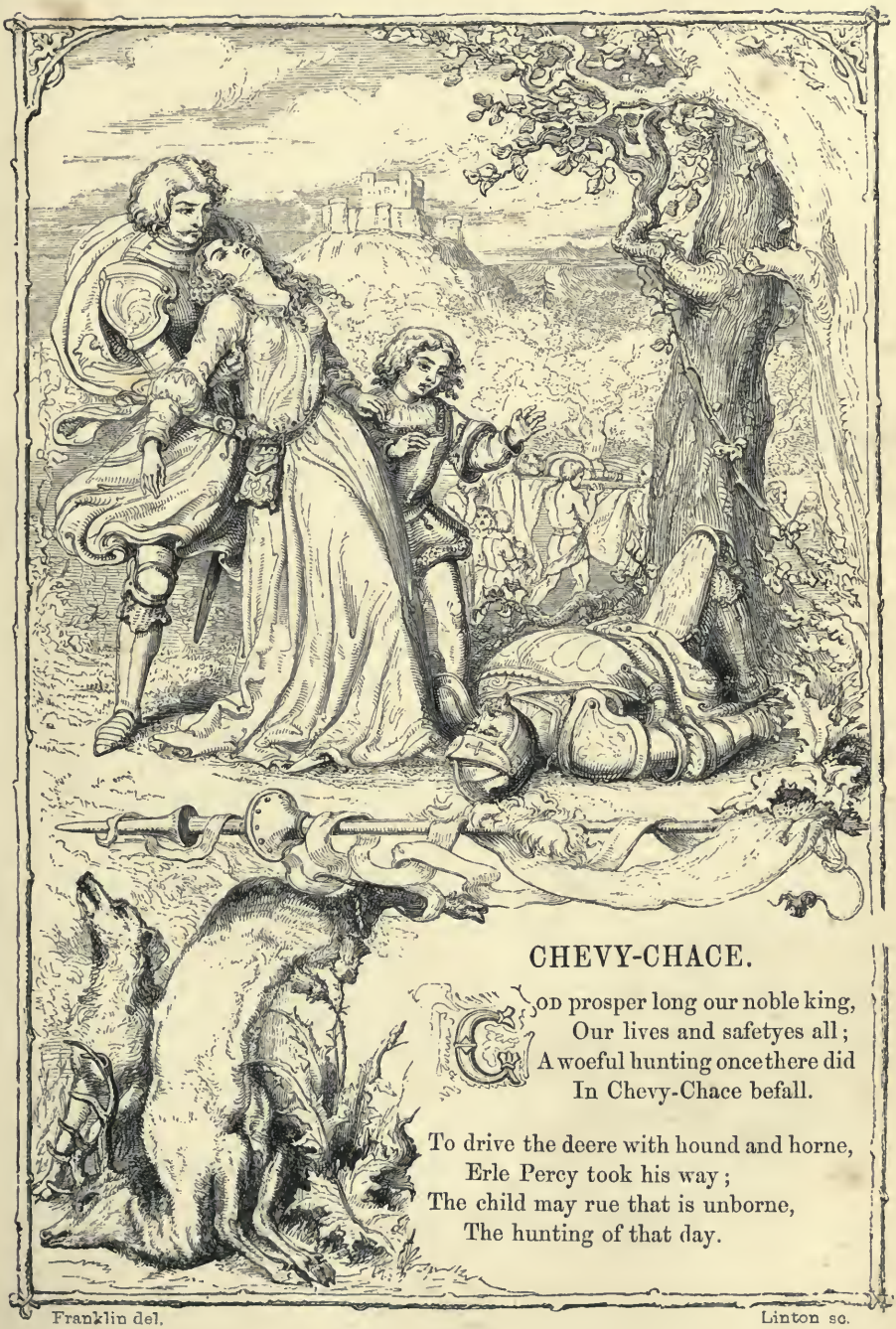
Although it was not the modern version that moved the great heart of Sidney "more than a trumpet," it is undoubtedly that which, for centuries, has maintained its popularity, in England, more firmly, and, perhaps, more universally, than any other of the "favourites of the people." And, whether we agree with Percy, in considering that the old ballad was "expressly modernised," in consequence of the "eulogium" it received in the "Defence of Poetry;" or with Scott, in believing the changes it has undergone to have been "produced by the gradual alterations of numerous reciters," there can be but one opinion as to its beauty, grandeur, force, and simplicity,—qualities, in the happy combination of which, it is unsurpassed by any composition in the language.

Such border feuds as that of Chevy-Chace were of frequent occurrence; and although no authentic historical documents exist to determine precisely the period at which the "woeful hunting" actually occurred, there is no doubt that a battle was fought under circumstances such as those recorded in the ballad, and as little

that the old poem, by which it is commemorated, was composed soon after the event. Evidence of its popularity has been given so early as the time of Queen Elizabeth, and of its being considered, even then, as the production of an "uncivill age." Reference is made to "the fourth Harry our Kyng;" but it was written, probably, during the reign of Henry the Sixth, when "James, the Scottish King," the first of the name, wore the crown of Scotland. That the affair took place previous to 1402 is certain; for the battle of Humbledowne, expressly alluded to, was fought on the fourteenth of September of that year.

The only battle mentioned in history, wherein an earl of Douglas was slain fighting with a Percy, was that of Otterbourne — the theme of several ballads, both of England and Scotland. This occurred in 1388, during the reign of Richard the Second; and there are some reasons for supposing it to have been the event commemorated in the ballad of Chevy-Chace. Sir Walter Scott, in his "Border Antiquities," has published an engraving of the Banner of Douglas, "supposed to have been" borne at this encounter; which we here copy; as well as the Pennon of Percy, that had been previously "taken from him" by Douglas, during an incursion of the Scots into the English marches; the attempt to regain which led to the fight of Otterbourne, where Douglas was killed, and Percy was taken prisoner. The circumstances connected with this contest are strongly characteristic of the chivalric spirit of the age. They are given in Froissart. "The Earl of Douglas had a long conflict with Sir Henry Percy; and in the end, by gallantry of arms, won his pennon, to the great vexation of Sir Henry and the other English. The Earl of Douglas said — 'I will carry this token of your prowess with me to Scotland, and place it on the tower of my castle at Dalkeith, that it may be seen from far.' 'By God, Earl Douglas,' replied Sir Harry, 'you shall not even bear it out of Northumberland.' 'You must come, then,' answered Earl Douglas, 'this night, and, if you will, venture to take it away.'"

A copy of this ballad — partly in black letter, with which we have collated the text of Dr. Percy — is preserved in the folio collection at the British Museum. One, however, much older, and more perfect, is in the Pepysian Collection, in the library of Magdalen College, Cambridge. Dr. Percy does not state that he had compared his text with this edition; and it is singular that it should have escaped his notice; for he was intimately acquainted with the collection, to which he makes frequent reference in the course of his work. That he overlooked it, we have little doubt; for although the differences are not many, nor very material, they are so obviously improvements, that he could not have hesitated to adopt them. We have introduced them in nearly every instance: the reader may ascertain their value by taking the trouble to compare our copy with that of Dr. Percy.



CHEVY-CHACE.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safetyes all;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall.

To drive the deere with hound and horne,
Erle Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborne,
The hunting of that day.

Franklin del. Linton sc.

Chevy-Chace.



The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and beare away.
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scottland where he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He wold prevent his sport.
The English Erle, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold;
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts arright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deere:
On Munday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
To rouze the deere againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
And all their reare, with speciall care,
That day was guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The nimble deere to take,
That with their cryes the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.



Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughter'd deere;
Quoth he, 'Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me heere:

But if I thought he wold not come,
Noe longer wold I stay.'
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say:

'Loe, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speres
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede:'
'Then cease your sports,' Erle Percy said,
'And take your bowes with speede:

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For never was there champion yett,
In Scottland or in France,

That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spere.'

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode formost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

'Show me,' sayd hee, 'whose men you bee,
That hunt soe boldly heere,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deere.'



The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy hee;
Who sayd, 'Wee list not to declare,
Nor show whose men wee bee:

Yet will wee spend our deerest blood,
Thy cheefest harts to slay.'
Then Douglas swore a solemne oathe,
And thus in rage did say,—

'Ere thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art;
Lord Percy, soe am I.

But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battell trye,
And set our men aside.'
'Accurst bee he,' Erle Percy sayd,
'By whome this is denyed.'

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, 'I wold not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
You two bee erles,' quo' Witherington,
'And I a squier alone:

Ile doe the best that doe I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have power to weeld my sword,
Ile fight with heart and hand.'



Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their hearts were good and trew;
Att the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full four-score Scots they slew.

Yet bides Erle Douglas on the bent,
As chieftain stout and good;
As valiant captain, all unmov'd
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and try'd;
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound:
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground:

And throwing strait their bowes away,
They grasp'd their swords so bright:
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.*

They closed full fast on everye side,
Noe slacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

* The four preceding stanzas, taken chiefly from the old ballad, were introduced by Dr. Percy, in lieu of the following stanza:—

"To drive the deere with hounde and horne,
Douglas bade on the bent:
Two captaines moved with mickle might
Their speres to shivers went."

These lines are, as Dr. Percy states, "confused and obscure,"—and seriously interrupt the progress of the story. The black-letter copies, in the British Museum and the Pepysian Library, instead of "two captains," have "a captain;" and "the spere," in lieu of "their speres."



O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
How each one chose his spere,
And how the blood out of their brests
Did gush like water cleere.

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might:
Like lyons wode, they layd on lode,
And made a cruell fight:

They fought untill they both did sweat,
With swords of tempered steele;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feele.

'Yeeld thee, Lord Percy,' Douglas sayd;
'In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advanced bee
By James our Scottish king:

Thy ransome I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight,
That ever I did see.'

'Noe, Douglas,' quoth Erle Percy then,
'Thy proffer I doe scorne;
I will not yeelde to any Scott,
That ever yett was borne.'

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deepe and deadlye blow:

Who never spake more words than these,
'Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall.'



Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, 'Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land.

O Christ! my verry heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance did never take.'

A knight amongst the Scotts there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Erle Percy:

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spere full bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight;

And past the English archers all,
Without a dread or feare;
And through Erle Percy's body then
He thrust his hatefull spere;

With such vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine:
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble erle was slaine;

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
To the hard head haled he:

14



Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
So right the shaft he sett;
The grey goose wing that was thereon
In his hearts bloode was wett.

This fight did last from breake of day,
Till setting of the sunne;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battel scarce was done.

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold barròn.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,
Whose prowesse did surmount.

For Witherington my heart is woe,
That ever he slaine shold be:
For when his legs were hewn in two
He knelt and fought on his knee.*

And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote wold never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too,
His sisters sonne was hee;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
But saved he cold not bee.

* This stanza is introduced from the old ballad — in accordance with the suggestion of Dr. Percy; for although the death of Witherington, as described in the ancient copy, is exquisitely touching, in the modern version it "never fails to excite ridicule."



And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye:
Of twenty hundred Scottish speres,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest in Chevy-Chase were slaine,
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widdowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle.

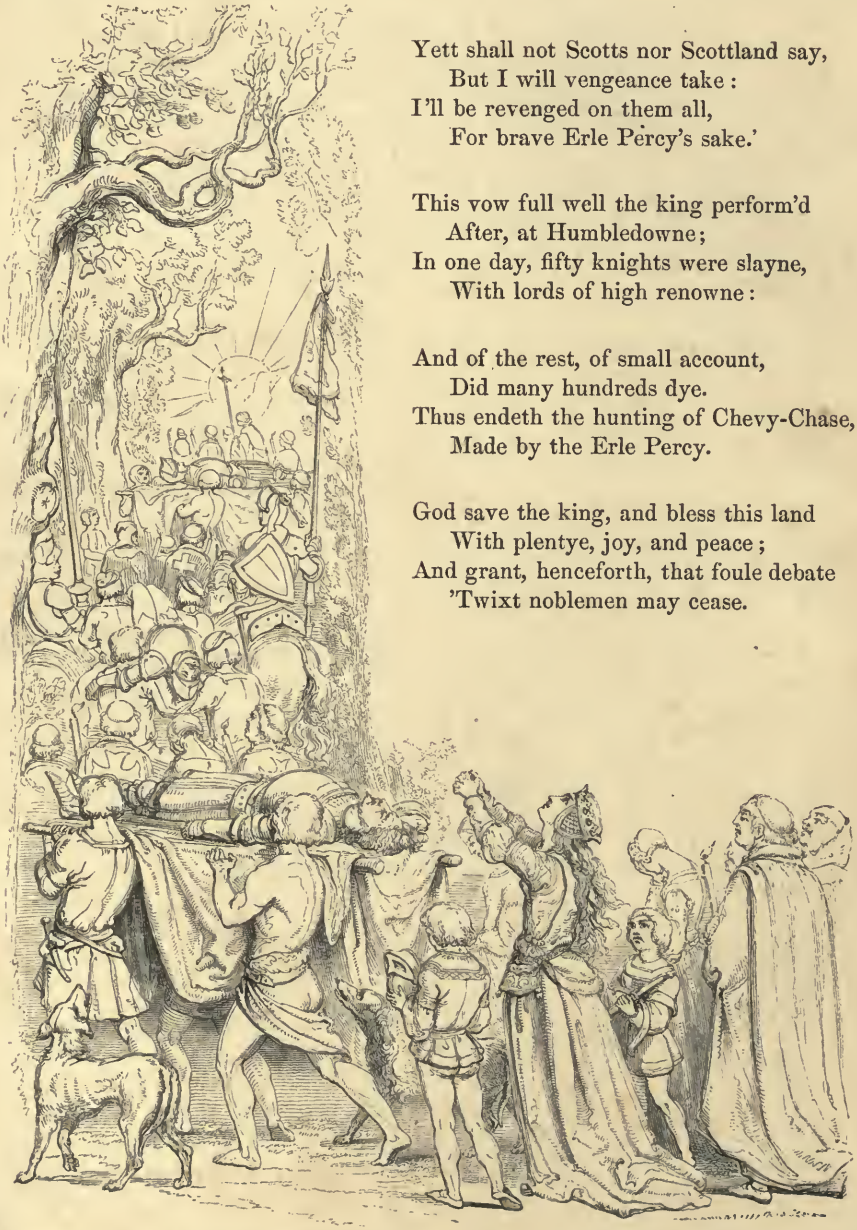
Their bodyes, bathed in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were cladd in clay.

The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scottlands king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine:

'O heavy newes,' King James did say,
'Scottland can witnesse bee,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as hee.'

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chase:

'Now God be with him,' said our king,
'Sith 't will noe better bee;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee:



Yett shall not Scotts nor Scottland say,
But I will vengeance take:
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Erle Percy's sake.'

This vow full well the king perform'd
After, at Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With lords of high renowne:

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many hundreds dye.
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chase,
Made by the Erle Percy.

God save the king, and bless this land
With plentye, joy, and peace;
And grant, henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease.

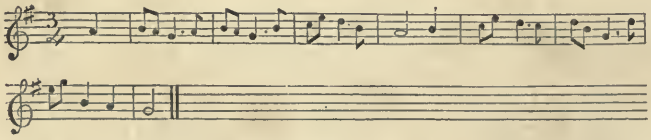
Franklin del. Linton sc.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD is characterised by Mr. Addison, as "one of the darling songs of the common people," and "the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age." In the motto prefixed to the essay in which he refers to it, he describes it, by a quotation from Horace, as "sine pondere et arte," — "a plain and simple copy of nature, destitute of the helps and ornaments of art." Few compositions in the language have been more universally read, or more extensively popular, among all classes; so true it is, that —

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin; —

for the language is mean, and the style is poor. There is, indeed, to borrow from the same classic authority, "even a despicable simplicity in the verse;" and he carries his notions of refinement so far as to add, that "the quoting any of it would look like a design to turn it into ridicule,"—an opinion by no means worthy of the critic, and which conveys an ill compliment to the taste and judgment of his readers. But it makes its way into the heart by a surer passage than that of poetic grace: the sentiments are genuine and unaffected; and, therefore, "they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion." Mr. Addison perceived and appreciated the intrinsic value of the gem, through its coarse natural coating; it gave him a "most exquisite pleasure," and he recommended it to popularity by a short paper in the "Spectator."

According to Ritson, "it appears to have been written in 1595, being entered in that year on the Stationers' Books." Dr. Percy reprinted it,—collating it with another ancient edition,—from a black-letter copy in the Pepys' collection, where its title, at large, is, "The Children in the Wood; or, The Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament, to the tune of Rogero." This tune of "Rogero" we print, as it is given by Ritson: —



But Dr. Percy and Ritson are at issue as to the date of the composition. The former considers the subject of the ballad to have been taken from an old play, "Of a young child murthered in a wood, by two ruffins, with the consent of his unkle; by Robert Yarrington, 1601;" the story being similar in its leading features, although the scene of the drama is laid, not in Norfolk, but in Padua. Percy's reasons for giving the merit of originality to the play-wright are by no means conclusive, and the point must be considered as determined by the fact of its previous entry on the Stationers' Books. Indeed, the ballad may be said to carry with it internal evidence

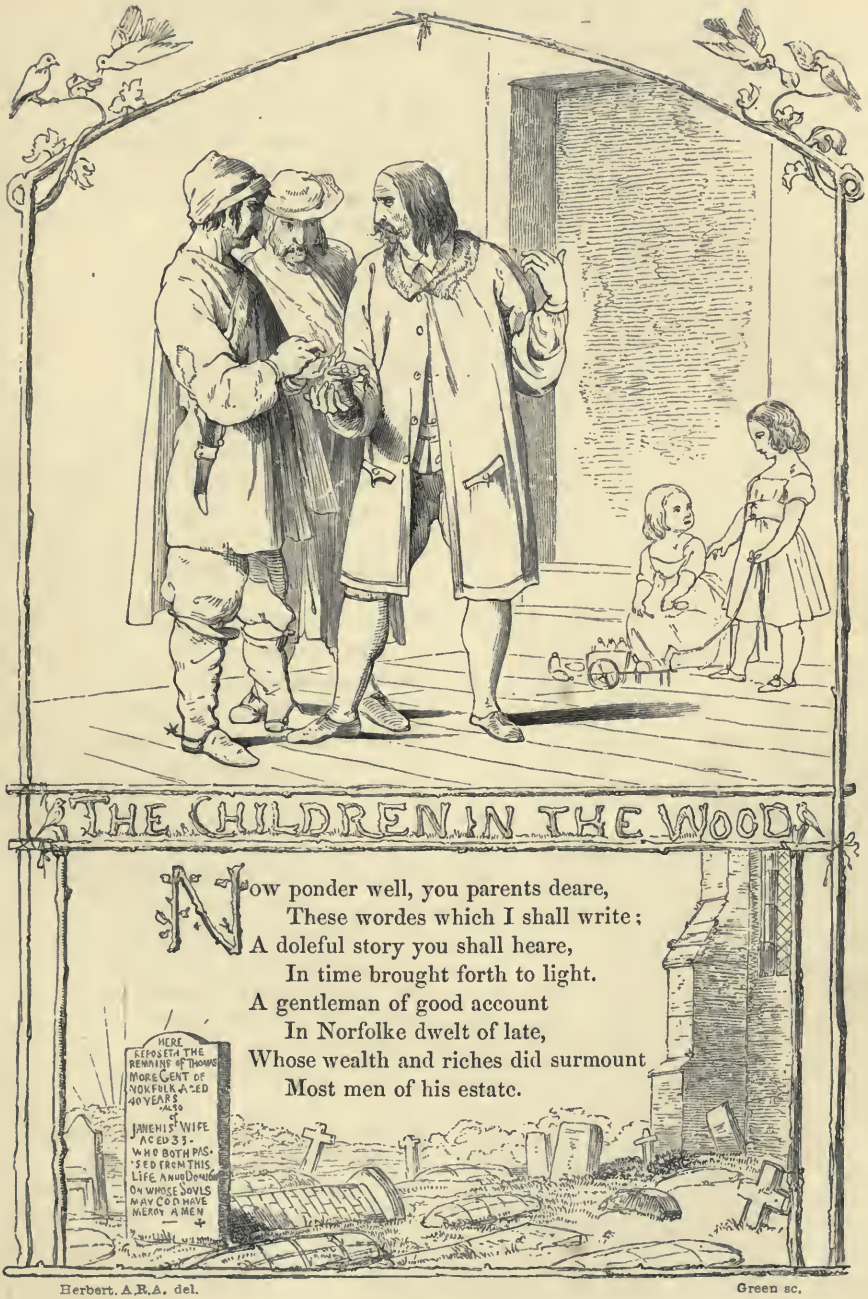
of its English birth; and was, most probably, founded on some actual occurrence; for its great merit lies in the apparent absence of invention, the seeming adherence to plain truth, and the thorough simplicity that pervades it, as if the author were content with the mere relation of the story — aiming at nothing but to tell a tale in rhyme; even the touching incident to which the composition is mainly indebted for its fame — the babes lying unburied in the forest, —

Till robin redbreast painfully
Did cover them with leaves, —

is a picture so natural as to have resulted without an effort of imagination. The justice accorded to the murderer, — the mode in which it is administered, — the way in which the crime is made manifest by the confession of one of the fellows who was "for a robbery judged to die," — the tracing its discovery to the "blessed will of God," — the picture of the uncle dying in prison for debt, — and the moral appended to the story, — may all be accepted as proofs of the English origin of the ballad.

We regard the ballad, therefore, as a very model of the pure old English style, — the native species of poetry of this country; "rough rhymes and unadorned narratives, such" — we quote from Dr. Aikin — "as were ever the delight of the vulgar;" — and although the age which gave them birth was fertile in productions, infinitely surpassing them in correctness, elegance, and beauty, the more simple compositions were sure to have made greater way with the "common sort of people." It is so, indeed, to this day; an assertion that may be readily established by reference to the contents of any modern ballad-monger's stall. Many who are insensible to the harmonies of refinement are readily aroused and excited by the voice of nature.

Our version is taken, not from the "Reliques" of Dr. Percy — although the accomplished prelate took few liberties with the ballad as he found it in the Pepysian collection, — but from an old copy in the British Museum: — it is thus entitled; "The Norfolk Gentleman's Last Will and Testament, who, on his death-bed, committed the keeping of his two children, a boy and girl, to his own brother, who did most wickedly cause them to be destroyed, that so he might possess himself and children of the estate; but, by the just judgments of the Almighty, himself and all that he had was destroyed from off the face of the earth. To the tune of 'Rogero.' London: Printed by and for W. D., and sold by C. Boxes, at the Sun and Bible, in Gilt-Spur Street." This ballad differs in many passages from that which Dr. Percy has given; and is, we think, more true to the rugged nature which the writer desired to exhibit. We have collated it, however, with that in black letter, in the Pepys' Library, where its title is as follows: —"The Norfolk Gentleman, his Last Will and Testament, who committed the keeping of his children to his own brother, who dealt most wickedly with them, and how God plagued him for it. The tune — Rogero. Printed for W. Thackeray and T. Passinger." From this edition we introduce a few verbal restorations; such, for example, as the word "painfully" instead of "piously," in the verse above quoted; and in the line that precedes it, the words "as babes wanting relief," in lieu of "as wanting due relief." The Pepysian ballad is ornamented by two coarse wood-cuts; the principal of which exhibits the robbers fighting over the sleeping babes, surrounded by robin-red-breasts, who are prematurely covering them with leaves.



Now ponder well, you parents deare,
These wordes which I shall write;
A doleful story you shall heare,
In time brought forth to light.
A gentleman of good account
In Norfolke dwelt of late,
Whose wealth and riches did surmount
Most men of his estate.

Herbert. A.R.A. del. Green sc.



Sore sicke he was, and like to dye,
No helpe his life could save;
His wife by him as sicke did lye,
And both possest one grave.
No love between these two was lost,
Each was to other kinde,
In love they lived, in love they dyed,
And left two babes behinde:

The one a fine and pretty boy,
Not passing three yeares olde;
The other a girl more young than he,
And made in beautyes molde.
The father left his little son,
As plainlye doth appeare,
When he to perfect age should come,
Three hundred poundes a yeare.

And to his little daughter Jane,
Two hundred poundes in gold,
To be paid downe on marriage-day,
Which might not be controll'd:
But if the children chance to dye,
Ere they to age should come,
Their uncle should possesse their wealth;
For so the wille did run.

'Now, brother,' said the dying man,
'Look to my children deare;
Be good unto my boy and girl,
No friendes else have they here:
To God and you I do commend
My children night and day;
A little while be sure we have
Within this world to staye.

You must be father and mother both,
And uncle all in one;
God knowes what will become of them
When I am dead and gone.'



With that bespake their mother deare,
'O brother kinde,' quoth shee,
'You are the man must bring my babes
To wealth or miserie:

If you do keep them carefully,
Then God will you reward;
If otherwise you seem to deal,
God will your deedes regard.'
With lippes as cold as any stone,
They kist the children small:
'God bless you both, my children deare!'
With that the teares did fall.

These speeches then their brother spoke
To this sicke couple there:
'The keeping of your children dear,
Sweet sister, do not feare:
God never prosper me nor mine,
Nor aught else that I have,
If I do wrong your children deare,
When you are layd in grave.'

Their parents being dead and gone,
The children home he takes,
And brings them both unto his house,
Where much of them he makes.
He had not kept these pretty babes
A twelvemonth and a daye,
But, for their wealth, he did devise
To make them both awaye.

He bargain'd with two ruffians rude,
Which were of furious mood,
That they should take the children young,
And slay them in a wood.
He told his wife, and all he had,
He would the children send
To be brought up in faire Londòn,
With one that was his friend.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY



Away then went the pretty babes,
Rejoycing at that tide,
Rejoycing with a merry minde,
They should on cock-horse ride.
They prate and prattle pleasantly,
As they rode on the waye,
To those that should their butchers be,
And work their lives decaye:

So that the pretty speeche they had,
Made murtherers heart relent:
And they that tooke the deed to do,
Full sore they did repent.
Yet one of them more hard of heart,
Did vowe to do his charge,
Because the wretch, that hired him,
Had paid him very large.

The other would not agree thereto,
So here they fell at strife;
With one another they did fight,
About the childrens life:
And he that was of mildest mood,
Did slaye the other there,
Within an unfrequented wood;
Where babes did quake for feare!

He took the children by the hand,
When teares stood in their eye,
And bade them come and go with him,
And look they did not crye:
And two long miles he ledd them thus,
While they for bread complaine:
'Stay here,' quoth he, 'I'll bring ye bread,
When I do come againe.'

These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and downe;
But never more they sawe the man
Approaching from the town;



Their prettye lippes with black-berries,
Were all besmear'd and dyed,
And when they sawe the darksome night,
They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these two pretty babes,
Till deathe did end their grief,
In one anothers armes they dyed,
As babes wanting relief:
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till robin-red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves.

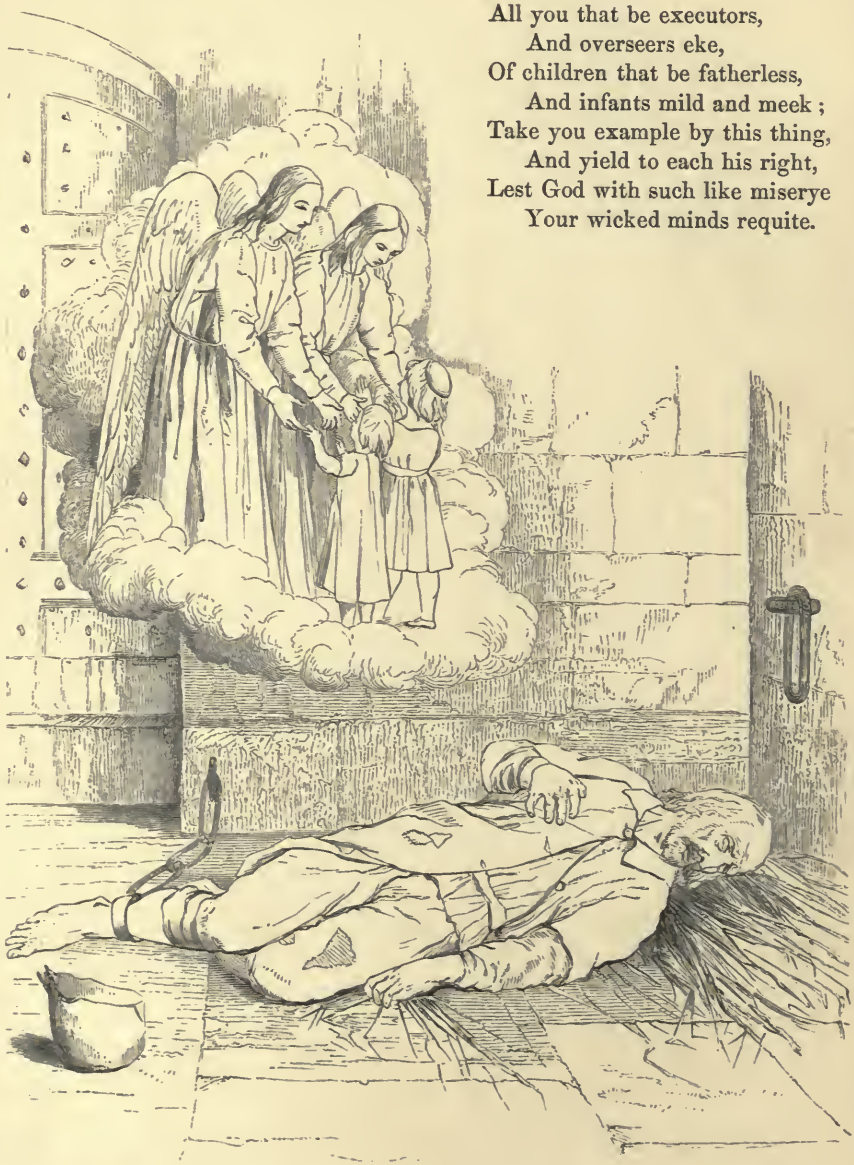
And now the heavy wrathe of God
Upon their uncle fell;
Yea, fearfull fiends did haunt his house,
His conscience felt an hell:
His barnes were fired, his goods consum'd,
His landes were barren made,
His cattle dyed within the field,
And nothing with him stayd.

And in the voyage of Portugal
Two of his sonnes did dye;
And to conclude, himself was brought
Unto much miserye:
He pawn'd and mortgaged all his land
Ere seven years came about.
And now at length this wicked act
Did by this meanes come out:

The fellowe, that did take in hand
These children for to kill,
Was for a robbery judg'd to dye,
As was God's blessed will:
Who did confess the very truth,
The which is here exprest;
Their uncle dyed while he for debt
Did long in prison rest.

The Children in the Wood.

All you that be executors,
And overseers eke,
Of children that be fatherless,
And infants mild and meek;
Take you example by this thing,
And yield to each his right,
Lest God with such like miserye
Your wicked minds requite.



Herbert, A.R.A. del. Green sc.

FAIR ROSAMOND. The fate of "Fair Rosamond" was a favourite theme with the early minstrels, and the historians have not disdained to preserve the memory of her exceeding beauty, and her sad story. It is, however, briefly told. She was, according to Stowe, who follows Higden the monk of Chester, the daughter of Walter Lord Clifford; became the "lemman" of Henry the Second, to whom she bore two sons, William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey, Bishop of Lincoln; and died at Woodstock, A. D. 1177,—"poisoned by Queen Eleanor, as some thought." Stowe proceeds to relate, that her royal lover "had made for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man or woman might come to her but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him, touching the matter. This house, after some, was named Labyrinthus, or Dedalus' worke, which was wrought like unto a knot, in a garden called a maze." Drayton, in his "Epistle to Rosamond," using the poet's license, describes it as "consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled;" and in the ballad we shall copy, it is more minutely pictured as "a bower," curiously built of "stone and timber strong," having no fewer than one hundred and fifty doors; and so cunningly contrived, with turnings round about, that none could obtain access to it except by "a clue of thread." But jealousy is proverbially quick-sighted. Queen Eleanor discovered the secret, possessed herself of "the clue of thriddle or silk," and "so dealt" with her rival that — she lived not long. Authorities differ as to the mode by which the queen obtained the necessary guide. Hollinshed seriously relates, that "the king had drawne it after him out of her chamber with his foot;" and Speed, that "it fell from Rosamond's lappe as she sate to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke fastened to her foote, and the clew still unwinding, remained behinde." But historians content themselves with informing us, that the lady "lived not long after," and do not insinuate that she was wounded with other weapons than sharp words; although tradition and the ballad-makers unite in charging the queen with the murder of Fair Rosamond, by compelling her to drink poison.

She was buried at "Godstow, in a house of nunnes, beside Oxford," and, according to Stowe, "with these verses carved upon her tombe," —

Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda!
Non redolet, sed olet, quae redolere solet

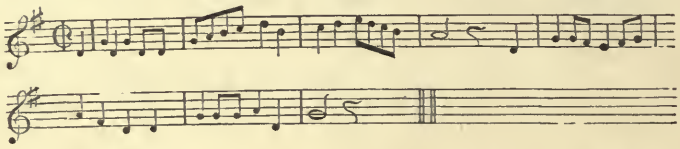
Her body, we learn from Speed, in his "History of Henry the Second," remained "in the quire under a fair hearse of silk, with tapers continually burning before it, which, as it should seeme, was so furnished at the charges of King John — that the holy virgins might releeve, with their prayers, the soules of his father, King Henrie, and of Lady Rosamond, there interred."

Percy printed this ballad; and also "Queen Eleanor's Confession," "from an old copy, in which the queen is described as confessing her numerous crimes to her husband, disguised as a friar, in the presence of her paramour, 'Earl Marshall,' who

had previously obtained the king's promise, that no harm should happen to him, 'no matter what the queen might say.'" At the conclusion of the ceremony,—

> The King lookt over his left shoulder,
> And a grim look, looked he;
> 'Earl Marshall,' he said, 'but for my oath,
> Thou hadst swung on the gallows tree.'

This verse is quoted, not from Percy, but from a more spirited version of the story, in the "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," of William Motherwell, by whom it was "recovered from recitation." The ballad was recited or sung to the following air: —

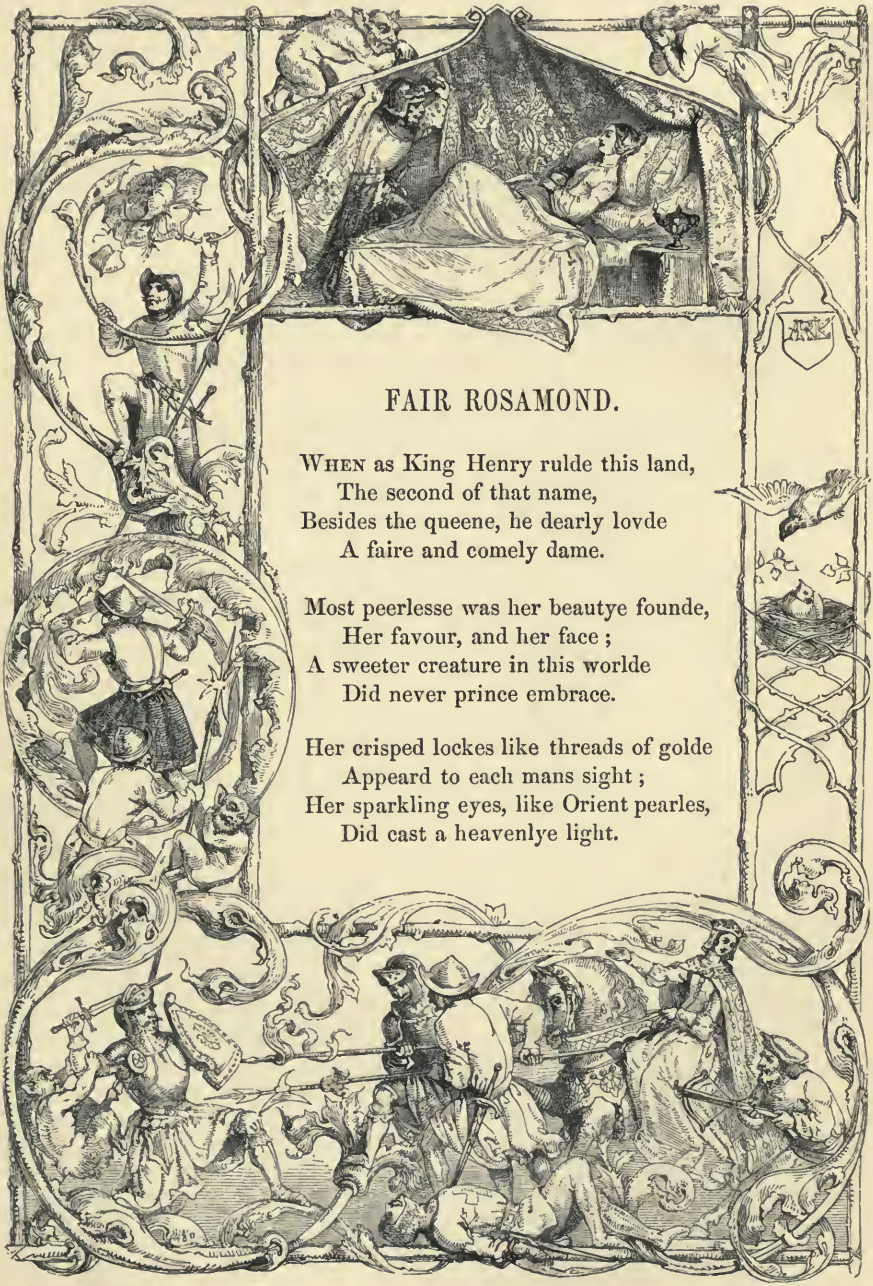


Of this ballad, there are two copies in the folio collection at the British Museum; one of them is in black letter, "printed for C. Bates, in Pye Corner." Another ballad, together with the air to which it was recited, or sung, printed in "The Garland of Delight," makes the queen a penitent in prison, where she "was kept twenty-six years;" and in another, the "Overthrow of Fair Rosamond" is stated to have been caused by "her brother's unadvisedly praising her beauty to two young knights of Salisbury as they rid on the road;" King Harry, who chanced to be by, overheard the conversation, and "writ three letters sealed with gold," which he charged young Clifford to deliver into the maiden's hands. The result was, her arrival at court, her subsequent removal to Woodstock, and her death, "by force of poison strong."

According to Dr. Percy, the ballad (of "Fair Rosamond") appears to have been first published in "Strange Histories, or Songes and Sonets, of Kinges, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Ladyes, Knights, and Gentlemen, &c. By Thomas Deloney. Lond. 1612. 4to." Percy printed it, "with conjectural emendations," from four ancient copies in black letter; two of them in the Pepys Library. With these two we have collated it, restoring several of the passages as we there found them. The reader who will take the trouble to compare our copy with that of Dr. Percy, will find that these "restorations" are neither few in number nor of small importance. One example may, perhaps, suffice: —

PERCY'S COPY.	THE PEPYSIAN COPY.
Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;	Faire ladies brooke not bloody warres;
Soft peace their sexe delightes;	Sweet peace their pleasures breede;
Not rugged campes, but courtlye bowers;	The nourisher of hearts content,
Gay feastes, nor cruell fightes.	Which fancy first did feede.

Deloney's "Strange Histories" has been recently reprinted by the "Percy Society," from the only perfect copy known to exist. Its date is 1607. The ballad, here, very closely resembles that which occurs in the Pepysian Collection; although in several passages it is different.



FAIR ROSAMOND.

When as King Henry rulde this land,
The second of that name,
Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in this worlde
Did never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
Appeard to each mans sight;
Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenlye light.

J. Franklin del. T. Williams sc.



The blood within her chrystal cheekes
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lillye and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
Her name was called so,
To whom our queene, dame Elinor,
Was known a deadlye foe.

The king, therefore, for her defence,
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
The like was never seene.

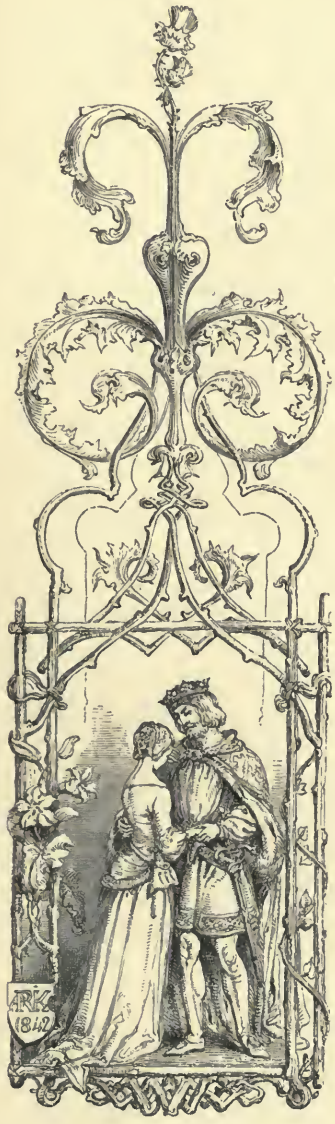
Most curiously that bower was built
Of stone and timber strong,
An hundred and fifty doors
Did to this bower belong:

And they so cunninglye contriv'd,
With turnings round about,
That none but with a clue of thread
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
That was so faire and brighte,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knighte.

But fortune, that doth often frowne
Where she before did smile,
The kinges delighte, the ladyes joy,
Full soon shee did beguile:

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised warres
Within the realme of France.



But yet before our comelye king
The English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his ladye faire,
His farewelle thus he tooke :

'My Rosamond, my only Rose,
That pleasest best mine eye :
The fairest flower in all the worlde
To feed my fantasye :

The flower of mine affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excelle ;
My royal Rose, a thousand times,
I bid thee nowe farewelle !

For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,
And cross the seas to famous France,
Proud rebelles to abase.

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My coming shortly see,
And in my heart, when hence I am,
Ile beare my Rose with mee.'

When Rosamond, that ladye brighte,
Did heare the kinge saye soe,
The sorrowe of her grieved heart
Her outward looks did showe ;

And from her cleare and crystall eyes
The teares gusht out apace,
Which like the silver-pearled dewe
Ranne downe her comely face.

Her lippes erst like the corall redde,
Did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the sorrowe she conceivde
Her vitall spirits faile ;



And falling down all in a swoone
Before King Henryes face,
Full oft he in his princelye armes
Her body did embrace;

And twentye times, with watery eyes,
He kist her tender cheeke,
Until he had revivde againe
Her senses milde and meeke.

'Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?'
The king did often say.
'Because,' quoth shee, 'to bloodye warres
My lord must pass awaye.

But sith your grace in forrayne coastes,
Amonge your foes unkinde
Must goe to hazarde life and limbe,
Why should I staye behinde?

Nay, rather let me, like a page,
Your sworde and target beare,
That on my breast the blowes may lighte,
Which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent,
Prepare your bed at nighte,
And with sweete baths refresh your grace,
At your returne from fighte.

So I your presence may enjoye
No toil I will refuse;
But wanting you, my life is death:
Nay, death Ile rather choose.'

'Content thy self, my dearest love;
Thy rest at home shall bee
In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle;
For travell fits not thee.



Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres;
Sweet peace their pleasures breede,
The nourisher of hearts content,
Which fancy first did feede.

My Rose shall rest in Woodstocke bower,
With musickes sweete delight;
Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes,
Against my foes do fighte.

My Rose in robes of pearle and golde,
With diamonds richly dight;
Shall dance the galliards of my love,
Whilst I my foes do fighte.

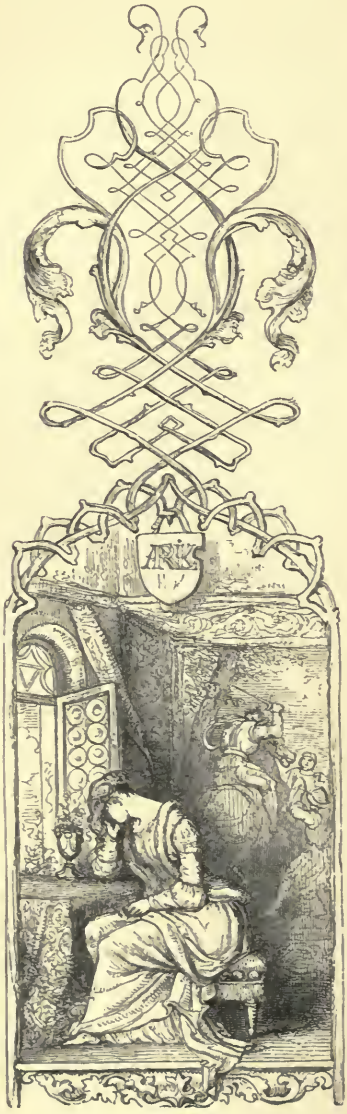
And you, Sir Thomas, whom I truste
To bee my love's defence;
Be careful of my gallant Rose
When I am parted hence.'

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,
As though his heart would breake:
And Rosamond, for inward griefe,
Not one plaine worde could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte
In heart be grieved sore:
After that daye faire Rosamond
The king did see no more.

For when his grace had passed the seas,
And into France was gone;
With envious heart, Queene Elinor,
To Woodstocke came anone.

And forth she calls the trustye knighte
Which kept this curious bower;
Who with his clue of twined thread,
Came from the famous flower.



And when that they had wounded him,
The queene his thread did gette,
And went where Lady Rosamond
Was like an angell sette.

And when the queene with stedfast eye
Beheld her heavenlye face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.*

* In the old ballad, — "Rosamond's Overthrow," to which we have referred in our introductory remarks,—the interview between the enraged Queen and her hapless rival is thus described: —

* * * * *

The angry Queen with malice fraught,
Could not herself contain,
Till she Fair Rosamond had brought
To her sad, fatal bane.
The sweet and charming precious Rose,
King Henry's chief delight!
The Queen she to her bower goes,
And wrought her hateful spight.

But when she to the bower came,
Where Lady Glifford lay,
Enraged Ellinor by name,
She could not find the way,
Until the silken clew of thread,
Became a fatal guide
Unto the Queen, who laid her dead
Ere she was satisfied.

Alas! it was no small surprise
To Rosamond the fair;
When death appeared before her eyes,
No faithful friend was there,
Who could stand up in her defence,
To put the potion by;
So, by the hands of violence,
Compelled she was to die.

* * * * *

I will not pardon you, she said,
So take this fatal cup;
And you may well be satisfied
I'll see you drink it up.
Then with her fair and milk-white hand
The fatal cup she took;
Which being drank, she could not stand,
But soon the world forsook.

* * * * *



'Cast off from thee thy robes,' she said,
'That riche and costlye bee;
And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
Which I have brought to thee.' *

But presentlye upon her knees
Sweet Rosamond did falle;
And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all.

'Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,'
Fair Rosamond did crye;
'And lett mee not with poison stronge
Enforced bee to dye.

I will renounce my sinfull life,
And in some cloyster bide;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world soe wide;

And for the fault that I have done,
Though I was forc'd theretoe,
Preserve my life, and punish mee
As you thinke good to doe.'

And with these words, her lillie handes
She wrunge full often there;
And downe along her comelye face
Did trickle many a teare.

* In "the Lamentation of Queen Elinor," during her "twenty-six years'" imprisonment, she is made to confess the crime,—

The which I did with all despite,
Because she was the King's delight.

And in "Queen Elinor's Confession," she informs the King,—

The next vile thing that ever I did,
To you I will discover;
I poysoned faire Rosamond,
All in faire Woodstocke Bower.

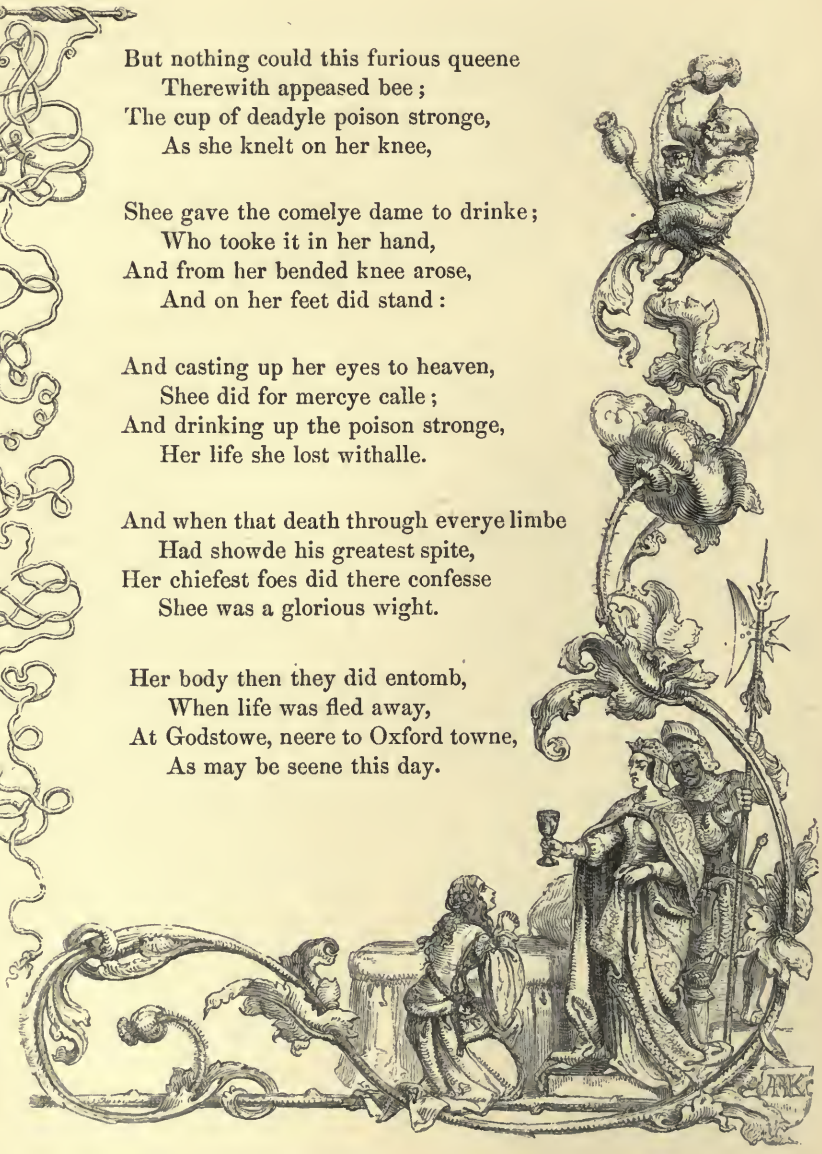
But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee;
The cup of deadyle poison stronge,
As she knelt on her knee,

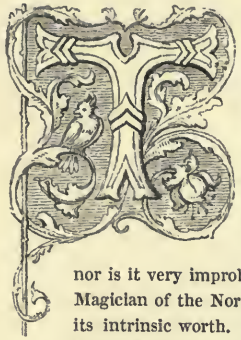
Shee gave the comelye dame to drinke;
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand:

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
Shee did for mercye calle;
And drinking up the poison stronge,
Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through everye limbe
Had showde his greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did there confesse
Shee was a glorious wight.

Her body then they did entomb,
When life was fled away,
At Godstowe, neere to Oxford towne,
As may be seene this day.





HE DEMON LOVER. This ballad first appeared in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" it was communicated to Sir Walter Scott by Mr. William Laidlaw, by whom it was "taken down from recitation." Mr. Motherwell, by whom it was reprinted in his valuable volume, "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," surmises that, "although it would be unfair for a moment to imagine that Sir Walter Scott made any addition to it, Mr. Laidlaw may have improved upon its naked original." That he did so, is by no means unlikely; nor is it very improbable that, in passing through the alembic of the great Magician of the North, it received additional purity, without losing aught of its intrinsic worth. Mr. Motherwell, "with all his industry, was unable to find it in a more perfect state than this,"—which the reader will be interested in comparing with the appended copy from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border:"—

'I have seven ship upon the sea
Laden with the finest gold,
And mariners to wait us upon—
All these you may behold.

And I have shoes for my love's feet,
Beaten of the purest gold,
And lined with the velvet soft,
To keep my love's feet from the cold.

O how do you love the ship,' he said,
'Or how do you love the sea?
Or how do you love the bold mariners,
That wait upon thee and me?'

'O I do love the ship,' she said,
'And I do love the sea;
But woe be to the dim mariners,
That nowhere I can see.'

They had not sailed a mile awa',
Never a mile but one,
When she began to weep and mourn,
And to think on her little wee son.

'O hold your tongue, my dear,' he said,
'And let all your weeping abee,
For I'll soon show to you how the lilles grow
On the banks of Italy.'

They had not sailed a mile awa',
Never a mile but two,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
From his gay robes sticking thro'.

They had not sailed a mile awa',
Never a mile but three,
When dark dark grew his eerie looks,
And raging grew the sea.

They had not sailed a mile awa',
Never a mile but four,
When the little wee ship ran round about
And never was seen more.

If this be, in reality, the skeleton which Mr. Laidlaw clothed in sinews and flesh, he has given unquestionable proof of genius of a very rare order. There is, however, little doubt that he had actually "taken down, from recitation," a much more perfect copy, to which he gave some "finishing touches" of his own; for the composition bears unequivocal marks of old time; and a collateral proof of its antiquity, in a more extended form, is supplied by an authority, to which reference is made by the accomplished editor of the latest edition of the "Border Minstrelsy." Mr. Buchan, in his "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, hitherto unpublished," prints another version of the story, under the title of "James Herries;" with this difference, however, that here, the lover, who wreaks his vengeance on the "fause

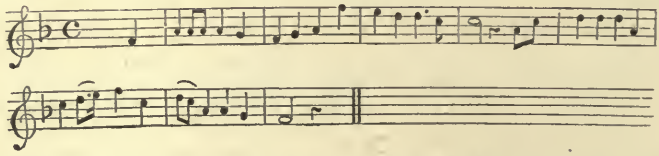
woman," is not a demon with a "cloven foot," but the ghost of a "first true love;" — the other incidents are precisely similar, and many of the lines are exactly the same; although as a whole it is far less grand, touching, and dramatic, than the version as preserved by Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Buchan gives three additional stanzas, descriptive of the misery of the betrayed husband; they are fine and effective, and contribute strongly to impress the moral of the tale:—

'O wae be to the ship, the ship,
And wae be to the sea;
And wae be to the mariners
Took Jeanie Douglas frae me!

O bonny, bonny was my love,
A pleasure to behold;
The very hair o' my love's head
Was like the threads of gold.

O bonny was her cheek, her cheek,
And bonny was her chin;
And bonny was the bride she was,
The day she was made mine.'

From Mr. Motherwell's volume we copy the air, to which the old ballad was sung:—



The legend contained in the ballad is, according to Sir Walter Scott, "in various shapes current in Scotland;" but it is by no means peculiar to that country. Similar stories are told in many of the English counties; and in Ireland it is very common; the moral conveying a warning against the crime of infidelity. Sir Walter says, "I remember to have heard a ballad, in which a fiend is introduced paying his addresses to a beautiful maiden; but, disconcerted by the holy herbs she wore in her bosom, makes the following lines the burthen of his courtship:—

'Gin ye wish to be leman mine,
Lay aside the St. John's wort, and the vervain.'"

The same power of keeping away evil spirits is attributed to the vervain in Ireland; where, when it is pulled by village mediciners, while the morning dew is on the ground, this verse is generally repeated:—

'Vervain, thou growest upon holy ground,
In Mount Calvary thou wert found;
Thou curest all sores and all diseases,
And in the name of Holy Jesus,
I pull you out of the ground.'

The unhappy lady whose fate is described in the accompanying ballad had no such "protection," and was without that surer safeguard, to which the great poet refers as a possession, o'er which

No goblin or swart fairy of the mine
Hath hurtful power.



THE DEMON LOVER.

'O WHERE have you been my long, long love,
This long seven years and mair?'
'O I'm come to seek my former vows,
Ye granted me before.'

'O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife.'



He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his e'e;
'I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

I might have had a king's daughter,
Far far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o' thee.'

'If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yersell ye had to blame;
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
For ye kend that I was nane.'

'O faulse are the vows o' womankind,
But fair is their faulse bodie;
I never would hae trodden on Irish ground,
Had it not been for love o' thee.'

'If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go?'

'I have seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought me to land;
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand.'

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kissed them baith cheek and chin:
'O fare ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I'll never see you again.'

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffetie,
And the masts o' the beaten gold.



She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his e'e.

The masts that were like the beaten gold,
Bent not on the heaving seas;
And the sails, that were o' the taffetie,
Filled not in the eastland breeze.

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.*

'O hold your tongue of your weeping,' says he,
'Of your weeping now let me be;
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy.'

'O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?'
'O yon are the hills of heaven,' he said,
'Where you will never win.'

'O whaten a mountain is yon,' she said,
'All so dreary wi' frost and snow?'
'O yon is the mountain of hell,' he cried,
'Where you and I will go.'

* In Mr. Buchan's ballad, remorse is made to visit the heroine, not by the sight of the "cloven foot," but by a feeling more natural and more worthy:—

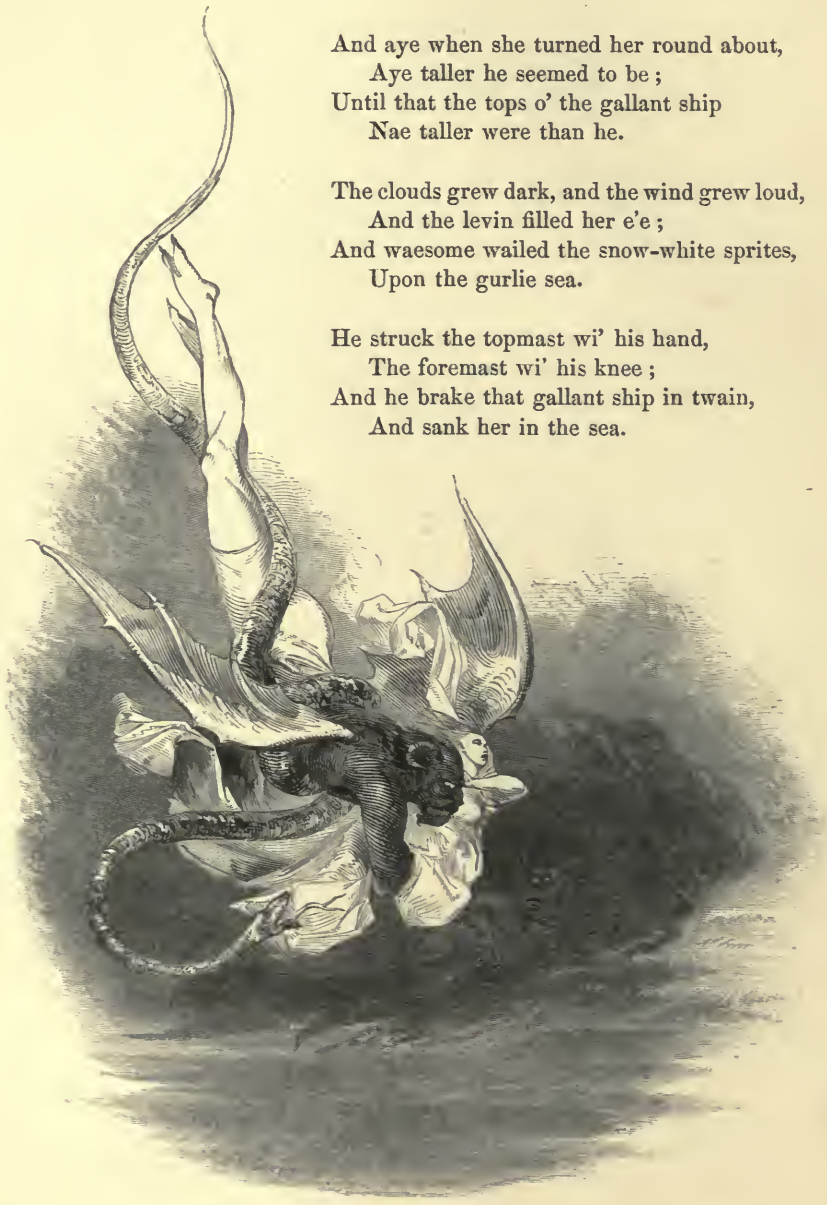
She minded on her dear husband,
Her little son tee.

And, at the same time,—

The thoughts o' grief came in her mind,
And she langed for to be hame;

While the miserable woman thus prays:—

'I may be buried in Scottish ground,
Where I was bred and born.'



And aye when she turned her round about,
Aye taller he seemed to be;
Until that the tops o' the gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud,
And the levin filled her e'e;
And waesome wailed the snow-white sprites,
Upon the gurlie sea.

He struck the topmast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

THE NUT-BROWN MAYD. The remote antiquity of this beautiful composition is unquestionable. There are, indeed, satisfactory reasons for believing that we may assign to it a date so remote as the year 1400. The only ancient copy of it, known to exist, is to be found in Arnold's Chronicle, where alone a discovery of it has been, hitherto, made: this was first printed about 1502; and although the old chronicler did not accompany it with any explanatory note or comment, it is more than probable that, if it had been the production of a contemporary, or of a writer not far removed from his own time, the antiquary would either have given the name of the author, or not have considered it his business to preserve the Poem.

Dr. Percy printed it in his "Reliques:" "its sentimental beauties," he says, "have always recommended it to readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity which obscures the style and expression." He found in his ancient folio MS. — to which we shall, hereafter, have occasion to refer — a "very corrupt and defective" copy, by which, however, he was enabled to effect a great improvement in one passage*; he consulted the several editions of Arnold, the reprint of 1707, and some other sources, and restored the pure old ballad to popularity. Although his copy varies in no very essential particulars from the one that exists in Arnold's Chronicle, with which we have collated it, some passages he has changed without improving, and a few he has altered to advantage. The latter we have retained; the former we have presumed to restore.

In the original, every other line is divided into two. It is unnecessary to occupy the space that would be required so to copy it; we extract part of one of the verses, as an example of the manner, as well as the style, in which it was first printed.

Now I beginne
Soo that ye me answere
Wherfore ye
That present be
I pray you geue an eare
I am the knyght
I cum be nyght
As secret as I can
Sayng alas
Thus stondyth the cause
I am a bannissyed man.

Of its popularity in the sixteenth century, evidence is supplied by the fact, that it was parodied — in compliance with an abused fashion of the period — to convert familiar songs into pious homilies in rhyme. A copy in black letter, with the colophon "thus endeth the boke of the newe not browne mayd vpon the passion of

* The passage referred to occurs in verse 26.; where the line "of them I wolde be one," is given in lieu of the words "yet wolde I be that one."

Cryste," was reprinted in 1820, for the Roxburghe Club. The ballad was first made familiar to comparatively modern readers in 1707, when it was revived in the "Muses' Mercury," where it was given as "near 300 years old." Here Prior met with it; and hence he took it, as the ground-work of his poem "Henry and Emma," — a poem in which he has drawn out the original thought and grievously impaired the strength and vigour of the rugged old ballad-maker.

Although it was to be found in every edition of Arnold's Chronicle, a book very generally read at the time of its publication, and for a century afterwards, it is remarkable that a composition of so much merit should never have made its way to the stalls of the ballad-monger, — a class of persons, who were, no doubt, sufficiently on the alert to multiply copies of such poems as were, or were likely to be, favourites of the people. It is, at least, clear that evidence of its popularity is not to be obtained from these sources; notwithstanding that there may be, according to a modern annotator, whose authority is "hearsay," — "in a manuscript of University College, Oxford, a list of books on sale at a stall in that city, in 1520, among which is the 'Not-broon Mayd,' price one-penny;" — and Laneham, in his account of Elizabeth's visit to Kenelworth, mentions the Nut-brown Mayd as a separate book.

No notice is taken of it in the published lists of the old dealers, of which several exist, and a copy of it has not been discovered in any collection. Yet, if it had not been known and admired, somewhat extensively, it certainly would not have been selected, as one likely to be made subservient to the purpose of those who reasoned much as some mistaken persons have done in our own days — that religious lessons might be inculcated by changing, in part the words, and altogether the sentiment, of a popular air; losing sight of the important fact, that it was impossible to remove the associations indissolubly connected with it.

Prior reprinted the ballad, in the edition of his "Poems," 1721, where he states it to have been "written near three hundred years since." "Upon the model" of it, he wrote "Henry and Emma;" his purpose and his moral he intimates, in some introductory lines, "to Chloe:" —

> 'No longer man of woman shall complain,
> That he may love and not be lov'd again;
> That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
> Who change the constant lover for the new;
> Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
> Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd;
> Henceforth shall, in my verse, refuted stand,
> Be sent to winds, or writ upon the sand.'

But the mystery that hangs over the old ballad — leaving us uncertain whether the lover were, or were not, justified in trying, by so severe a test, the faith of his mistress — is dispelled in the lengthened and detailed composition of Prior; from the perusal of which the reader rises with a feeling of loathing for the "Henry" and contempt for the "Emma" of the story; sentiments which by no means result from the experiment of "the Knyght" who succeeds in proving of women,

> That they love trewe and contynew.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



THE NUT BROWN MAYD.

Be it right, or wrong, these men among
On women do complayne,
Affermyng this, how that it is
A labour spent in vayne,
To love them wele; for never a dele
They love a man agayne:
For lete a man do what he can,
Theyr favour to attayne,
Yet, yf a newe do them persue,
Theyr first true lover than
Laboureth for nought, and from her thought
He is a banyshed man.

Creswick, A.R.A. del. J. Williams sc.



I say not nay, but that all day
It is bothe writ and sayde
That womans faith is, as who sayth,
All utterly decayde;
But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnèsse
In this case might be layd,
That they love trewe, and contynew:
Recorde the Nut-brown Mayd:
Which, from her love, (when, her to prove,
He cam to make his mone,)
Wolde not depart; for in her herte
She loved but hym alone.

Than, betweine us, lete us discusse
What was all the manere
Betwene them two: we wyll also
Tell all the payne, and fere,
That she was in. Now I begyn,
So that ye me answère;
Wherfore, ye, that present bė,
I pray you, gyve an eare:
I am the knyght; I come by nyght,
As secret as I can;
Sayinge, 'Alas! thus standeth the case,
I am a banyshed man.'

'And I your wyll for to fulfyll
In this wyll not refuse;
Trustyinge to shewe, in wordès few,
That men have an ille use
(To theyr own shame) women to blame,
And causelesse them accuse;
Therfore to you I answere nowe,
All women to excuse,—
My owne hart dere, with you what chere?
I pray you, tell anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

Creswick, A.R.A. del. S. Williams sc



'It stondeth so; a dede is do
Whereof moche harme shall growe:
My destiny is for to dy
A shamefull deth, I trowe;
Or ellés to flee: the one must bee.
None other way I knowe,
But to withdrawe as an outlawe,
And take me to my bowe.
Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true!
None other rede I can;
For I must to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse,
That changeth as the mone!
My somers day in lusty may
Is derked before the none.
I here you say, farewell: nay, nay,
We dèpart not so sone.
Why say yé so? wheder will ye go?
Alas! what have ỳe done?
All my welfâre to sorrowe and care
Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'I can beleve, it shall you greve,
And somewhat you dystrayne;
But, aftyrwarde, your paynes harde
Within a day or twayne
Shall sone aslake; and he shall take
Comfort to you agayne.
Why sholde ye nought? for, to make thought,
Your labour were in vayne.
And thus I do; and pray you to,
As hartely, as I can;
For I must to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'



'Now, syth that ye have shewed to me
The secret of your mynde,
I shall be playne to you agayne,
Lyke as ye shall me fynde.
Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
I wolle not leve behynde;
Shall never be sayd, the Nut-brown Mayd
Was to her love unkynde:
Make you redy, for so am I,
Allthough it were anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'Yet I you rede to take good hede
What men wyll thynke, and say:
Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde,
That ye be gone away,
Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,
In grene wode you to play;
And that ye myght from your delyght
No lenger make delay.
Rather than ye sholde thus for me
Be called an yll womàn,
Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'Though it be songe of old and yonge,
That I sholde be to blame,
Theyrs be the charge, that speke so large
In hurtynge of my name:
For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love
It is devoyd of shame;
In your dystresse, and hevynesse,
To part with you the same:
And sure all tho, that do not so,
True lovers are they none;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'



'I councelye you, remember howe,
It is no maydens lawe,
Nothynge to dout, but to renne out,
To wode with an outlàwe:
For ye must there in your hand bere
A bowe, redy to drawe;
And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,
Ever in drede and awe;
Whereby to you grete harme myght growe:
Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'I thinke not nay, but as ye say,
It is no maydens lore:
But love may make me for your sake,
As ye have sayd before,
To come on fote, to hunt, and shote
To gete us mete in store;
For so that I your company
May have, I aske no more:
From which to part, it maketh my hart
As colde as ony stone:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'For an outlawe this is the lawe,
That men hym take and bynde;
Without pytee, hanged to be,
And waver with the wynde.
If I had nede, (as God forbede!)
What rescous coude ye fynde?
Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
For fere wolde drawe behynde:
And no mervayle; for lytell avayle
Were in your counceyle than:
Wherfore I to the wode will go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

S. Williams del. et sc.



'Right wele knowe ye, that women be
Ful feble for to fyght;
No womanhede is it indede
To be bolde as a knyght:
Yet, in such fere yf that ye were
With enemyes day and nyght,
I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
To greve them as I myght,
And you to save; as women have
From deth saved many one:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
That ye coude not sustayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valeies,
The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete: for, dry or wete,
We must lodge on the playne;
And, us above, none other rofe
But a brake bush, or twayne;
Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve;
And ye wolde gladly than
That I had to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'Syth I have here bene partynere
With you of joy and blysse,
I must also parte of your wo
Endure, as reson is:
Yet am I sure of one plesùre;
And, shortely, it is this:
That, where ye be, me semeth, perdè,
I coude not fare amysse.
Without more speche, I you beseche
That we were sone agone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'



'If ye go thyder, ye must consyder,
Whan ye have lust to dyne,
There shall no mete be for to gete,
Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
No shetés clene, to lye betwene,
Made of threde and twyne;
None other house, but leves and bowes,
To cover your hed and myne.
O myne harte swete, this evyll dyéte
Sholde make you pale and wan;
Wherfore I to the wode will go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'Amonge the wylde dere, such an archères,
As men say that ye be,
Ne may not fayle of good vitayle,
Where is so grete plentè:
And water clere of the ryvére
Shall be full swete to me;
With which in hele I shall ryght wele
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, er we go, a bedde or two
I can provyde anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
Yf ye wyll go with me:
As cut your here up by your ere;
Your kyrtel by the knee;
With bowe in hande, for to withstande
Your enemyes yf nede be:
And this same nyght before day-lyght,
To wode-warde wyll I fle.
Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill,
Do it shortely as ye can:
Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'



'I shall as nowe do more for you
Than longeth to womanhede;
To short my here, a bowe to bere,
To shote in tyme of nede.
O my sweet mother, before all other
For you I have most drede:
But nowe, adue! I must ensue,
Wher fortune doth me lede.
All this make ye: now let us fle;
The day cometh fast upon;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell ye why,—
Your appetyght is to be lyght
Of love, I wele espy:
For, lyke as ye have sayed to me,
In lyke wyse hardely
Ye wolde answére whosoever it were,
In way of company.
It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde;
And so is a womàn.
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'Yf ye take hede, yett is no nede
Such wordes to say by me;
For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed,
Or I you loved, perdè:
And though that I of auncestry
A barons daughter be,
Yet have you proved howe I you loved,
A squyer of lowe degre;
And ever shall, whatso befall;
To yé therfore anone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'



'A barons chylde to be begylde!
It were a cursed dede;
To be felàwe with an outlawe!
Almighty God forbede!
Yet beter were, the pore squyère
Alone to forest yede,
Than ye sholde say another day,
That, by my wycked dede,
Ye were betrayd: wherfore, good mayd,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the grene wode go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'

'Whatever befall, I never shall
Of this thyng you upbrayd:
But yf ye go, and leve me so,
Than have ye me betrayd.
Remember wele, howe that ye dele;
For, yf ye, as ye sayd,
Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,
Your love, the Nut-brown Mayd,
Trust me truly, that I shall dy
Sone after ye be gone;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent;
For in the forest nowe
I have purvayed me of a mayd,
Whom I love more than you;
Another fayrère, than ever ye were,
I dare it wele avowe;
And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe
With other, as I trowe:
It were myne ese, to lyve in pese;
So wyll I, yf I can;
Wherfore I to the wode wyll go,
Alone, a banyshed man.'



'Though in the wode I undyrstode
Ye had a paramour,
All this may nought remove my thought,
But that I wyll be your:
And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde
And courteys every hour;
Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
Commaunde me to my power:
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
Of them I wolde be one;
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'

'Myne owne dere love, I se the prove
That ye be kynde and true;
Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe,
The best that ever I knewe.
Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
The case is chaunged newe;
For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
Ye sholde have cause to rewe.
Be not dismayed; whatsoever I sayd
To you, whan I began;
I wyll not to the grene wode go;
I am no banyshed man.'

'These tydings be more gladd to me,
Than to be made a quene,
Yf I were sure they sholde endure:
But it is often sene
Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke
The wordès on the splene.
Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
And stele from me, I wene:
Than were the case worse than it was,
And I more wo-begone:
For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
I love but you alone.'



'Ye shall not nede farther to drede;
I wyll not dysparàge
You, (God defend!) syth ye descend
Of so grete a lynàge.
Nowe undyrstande; to Westmarlande,
Which is myne herytage,
I wyll you brynge; and with a rynge
By way of maryage
I wyll you take, and lady make,
As shortely as I can:
Thus have you won an erlys son
And not a banyshed man.'

The reader may be interested in comparing some readings of the old ballad, as printed in Arnold's Chronicle, with those that occur in the "folio MS." of Dr. Percy. In—

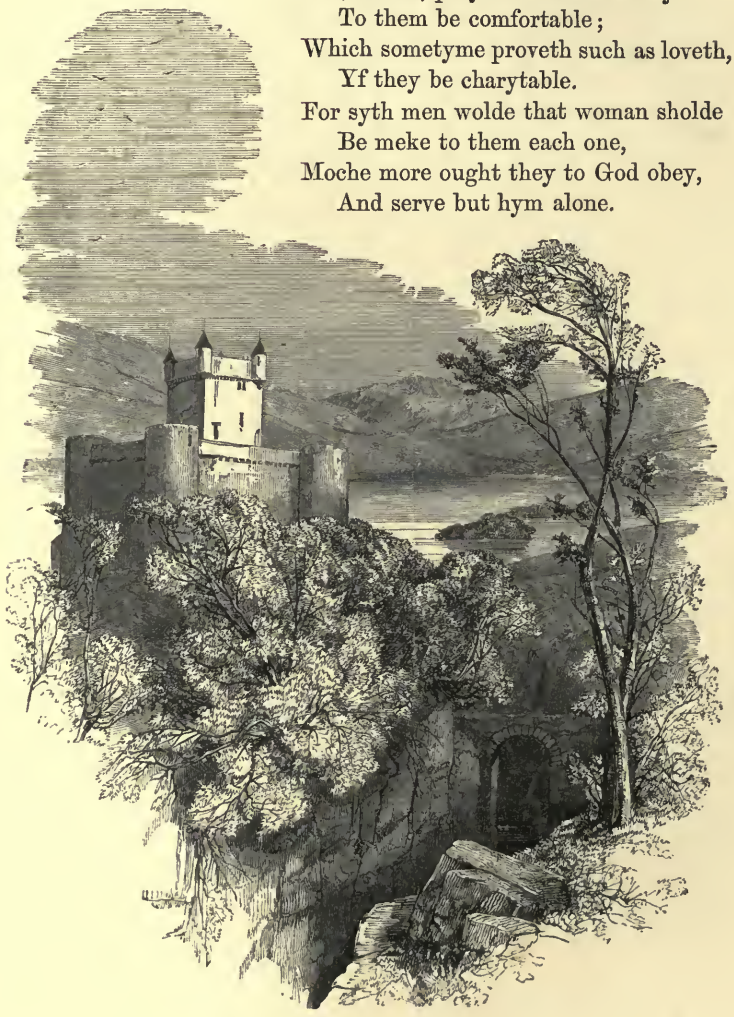
Line 9,	Arnold's Chron., to them;	Percy, do them.
„ 28,	 they peyne;	 the payne.
„ 50,	 moche;	 grete.
„ 79,	 ought;	 nought.
„ 81,	 loo;	 to.
„ 98,	 whan;	 what.
„ 126,	 to bere snd;	 ready to.
„ 136,	 ye;	 I.
„ 137,	 and;	 in.
„ 159,	 ful;	 ryght.
„ 158,	 ful;	 but.
„ 162,	 and;	 or.

These examples will suffice to shew that very few changes were introduced in the "Reliques." The most important occurs in lines 21 and 22, which Percy prints,—

Which, when her love came, her to prove,
To her to make his mone.

We retain the reading as we find it in Arnold. In the several editions of Arnold, there are also some variations, but none of them are of much importance; they are all given in a small reprint of the ballad, published in 1836, by Mr. Pickering: from one of them, Percy appears to have copied the two lines inserted above. In this reprint, the text is copied from the earliest edition of Arnold, "supposed" to have been printed about 1502; the variations are, chiefly, from the edition of 1521. The orthography varies with the various editions; we have, generally, followed Percy. As an example, we may observe, that in Arnold, the word which occurs so frequently is spelt "bannisshed."

Here may ye se, that women be
In love, meke, kynde, and stable:
Late never man reprove them than,
Or call them variable;
But, rather, pray God that we may
To them be comfortable;
Which sometyme proveth such as loveth,
Yf they be charytable.
For syth men wolde that woman sholde
Be meke to them each one,
Moche more ought they to God obey,
And serve but hym alone.



Creswick del. S. Williams sc.

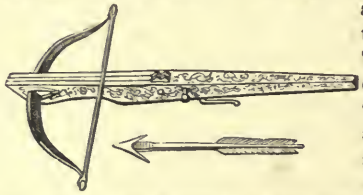
KEMPION. We copy this ballad from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" where it is given "chiefly" from "Mrs. Brown's MS." with "corrections from a recited fragment." Sir Walter Scott, in some prefatory remarks, refers to several traditionary anecdotes, still current in Scotland and on the borders, concerning huge and poisonous snakes, or "worms," destroyed by gallant knights in the olden time. The manor of Sockburne, in the bishopric of Durham, is held of the bishop by the service of presenting to him on his first entrance into his diocese, an antique sword or falchion, to commemorate the slaying of a monstrous creature that devoured men, women, and children,—by Sir John Conyers, who received the manor as a reward for his bravery. Pollard's lands, near Bishop Auckland, are held by a similar tenure; and the founder of the noble family of Somerville is said to have performed a deed as wonderful—by thrusting down the throat of the snake a burning peat, "bedabbed with pitch, rosett, and brimstone." A rude sculpture carved above the entrance to the ancient church at Linton in Roxburghshire, is said to represent this exploit; of which "the vulgar tell us,"—

The wode Laird of Lariestoun
Slew the wode worm of Wormiestoune,
And wan all Lintoun parochine.

The story of the "Lambton worm," as recorded in Surtees' "History of Durham," is still more remarkable. The heir of Lambton, profanely fishing on a sabbath-day, hooked a small worm or elf, which he carelessly threw into a well; in process of time it grew to a huge size, and made prey of the whole country, levying a contribution daily of "nine cows' milk," and, in default of payment, devouring man and beast. The heir, who had wrought the mischief, returning from the crusades, determined to destroy it; and, by the advice of a witch, or wise woman, clad himself in a coat of mail studded with razor blades; selecting as the scene of battle the middle of a river, so that as fast as the worm was cut to pieces the stream carried away the dissevered parts, and thus prevented their subsequent adhesion. The knight had promised, however, that he would slay the first living thing that met him after his victory; this chanced to be his father, and, as he refused to keep his vow, it was decreed that no chief of his family should die in his bed for nine generations. Popular tradition continues to point out the scene of the encounter. Stories of men and women transformed into monsters are sufficiently numerous, and have been found among every people. Many such exist in England, in Scotland, and in Ireland; in the latter country they are invariably supposed to occupy lakes of unfathomed depth, out of which they occasionally arise and make excursions among adjacent mountains, bearing with them to their "palaces" beneath the waters, the cattle of some unhappy "neighbour," and not unfrequently the neighbour himself. The origin of the superstition is believed to have been Danish. The traditions of Denmark are full of such romances; and it is more than probable, that it may have been introduced, by its sea-kings, into these islands.

"The ballad of Kempion," writes Sir Walter Scott, "seems, from the names of the personages and the nature of the adventure, to have been an old metrical romance

degraded into a ballad by the lapse of time and the corruption of reciters." The allusion to the "arblast bow" would seem to affix the composition to a remote date.* Two ballads which relate to a similar incident have been preserved; one entitled "Kemp Owyne," by Mr. Motherwell, and another "The Laidly Worm of Spindleston-Heugh," affirmed to have been composed, in 1270, by Duncan Frazier, "living on Cheviot," but supposed to have been, at least re-written, by Mr. Robert Lambe, vicar of Norham. In "Kemp Owyne," 'dove Isabel' is transformed into a monster by her step-mother, and doomed to retain her savage form—



Till Kemp Owyne come ower the sea
And borrow her with kisses three.

The three kisses are of course given; when, instead of the beast "whose breath was strang, whose hair was lang,"—

Her breath was sweet, her hair grew short,
And twisted nane about the tree;
And, smilingly, she came about,
As fair a woman as fair could be.

This ballad of the "Laidley (loathsome) Worm" was no doubt greatly altered by Mr. Lambe, but there is evidence that the story was "generally known in Northumberland" long before he printed the version attributed to Duncan Frazier; and it is to be regretted that he did not communicate it as he received it—stript of its "ameudments and enlargements." In this ballad, the daughter of the King of Bamborough is metamorphosed by her step-mother, and restored to her natural shape by her brother "Childy Wynd," who avenges the wrong done to his sister by converting the foul witch into a toad. As in "Kempion," and "Kemp Owyne," the restoration to humanity is effected by "kisses three:"—

'O, quit thy sword and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three;
For though I am a poisonous worm,
No hurt I'll do to thee.

O, quit thy sword and bend thy bow,
And give me kisses three;
If I'm not won, ere the sun goes down,
Won I shall never be.'

He quitted his sword and bent his bow,
And gave her kisses three;
She crept into a hole a worm,
But out stept a lady.

Percy prints the ballad of the "Witch of Wokey," written in 1748, by the ingenious Dr. Harrington of Bath. She "blasted every plant around;" and was encountered, not by a knight, but by a "lerned wight," who having chauntede out a goodlie booke, and sprinkled, plentifully, holy water,—

Lo, where stood a hag before,
Now stood a ghastly stone!

* The arbalast and arrow here engraved are copied from specimens of the time of Elizabeth, in the possession of Sir Samuel Meyrick, at Goodrich Court, and have been engraved in Skelton's "Illustrations of Ancient Arms and Armour." The string of the arbalast, or arbalist, was drawn to the notch in the centre by means of a wheel, which was usually hung to the girdle of the archer.



KEMPION.

'Cum heir, cum heir, ye freely fee'd,
And lay your head low on my knee,
The heaviest weird I will you read,
That ever was read to gay ladye.

O meikle dolour sall ye dree,
And aye the salt seas o'er ye'se swim;
And far mair dolour sall ye dree
On Estmere crags, when ye them climb.

Scott del. Linton sc.



I weird ye to a fiery beast,
And relieved sall ye never be,
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss thee.'—

O meikle dolour did she dree,
And aye the salt seas o'er she swam;
And far mair dolour did she dree
On Estmere crags, when she them clamb:

And aye she cried for Kempion,
Gin he would but come to her hand.
Now word has gane to Kempion,
That sicken a beast was in his land.

'Now, by my sooth,' said Kempion,
'This fiery beast I'll gang and see.'—
'And by my sooth,' said Segramour,
'My ae brother, I'll gang wi' thee.'

Then bigged hae they a bonny boat,
And they hae set her to the sea;
But a mile before they reached the shore,
Around them she gared the red fire flee.

'O Segramour, keep the boat afloat,
And let her na the land o'er near;
For this wicked beast will sure gae mad,
And set fire to a' the land and mair.'—

Syne has he bent an arblast bow,
And aimed an arrow at her head;
And swore if she didna quit the land,
Wi' that same shaft to shoot her dead.

O out of my stythe I winna rise,
(And it is not for the awe o' thee,)
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me,'—



He has louted him o'er the dizzy crag,
And gien the monster kisses ane;
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The fieryest beast that ever was seen.

'O out o' my stythe I winna rise,
(And not for a' thy bow nor thee,)
Till Kempion, the kingis son,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me.'—

He's louted him o'er the Estmere crag,
And he has gi'en her kisses twa;
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The fieryest beast that ever you saw.

'O out of my den I winna rise,
Nor flee it for the fear o' thee,
Till Kempion, that courteous knight,
Cum to the crag, and thrice kiss me.'—

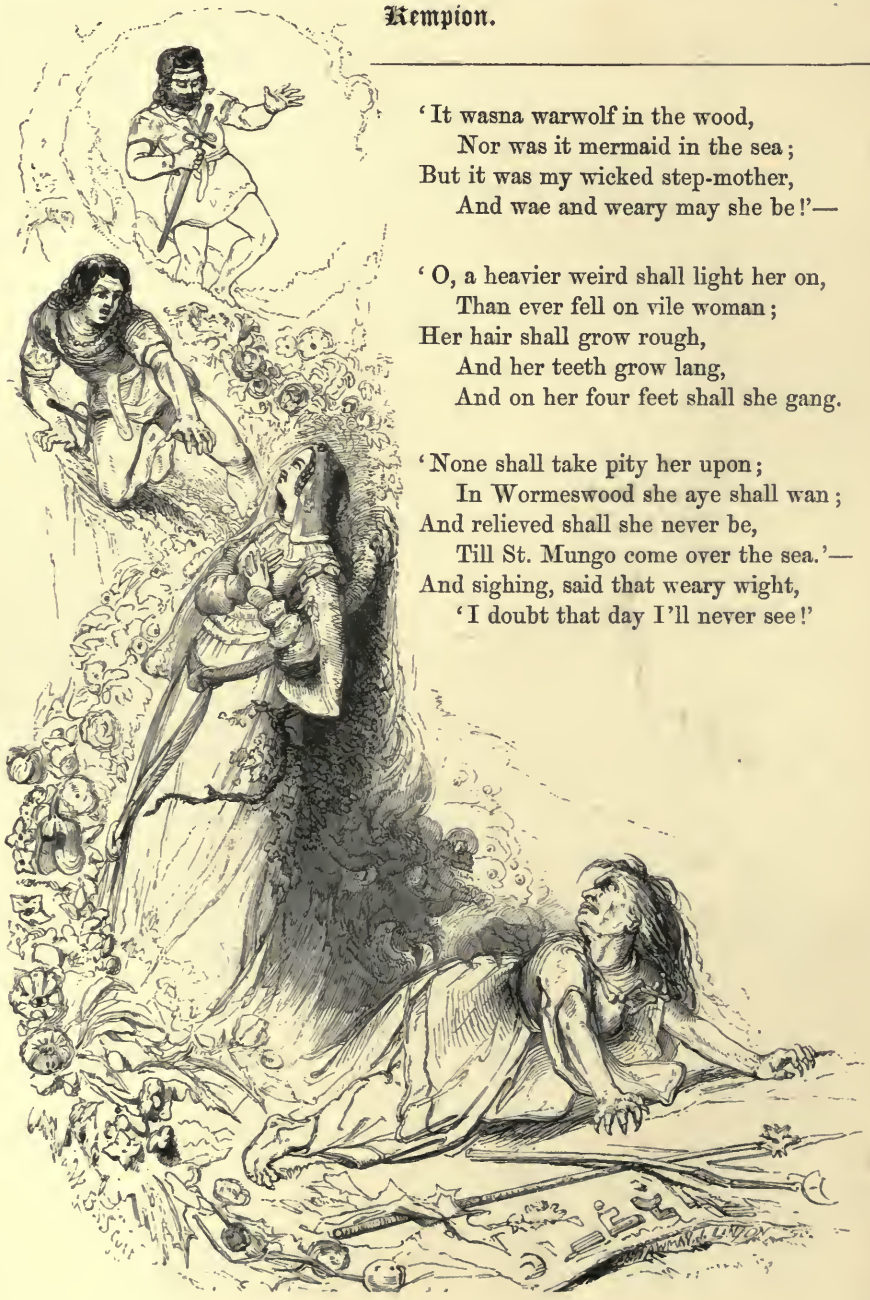
He's louted him o'er the lofty crag,
And he has gi'en her kisses three:
Awa she gaed, and again she cam,
The loveliest ladye e'er could be!

'And by my sooth,' says Kempion,
'My ain true love, (for this is she,)
They surely had a heart o' stane,
Could put thee to such misery.

O was it warwolf* in the wood?
Or was it mermaid in the sea?
Or was it man or vile woman,
My ain true love, that mis-shaped thee?'—

* Warwolf signifies a magician, possessing the power of transforming himself into a wolf, for the purpose of ravage and destruction.

Kempion.



'It wasna warwolf in the wood,
Nor was it mermaid in the sea;
But it was my wicked step-mother,
And wae and weary may she be!'—

'O, a heavier weird shall light her on,
Than ever fell on vile woman;
Her hair shall grow rough,
And her teeth grow lang,
And on her four feet shall she gang.

'None shall take pity her upon;
In Wormeswood she aye shall wan;
And relieved shall she never be,
Till St. Mungo come over the sea.'—
And sighing, said that weary wight,
'I doubt that day I'll never see!'

Scott del. Linton sc.

THE CHILD OF ELLE. This beautiful and interesting ballad was originally published by Dr. Percy in the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." He describes it as "given from a fragment" in his folio manuscript; where, although "extremely defective and mutilated, it appeared to have so much merit, that it excited a strong desire to attempt a completion of the story." The accomplished editor adds, that "the reader will easily discover the supplemental stanzas by their inferiority, and at the same time, be inclined to pardon it, when he considers how difficult it must be to imitate the affecting simplicity and artless beauty of the original." He supplies us with no further information on the subject—except that the term "Child" was a title sometimes given to a knight, and that the word "kirke," which occurs towards the close of the ballad, is not sufficient to justify us in describing it as "Scottish, which it hath been thought to be,"—inasmuch as it was "among his own additions;" and, moreover, that "in the northern counties of England, kirk is used in the common dialect for church, as well as beyond the Tweed." The extent of the "emendations" we can therefore only guess at; but there is little doubt that they were large and numerous; probably the "manuscript" furnished him with but a mere outline of the story; and that the ballad may, in reality, be considered as the composition of Dr. Percy.* A less questionable proof of its Scottish origin is, however, derived from the fact that many poems, unquestionably Scotch, relate a similar incident—although in most of them "the course of true love" is made to run less smooth, ending in the deaths of the hapless lovers. Thus, in "The Douglas Tragedy,"—of which there exist two versions, one given by Sir Walter Scott, the other by Mr. Motherwell, and of which "many corrupted copies are current among the vulgar."—The following stanzas are from the ballad as given by Sir Walter Scott:—

'Light down, light down, Lady Marg'ret,' he said,
'And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold
And your father I make a stand.'

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fa'
And her father hard fighting who loved her so dear.

'Oh, hold your hand, Lord William,' she said,
'For your strokes they are wondrous sair:
True lovers I can get many a ane,
But a father I can never get mair.'

O she's ta'en out her handkerchief,
It was o' the holland sae fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

'O chuse, O chuse, Lady Marg'ret,' he said,
'O, whether will ye gang or bide?'—
'I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William,' she said,
'For you have left me no other guide.'

He's lifted her on a milk white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With bugelet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they baith rode away.

* * * * *

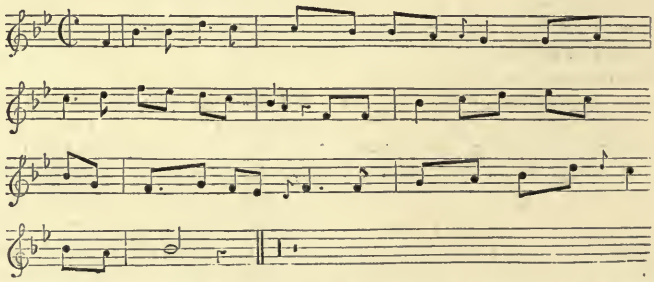
* "In the fourth edition of Percy's Reliques," says Sir Walter Scott (Introductory Remarks on Popular Poetry), "there is given a copy of that elegant metrical tale, 'The Child of Elle,' as it exists in the folio manuscript, which goes far to shew it has derived all its beauties from Dr. Percy's poetical powers." In this, however, there must be some mistake, as nothing of the kind appears in the fourth, or in any other editions, of the "Reliques."

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight,
Lady Marg'ret lang ere the day,
And all true lovers that go together
May they have mair luck than they!

The scene of this tragedy is pointed out in the traditions of the peasantry. From the ancient tower of "Blackhouse, in Selkirkshire," Lady Margaret is said to have been carried; seven large stones, upon the neighbouring height, are shown as "marking the place where the seven brothers were slain;" an adjoining burn is averred to have been the stream "at which the lovers stopped to drink,—

The spring that ran so clear;

And the chapel of St. Mary, referred to in the ballad, is believed to have been actually the burial place of Lord William and fair Margaret;—"so minute is tradition in ascertaining the scene of a tragical tale, which, considering the rude state of former times, had, probably, foundation in some real event." Sir Walter Scott has supplied the air to which this old ballad was sung:—



The ballad, as obtained by Mr. Motherwell, supplies a few "unimportant variations," which are not improvements,—such as this:

'O hold my horse, Lady Marg'ret,' he said,
'O hold my horse by the bonny bridle rein;
Till I fight your father and seven bold brethren,
As they come riding down the glen.'

The "bugelet horn" is referred to in these ballads; our readers may be interested in seeing a copy of one of the useful and ornamental accessaries of the chieftains in old times; we have therefore engraved an example; and preferred to others, this,—which was for so long a period a cherished treasure of Strawberry Hill. There is, however, no authentic history attached to it, although, from its remarkable beauty, it must have been the property of some important personage, and have been considered a rare acquisition.





THE CHILD OF ELLE.

On yonder hill a castle standes
With walles and towres bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A younge and comely knighte.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,
And stood at his garden, pale,
Whan, lo! he beheld fair Emmelines page
Come trippinge downe the dale.

Franklin del. Williams sc.

ALEX.R B. GROGAN



The Child of Elle he hyed him thence,
Y-wis he stoode not stille,
And soone he mette faire Emmelines page
Come climbing up the hille.

'Nowe Christe thee save, thou little foot-page,
Nowe Christe thee save and see!
Oh, tell me how does thy ladye gaye,
And what may thy tydinges bee?'

'My lady she is all woe-begone,
And the teares they falle from her eyne;
And aye she laments the deadlye feude
Betweene her house and thine.

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe
Bedewde with many a teare,
And biddes thee sometimes thinke on her,
Who loved thee so deare.

And here she sends thee a ring of golde,
The last boone thou mayst have,
And biddes thee weare it for her sake,
Whan she is layd in grave.

For, ah! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soone must shee bee,
Sith her father hath chose her a new new love,
And forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knighte,
Sir John of the north countràye,
And within three dayes shee must him wedde,
Or he vowes he will her slaye.'

'Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy ladye from mee,
And tell her that I, her owne true love,
Will dye, or sette her free.



Nowe hye thee backe, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair ladye know
This night will I bee at her bowre windòwe,
Betide me weale or woe.'

The boye he tripped, the boye he ranne,
He neither stint ne stayd
Until he came to fair Emmelines bowre,
Whan kneeling downe he sayd,

'O ladye, I've been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by mee;
This night will he be at thy bowre-windòwe,
And dye or sette thee free.'

Nowe day was gone and night was come,
And all were fast asleepe,
All save the ladye Emmeline,
Who sate in her bowre to weepe:

And soone shee heard her true loves voice
Lowe whispering at the walle,
'Awake, awake, my deare ladyè,
Tis I thy true love call.

Awake, awake, my ladye deare,
Come, mount this faire palfràye,
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
Ile carrye thee hence awaye.'

'Nowe nay, nowe nay, thou gentle knighte,
Nowe nay, this may not bee;
For aye should I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee.'

'O ladye, thou with a knighte so true
Mayst safelye wend alone,
To my ladye mother I will thee bringe,
Where marriage shall make us one.'



'My father he is a baron bolde,
Of lynage proude and hye;
And what would he saye if his daughter
Awaye with a knighte should fly?

Ah! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his meate should do him no goode,
Until he had slain thee, Child of Elle,
And seene thy deare hearts bloode.'

'O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that he could doe.

O ladye, wert thou in thy saddle sette,
And once without this walle,
I would not care for thy cruel fathèr,
Nor the worst that might befalle.'

Faire Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe:
At length he seized her lilly-white hand,
And downe the ladder he drewe:

And thrice he clasped her to his breste,
And kist her tenderlìe:
The teares that fell from her fair eyes
Ranne like the fountayne free.

Hee mounted himselfe on his stede so talle,
And her on a fair palfràye,
And slung his bugle about his necke,
And roundlye they rode awaye.

All this beheard her owne damsèlle,
In her bed whereas shee ley,
Quoth shee, 'My lord shall knowe of this,
Soe I shall have golde and fee.



Awake, awake, thou baron bolde!
Awake, my noble dame!
Your daughter is fledde with the Child of Elle
To doe the deede of shame.'

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,
And called his merrye men all:
'And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,
Thy ladye is carried to thrall.'

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile
A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her fathers men
Come galloping over the downe:

And formost came the carlish knighte,
Sir John of the north countràye:
'Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitòure,
Nor carry that ladye awaye.

For she is come of hye linèage,
And was of a ladye born,
And ill it beseems thee—a false churls sonne
To carry her hence to scorne.'

'Nowe loud thou lyest, Sir John the knighte,
Nowe thou doest lye of mee;
A knighte me bred, and a ladye me bore,
Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe downe, my ladye faire,
Light downe, and hold my steed;
While I and this discourteous knighte
Doe try this arduous deede.

But light nowe downe, my deare ladyè,
Light downe, and hold my horse;
While I and this discourteous knighte
Doe trye our valours force.'



Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While twixt her love and the carlish knighte,
Past many a baneful blowe.

The Child of Elle hee fought soe well,
As his weapon he waved amaine,
That soone he had slaine the carlish knighte,
And layd him upon the plaine.

And nowe the baron and all his men
Full fast approached nye:
Ah, what may ladye Emmeline doe!
Twere nowe no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soone he saw his owne merry men
Come ryding over the hill.

'Nowe hold thy hand, thou bold barón,
I pray thee hold thy hand,
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts
Fast knit in true loves band.

Thy daughter I have dearly loved
Full long and many a day;
But with such love as holy kirke
Hath freelye said wee may.

O give consent, shee may be mine,
And bless a faithfull paire:
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lineage faire:

My mother she was an earls daughtèr,
And a noble knighte my sire:'—
The baron he frowned and turn'd away
With mickle dole and ire.



Fair Emmeline sighed, faire Emmeline wept,
And did all tremblinge stand:
At length she sprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

'Pardon, my lorde and father deare,
This faire younge knighte and mee:
Trust me, but for the carlish knighte,
I never had fled from thee.

Oft have you called your Emmeline
Your darling and your joye;
O! let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroye.'

The baron he stroakt his dark-brown cheeke,
And turned his heade asyde
To wipe awaye the starting teare
He proudly strave to hyde.

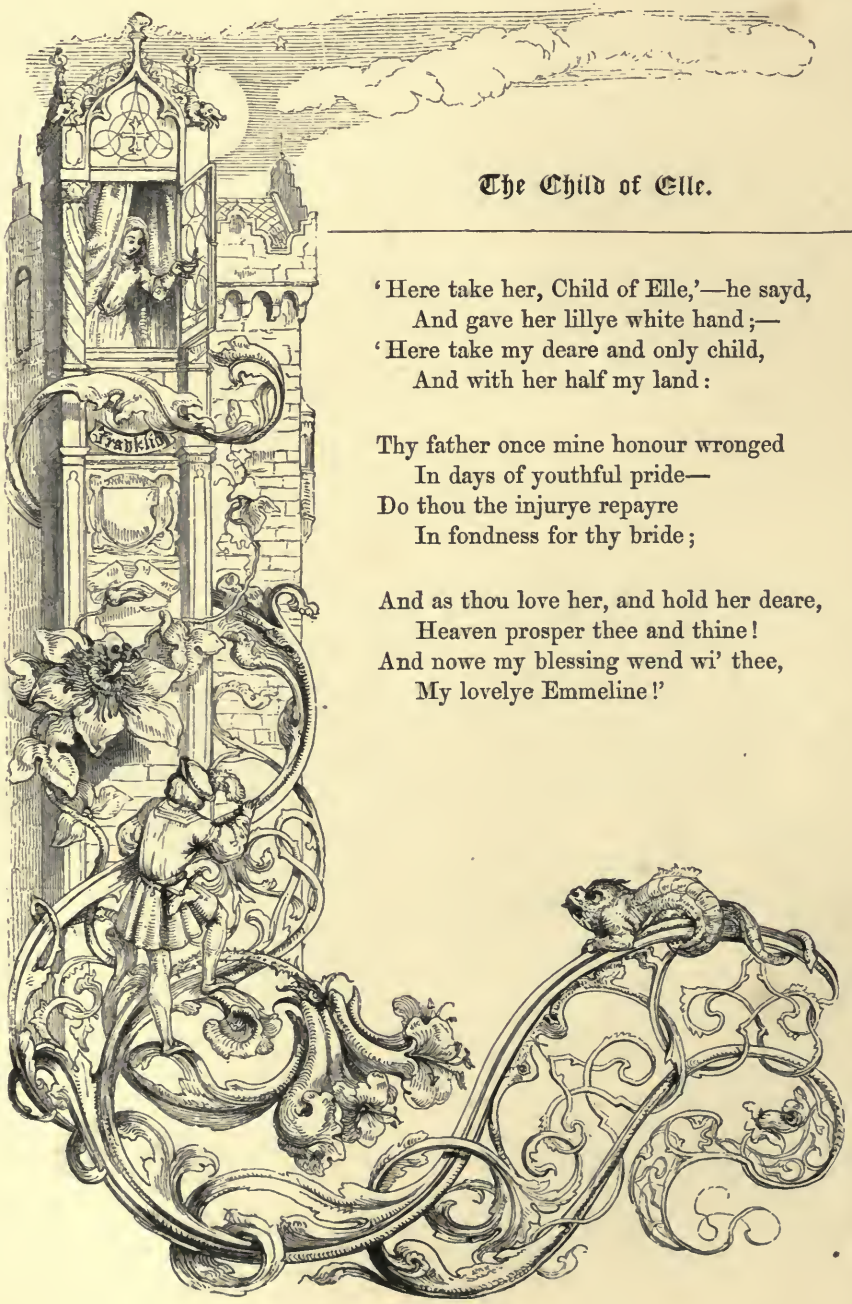
In deepe revolving thought he stoode,
And mused a little space:
Then raised faire Emmeline from the grounde,
With many a fond embrace.

In the Scottish ballads, as we have intimated, the affair has a far less happy termination: the lover dying of his wounds, and the Lady Margaret of a broken heart:—

Lord William was buried in St. Marica kirk,
Lady Marg'ret in Maries quire;
Out of the ladys grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out of the knights a brier.

And they twa met, and they twa plat,
And fain they wad be near;
And a' the warld might ken right weel,
They were twa lovers dear.

But bye and rade the Black Douglas,
And wow but he was rough!
For he pulled up the bonny brier,
And flang'd in St. Marica loch.



The Child of Elle.

'Here take her, Child of Elle,'—he sayd,
And gave her lillye white hand;—
'Here take my deare and only child,
And with her half my land:

Thy father once mine honour wronged
In days of youthful pride—
Do thou the injurye repayre
In fondness for thy bride;

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
Heaven prosper thee and thine!
And nowe my blessing wend wi' thee,
My lovelye Emmeline!'

Franklin del. Williams sc.

THE TWA BROTHERS. We copy this pathetic ballad from "Motherwell's Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern." He inclines to trace its origin to a melancholy event that happened in the family of the Somervilles, which is thus recorded:—"This year, 1589, in the moneth of July, ther falls out a sad accident, as a further warning that God was displeased with the familie. * * * * The servant, with his two sones, William, Master of Somervil, and John, his brother, went with the horses to ane shott of land, called the prety shott, directly opposite the front of the house, where there was some meadow ground for grassing the horses, and willowes to shaddow themselves from the heat. They had not long continued in this place, when the Master of Somervil, after some litle rest awakeing from his sleep, and finding his pistolles, that lay hard by him, wett with the dew, he began to rub and dry them, when, unhappily, one of them went off the ratch, being lying upon his knee, and the muzel turned side-ways, the ball stroke his brother John directly in the head and killed him outright, soe that his sorrowful brother never had one word from him, albeit he begged it with many teares."

In this, or some such unhappy incident, no doubt the ballad originated. A copy, different from that preserved by Mr. Motherwell, was published in the "Popular Ballads and Songs" collected by Jamieson, who states that he "took it down from the recitation of Mrs. Arrott;" but finding the third stanza imperfect, he added to it four lines, which give a reading to the story out of harmony with truth. His added lines are—

And nane was near to part the strife
That raise atween them tway,
Till out and Willie's drawn the sword,
And did his brother slay.

In Jamieson's version, it is not the mother who discovers the blood of the dead upon the brow of the living brother, but a "true love," who exclaims—

'When every lady looks for her love,
I ne'er need look for mine.'

And in this ballad the dying youth thus addresses his unhappy brother, who had been vainly striving to "stop his bluidy wounds:"—

'Ye'll lift me up upon your back,
Tak me to Kirkland fair;
Ye'll mak my greaf baith braid and lang,
And lay my body there.

Ye'll lay my arrows at my head,
My bent bow at my feet;
My sword and buckler at my side,
As I was wont to sleep.

When ye gae hame to your father,
He'll speer for his son John:—
Say, ye left him unto Kirkland fair,
Learning the school alone.

When ye gae hame to my sister,
She'll speer for her brother John;
Ye'll say ye left him in Kirkland fair,
The green grass growing aboon.

Whan ye gae hame to my true love,
She 'll speer for her Lord John;—
Ye'll say ye left him in Kirkland fair,
But hame ye fear he 'll never come.'

The version furnished by Mr. Motherwell is far more touching and more true; and preserves the ballad from injury in its most prominent and impressive features:—the sorrow and remorse of the wretched survivor, and the generous and forgiving spirit of the youth who, in his dying agony, thinks only of screening the reputation of his brother. In the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," there occurs a ballad, entitled "Edward," which contains the same general characteristics,—here, however, when the mother enquires of the son—

'Quhy dois zour brand sae drap wi' bluid?'

she receives for answer, as in the ballad of the "Twa Brothers," that the stain is from the blood of his "hauke sae guid," and from his "reid-roan steid;" but, subsequently, the confession that he had "killed his fadir deir." The following verse concludes the ballad, and explains the catastrophe:

'And quhat wul ze leive to zour ain mither deir,
My deir son, now tell me, O?'
'The curse of hell frae me sall ye beir,
Mither, Mither!
The curse of hell frae me sall ze beir,
Sic counzeils ze gave to me, O!"

It would appear, from a note in the seventh edition of the "Reliques," that this "curious song," was transmitted, in MS., to Dr. Percy, by Sir David Dalrymple, Bart., late Lord Hailes. In Herd's collection of "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs and Heroic Ballads," 1769, the ballad is reprinted, but without any remark. He prints also another ballad (but neither in this case does he supply us with any information concerning it), in which a lady, about to marry without the consent of her brother, is murdered by him with "a little penknife."

Motherwell prints also a ballad, entitled "Son Davie, Son Davie," which somewhat resembles that of the "Twa Brothers," but more closely that of Dr. Percy. We extract the concluding verse:—

'What wilt thou leave to thy mother dear,
Son Davie, son Davie?'
'A fire o' coals to burn her wi' hearty cheer,
And she 'll never get mair o' me, O!'



This engraving of the ancient Scottish dirk is copied from one in Logan's "Scottish Gael," there stated to be in the possession of the author. The handle is elaborately carved with an interlaced pattern, after the style of the ancient "Runic Knot." The sheath contains pouches to hold two smaller knives.





THE TWA BROTHERS.

THERE were twa brothers at the scule,
And when they got awa'—
It's 'Will ye play at the stane-chucking,
Or will ye play at the ba',
Or will ye gae up to yon hill head?
And there we'll warsell a fa'.'

'I winna play at the stane-chucking,
Nor will I play at the ba',
But I'll gae up to yon bonnie green hill,
And there we'll warsell a fa'.'

Frith del

Bastin sc.



They warsled up, they warsled down,
Till John fell to the ground;
A dirk fell out of Williams pouch,
And gave John a deadly wound.

'O lift me up upon your back,
Tak me to yon well fair;
And wash my bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
And they'll ne'er bleed nae mair.'

He's lifted his brother upon his back,
Ta'en him to yon well fair;
He's washed his bluidy wounds o'er and o'er,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

'Tak ye aff my Holland sark,
And rive it gair by gair,
And row it in my bluidy wounds,
And they 'll ne'er bleed nae mair.'

He's taken aff his Holland sark,
And torn it gair by gair;
He's row it in his bluidy wounds,
But they bleed ay mair and mair.

'Tak now aff my green sleiding,
And row me saftly in;
And tak me up to yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green.'

He's taken aff the green sleiding,
And rowed him softly in;
He's laid him down by yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green.



'What will ye say to your father dear,
When ye gae hame at e'en?'
'I'll say ye're lying at yon kirk style,
Whare the grass grows fair and green.'

'O no, O no, my brother dear,
O you must not say so;
But say, that I'm gane to a foreign land,
Whare nae man does me know.'

When he sat in his fathers chair
He grew baith pale and wan.
'O what blude's that upon your brow?
O dear son, tell to me.'

'It is the blude o' my gude gray steed—
He wadna ride wi' me.'
'O thy steeds blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me.

O what blude's that upon your cheek?
O dear son, tell to me.'
'It is the blude of my greyhound,
He wadna hunt for me.'

'O thy hounds blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me;
O what blude's this upon your hand?
O dear son, tell to me.'

'It is the blude of my gay goss hawk,
He wadna flee for me.'
'O thy hawks blude was ne'er sae red,
Nor e'er sae dear to me;

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF

The Twa Brothers.



O what blude's this upon your dirk?
Dear Willie, tell to me.'
'It is the blude of my ae brother,
O, dule and wae is me!'

'O what will ye say to your father?
Dear Willie, tell to me.'
'I'll saddle my steed, and awa I'll ride,
To dwell in some far countrie.'

'O when will ye come hame again?
Dear Willie, tell to me.'
'When sun and mune leap on yon hill,
And that will never be.'

She turned hersel' right round about,
And her heart burst into three:
'My ae best son is deid and gane,
And my tother ane I'll ne'er see.'



Frith del. Bastin sc.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL GREEN.

We take this fine and touching old ballad from the "Reliques" of Dr. Percy, although a black-letter copy of it is preserved in the folio collection at the British Museum; retaining it chiefly because the Doctor has added, at the close, several stanzas in lieu of those which are found in the early edition; admitting, therefore, the cogency of his reasons for the change he has introduced. He does not give these stanzas as genuine, but "as a modern attempt to remove the absurdities and inconsistencies which so remarkably prevailed" in the ancient version of the story—thus "rendering it much more affecting," and "reconciling it to probability and true history." The verses displaced by Percy we also insert. We find, however, many differences between the two copies; although none of them, except the extensive one referred to, are very essential. As that in the British Museum contains several passages which Percy may have altered, but which we do not think he has improved, we have restored them in the majority of cases in which they occur.*

"When first our King his fame did advance,
And fought for his title in delicate France,
In many places great peril past he;
But then was not born my pretty Bessee.

And in those wars went over to fight
Many a brave duke, a lord, and a knighte;
And with them young Montford of courage so free;
But then was not born my pretty Bessee.

And there did young Montford, with a blow o' the face,
Lose both his eyes in a very short space;
His life also had been gone with his sight,
Had not a young woman come forth i' the night.

Amongst the slaine men her fancy did move,
To search and to seek out her owne true love:
Who seeing young Montford there gasping to lie,
She saved his life through her charitie.

And then all our victuals in beggars attire,
At the hands of good people we there did require;
At last into England, as now it is seene,
We came and remained at Bednal Green.

And thus have we lived in fortunes despight,
Though poore, yet contented, with humble delight;
And in my old age, a comfort to be,
God sent me a daughter called pretty Bessee.

* A few of these alterations it may be desirable to note. We have no means of ascertaining whether the black-letter copy in the British Museum was, or was not, one of "the two ancient copies" consulted by Percy. It will be seen, however, that the reprint of Percy very closely resembles it; for the following are the principal changes which occur in his version of the ballad. In the 7th verse, Percy has the word "enamoured" instead of "in love with;" in verse 13. "That soon I shall dye for pretty Bessee," instead of "Then grant me thy favour, my pretty Bessee;" in verse 14, "as fine as a ladye," instead of "in silks and in velvets;" in verse 51, "the pearlie drops standing within her faire eyes," instead of "with the faire water all in her bright eyes."

And thus, you nobles, my song I do end,
Hoping the same no man doth offend;
Full forty long winters thus have I been
A silly blind beggar of Bednal green.

Now when the company had every one
Heard the strange tale in song he had shown,
They were all amazed, as well they might be,
Both at the blind beggar and pretty Bessee."

The ballad in the British Museum is thus entitled—"The Rarest Ballad that ever was seen of the Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bednal Green. Printed by and for W. Onley; and are to be sold by C. Bates at the sign of the Sun and Bible in Pye corner." The Pepysian Library does not contain a copy; but Dr. Percy found one in his "folio MS.," which he "compared with two ancient printed copies." He considers it to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth; on the ground that, in verse the twenty-third, the arms of England are called "the Queenes armes;"* and, also, because of the "tune's being quoted in other old pieces written in her time." History informs us that at the decisive battle of Evesham (fought August 4, 1265), when Simon de Montford, the great Earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son, Henry, fell by his side, and, in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the King bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son, Edmund, Earl of Lancaster. We have, however, no data from whence to determine whether the story of the Blind Beggar is pure fiction or founded on fact. It is by no means improbable that some such incident did actually occur, of which the poet took advantage, availing himself of the usual, and justifiable, licence. During the civil wars, events of this kind must have been frequent.



The "Angell," more than once alluded to in the ballad, was a gold coin, value about ten shillings; so called from having on one side a figure of St. Michael killing the dragon. They were first coined by Edward the Fourth, in 1466, and continued to be struck until the reign of Charles the First. The reverse exhibits a ship bearing the arms of England.



* The arms of Elizabeth differ from the Royal Arms, as now borne, in many particulars. *France* and England only appear in the quarterings of the shields. The removal of the French Coat did not indeed take place till late in the reign of George III, although, centuries before, we had lost every foot of our French territories,—so long retained and so obstinately fought for by our earlier sovereigns. The Red Dragon and Lion are the supporters. The Dragon being the distinctive badge of the Tudor family, it was introduced by the victorious Henry of Richmond, on his accession to the throne, after the battle of Bosworth. Richard III had two Boars as his supporters; hence the allusion, in Shakspeare, to "Richard, that bloody and revengeful boar." From the accession of Henry VII until the death of Elizabeth, the Arms of England remained the same. It was James I who introduced the Unicorn, the badge of his house, which has ever since retained its place with the Lion, as the supporters of the Royal Arms.



THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL GREEN.

FITT THE FIRST.

Itt was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
He had a faire daughter most pleasant and bright:
And many a gallant brave suitor had shee,
For none was soe comelye as pretty Bessee.

And though shee was of favor most faire,
Yett seeing she was but a poor beggars heyre,
Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
Whose sonnes came as suitors to prettye Bessee.



Wherefore in great sorrow faire Bessee did say,
'Good father, and mother, let me goe away
To seeke out my fortune, whereever itt bee.'
The suite then they granted to pretty Bessee.

Then Bessee, that was of bewtye soe bright,
All cladd in gray russett, and late in the night,
From father and mother alone parted shee;
Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Bessee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bow;
Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe:
With teares shee lamented her hard destinie,
So sadd and soe heavy was pretty Bessee.

Shee kept on her journey untill it was day,
And went into Rumford along the hye way;
Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee:
So faire and wel favoured was pretty Bessee.

Shee had not been there one month to an end,
But master and mistress and all was her friend:
And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
Was strait-way in love with pretty Bessee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
And in their songs daylye her love was extold;
Her bewtye was blazed in every degree;
Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Bessee.

The younge men of Rumford in her had their joy;
Shee shew'd herself curteous, but never too coye;
And at their commandment still wold she bee;
Soe fayre and soe comlye was pretty Bessee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe;
They craved her favor, but still she sayd 'Noe;
I would not wish gentles to marry with mee.'
Yett ever they honored pretty Bessee.



The first of them was a gallant young knight,
And he came unto her disguisde in the night:
The second a gentleman of good degree,
Who wooed and sued for pretty Bessee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small,
Was then the third suitor, and proper withall:
Her masters own sonne the fourth man must bee,
Who swore he would dye for pretty Bessee.

'And, if thou wilt marry with mee,' quoth the knight,
'Ile make thee a lady with joy and delight;
My heart's so inthralled by thy faire bewtie,
Then grant me thy favour, my pretty Bessee.'

The gentleman sayd, 'Come, marry with mee,
In silks and in velvets my Bessee shall bee:
My heart lives distressed: O heare me,' quoth hee;
'And grant me thy love, my pretty Bessee.'

'Let me be thy husband,' the merchant did say,
'Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay;
My shippes shall bring home rych jewels for thee,
And I will for ever love pretty Bessee.'

Then Bessee shee sighed, and thus shee did say,
'My father and mother I meane to obey;
First gett theyr good will, and be faithfull to mee,
And you shall enjoye your pretty Bessee.'

To every one this answer shee made;
Wherefore unto her they joyfullye sayd,
'This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree;
But where dwells thy father, my pretty Bessee?'

'My father,' quoth shee, 'is plaine to be seene:
The silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene,
That daylye sits begging for charitie,
He is the good father of pretty Bessee.



His markes and his tokens are known full well;
He alwayes is led with a dogg and a bell:
A silly olde man, God knoweth, is hee,
Yett hee is the father of pretty Bessee.'

'Nay then,' quo' the merchant, 'thou art not for mee:'
'Nor,' quo' the innholder, 'my wiffe shalt not bee:'
'I lothe,' sayd the gentle, 'a beggars degree,
And therefore, adewe, my pretty Bessee.

'Why then,' quoth the knight, 'hap better or worse,
I waighe not true love by the waight of the pursse,
And bewtye is bewtye in every degree;
Then welcome to me, my pretty Bessee.

With thee to thy father forthwith will I goe.'
'Nay soft,' quoth his kinsmen, 'it must not be soe;
A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shall bee,
Then take thy adewe of pretty Bessee.'

But soone after this, by break of the day,
The knight had from Rumford stole Bessee away.
The younge men of Rumford, so sicke as may be,
Rode after to fetche againe pretty Bessee.

As swifte as the winde to ride they were seene,
Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene;
And as the knight lighted most courteouslie
They all fought against him for pretty Bessee.

But rescew came presentlye over the plaine,
Or else the knight there for his love had been slaine.
This fray being ended, then strait he did see
His kinsmen come rayling at pretty Bessee.

Then spake the blind beggar, 'Although I bee poore,
Yett rayle not against my child at my own doore:
Though shee be not decked in velvet and pearle,
Yett will I dropp angells with you for my girle.



And then, if my gold will better her birthe,
And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

Butt first I will heare, and have it well knowne,
The gold that you drop shall be all your owne.'
With that they replyed, 'Contented wee bee.'
'Then here's,' quoth the beggar, 'for pretty Bessee.'

With that an angell he cast on the ground,
And dropped in angells full three thousand pound;
And oftentimes itt was proved most plaine,
For the gentlemans one the beggar dropped twayne:

So as the place, wherein they did sitt,
With gold it was covered every whitt;
The gentleman then having dropt all his store,
Sayd, 'Now, beggar, hold, for I have noe more.

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise arright.'
'Then marry,' quoth he, 'my girle to the knighte;
And heere,' quoth he, 'I will now throwe you downe
A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.'

The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene,
Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene:
And those that were her suitors before,
Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was their Bessee matched to a knight,
And made a ladye in others despite:
A fairer ladye there never was seene,
Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of her sumptuous marriage and feast,
What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
The second fitt shall set forth to your sight
With marveilous pleasure and wished delight.



FITT THE SECOND.

Off a blind beggars daughter most fair and bright,
That late was betrothed unto a younge knight;
All the discourse thereof you may see;
But now comes the wedding of pretty Bessee.

Within a gallant palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they could have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the love of pretty Bessee.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete [meete;
Were brought to their banquet, as it was thought
Partridge and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessee.

This wedding thro' England was spread, by report,
So that a great number did thither resort
Of nobles and gentles in every degree;
And all for the fame of pretty Bessee.

To church then went this gallant younge knight;
His bride followed after, a ladye most bright,
With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene
As went with sweete Bessee of Bednall-greene.

This marryage being solemnized then,
With musicke performed by the skilfullest men,
The nobles and gentles sate downe at that tyde,
Each one beholding the beautiful bryde.

But, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
To talke, and to reason a number begunn:
To talke of the blind beggars daughter most bright,
And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.



Then spake the nobles, 'Much marveil have wee,
The jolly blind beggar wee cannot here see.'
'My lords,' quoth the bride, 'my father's so base,
Hee is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.'

'The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
Before her own face were a flattering thinge;
Yett wee thinke thy fathers baseness,' quoth they,
'Might by thy bewtye bee cleane put away.'

They had noe sooner these pleasant words spoke,
But in comes the beggar cladd in a silke cloke:
A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee;
And nowe a musicyan forsooth he would bee.

Hee had a daintye lute under his arme,
Hee touched the strings, which made such a charme,
Sayd, 'Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
A song I will sing you of pretty Bessee.'

With that his lute hee twanged straitway,
And thereon begann most sweetlye to play;
And after that lessons were playd two or three,
Hee straynd out this song most delicatelie.

'A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene,
Who for her bewtye might well bee a queene:
A blithe bonny lasse, and daintye was shee,
And many one called her pretty Bessee.

Her father hee had noe goods, nor noe lands,
But begged for a penny all day with his hands;
And yett for her marriage hee gave thousands three,
And still hee hath somewhat for pretty Bessee.

And if any one her birth doe disdaine,
Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
To proove shee is come of a noble degree:
Therefore let none floute att my prettye Bessee.'



With that the lords and companye round
With hearty laughter were readye to swound:
Att last said the lords, 'Full well wee may see,
The bride and the beggar's beholden to thee.'

With that the bride all blushing did rise,
With the faire water all in her brighte eyes:
'Pardon my father, grave nobles,' quoth shee,
'That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.'

'If this bee thy father,' the nobles did say,
'Well may hee bee proud of this happy day;
Yett by his countenance well may wee see,
His birth with his fortune did never agree;

And therefore, blind beggar, wee pray thee bewray,
(And looke that the truth to us thou doe say)
Thy birth and thy parentage, what itt may bee,
For the love that thou bearest to pretty Bessee.'

'Then give mee leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
A song more to sing, and then I 'll begone,
And if that I do not winn your good report,
Then doe not give me a groat for my sport.

Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shall bee:
Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
Nowe loste and forgotten are hee and his race.

When the barons in armes did King Henrye oppose,
Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chose:
A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
And oft-times hee made their enemyes flee.

At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine
The barons were routed, and Montfort was slaine:
Most fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
Though thou wast not borne then, my pretty Bessee!



Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
His eldest sonne Henrye, who fought by his side,
Was felde by a blowe, hee receivde in the fight:
A blowe that deprivde him for ever of sight.

Among the dead bodyes all lifelesse hee laye,
Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
When by a younge ladye discovered was hee;—
And this was thy mother, my pretty Bessee.

A barons faire daughter stept forth in the night,
To search for her father who fell in the fight,
And seeing younge Montfort, where gasping hee laye,
Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye.

In secrette shee nurst him, and swaged his paine,
While hee through the realme was beleevd to be slaine:
At length his faire bride shee consented to bee,
And made him glad father of pretty Bessee.

And nowe lest oure foes our lives sholde betraye,
Wee clothed ourselves in beggars arraye:
Her jewelles shee solde, and hither came wee:
All our comfort and care was our pretty Bessee.

And here have wee lived in fortunes despite,
Though poore, yett contented with humble delighte:
Full forty winters thus have I beene
A silly blind beggar of Bednall-greene.

And here, noble lordes, is ended the song
Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong;
And thus have you learned a secrette from mee,
That ne'er had been knowne, but for pretty Bessee.'

Nowe when the faire companye everye one,
Had heard the strange tale in the song hee had showne,
They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
Both at the blinde beggar, and the pretty Bessee.

With that the faire bride they all did embrace,
Saying, 'Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
And thou art well worthy a lady to bee.'

Thus was the feast ended with joye and delighte,
A bride-groom most happy was the younge knight,
In joy and felicitie long lived hee,
All with his faire ladye, the pretty Bessee.



Gilbert del. Vizetelly sc.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW. This "very curious and excellent old ballad" we print from a black letter copy in the folio collection at the British Museum, where it is entitled, "The merry pranks of Robin Goodfellow, to the tune of Dulcina, &c.;" and where it is illustrated by a rude portraiture* of the merriest and most mischievous of the whole race of fairy land; who, although delighting in all manner of wild and reckless humour, was able to

> Put a girdle round about the earth
> In forty minutes.

Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, was a "shrewd and knavish sprite." His peculiar characteristics, and his especial duties, are described by many of the old poets. Ben Jonson, in his masque of "Love Restored," speaks of "Robin Goodfellow, he that sweeps the hearth and the house clean, riddles for the country maids, and does all their other drudgery, while they are at hot cockles." Drayton, in the "Polyolbion," pictures him as one who, bolting out of a bush—

> Makes us to stray
> Long winter nights out of the way,
> And when we stick in mire and clay,
> He doth with laughter leave us.

Milton alludes to him as the "delusive light" that

> Misleads the amazed night wanderer from his way,
> To bogs and mires, and oft through pond and pool.

And by Shakespeare, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," he is characterised as chief of the sprites

> That fright the maidens of the villagery;
> Skim milk; and sometimes labour in the quern,
> And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
> And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
> Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm.

Indeed, he had been a favourite with the mass of the people from a very early period. He has been traced back to the 13th century, by writers of fairy mythology, and he may have existed in popular tales at an earlier period. He is repeatedly alluded to by the authors of the Elizabethan era. In "Tarleton's Newes out of Purgatorie," published immediately after his death in 1588, as the title-page asserts, "by an old Companion of his, Robin Goodfellow,"—Robin is declared to be "famozed in every old wives chronicle for his mad merrye prankes." There is a curious woodcut representation of him on the title-page to an unique tract in the library of Lord Francis Egerton, entitled "Robin Goodfellow his mad Prankes and merry Jests;

* Ritson says that the cuts—for there are two of them—which illustrate the ballad, in the British Museum, instead of, as Dr. Percy considered, "representing the dresses in which this whimsical character was formerly exhibited upon the stage," were printed from the "identical blocks made use of by Bulwer, in his 'Artificial Changeling,' published in 1615, the first being intended for one of the black and white gallants of Seale-bay, adorned with the moon, stars, &c. and the other a hairy savage." Ritson makes this error the ground of a most fierce and bitter attack upon the prelate's character; yet it is here shewn, by an authority of which Ritson was not cognizant, that the veritable Robin Goodfellow did actually resemble a "hairy savage."

full of honest merth, and is a fit medicine for melancholy." 1628. It shews us Robin in form of a horned satyr carrying a broom on his shoulder, and a torch in his hand. He is dancing in a ring of pigmies, one of whom is seated, and furnishing the dancers with their music from his pipe. A black cat sits opposite, and a jug occupies the foreground. The cut (which we have here copied) is curious, and will at once remind the reader of Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," where Robin figures under the name of Puck; and is



—— Sent with a broom before
To sweep the dust behind the door.

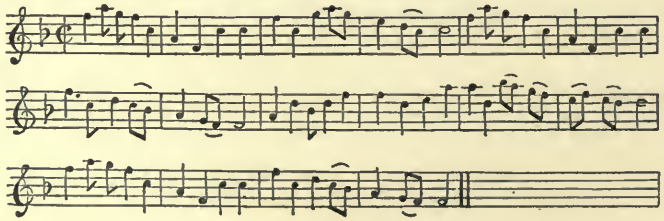
But none of the old writers represent him as a malicious spirit. His name, indeed, denotes the opposite character. He leads benighted victims into, but also through, bogs and quagmires; never leaving them to perish, although plunging them, now and then, up to the ears in mud; and that he is always generous to those who please him we have the assurance of very old and high authorities.

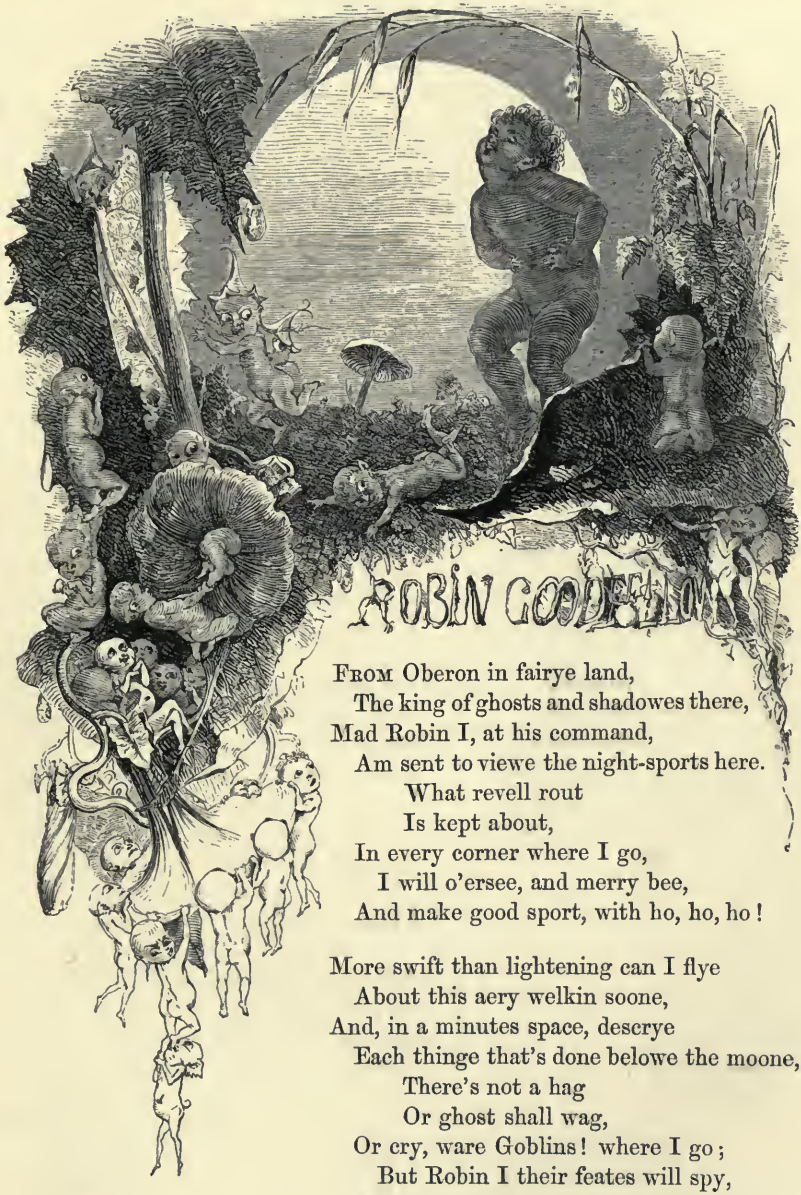
The Puck, or Phooka, of Ireland, is a far more evil-minded spirit than his English namesake. The form in which he most commonly appears is that of a horse, and his great object is to seduce some unwary wayfarer into becoming his rider. The victim once mounted, away they go. Headlong dashes the Phooka through brake and briar; through flood and fell; over mountain, valley, moor, or river; up or down precipices; between narrow gorges; in all dangerous places: utterly reckless of the agony of the unhappy wight who bestrides him. Of his merciless cruelties and malicious pranks many amusing stories are related by the peasantry; several of them are told by Mrs. S. C. Hall, in her "Sketches of Irish Character."

The ballad of Robin Goodfellow is attributed by the antiquarian Peck (by whom it was originally published) to Ben Jonson, but not, it would seem, upon sufficient authority. It does not occur in his works. There is little doubt of its having been written for some Masque, in which the character of Robin Goodfellow was sustained by one of the actors, who, in addressing the audience, describes himself as being sent by Oberon

'to see the night sports here.'

The tune to which "Robin Goodfellow" was sung, we copy from Ritson:—





From Oberon in fairye land,
The king of ghosts and shadowes there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to viewe the night-sports here.
What revell rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee, and merry bee,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightening can I flye
About this aery welkin soone,
And, in a minutes space, descrye
Each thinge that's done belowe the moone,
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, ware Goblins! where I go;
But Robin I their feates will spy,
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho!

Dadd del. Green sc.



Whene'er such wanderers I meete,
As from their night-sports they trudge home;
With counterfeiting voice I greete,
And call them on, with me to roame
Thro' woods, thro' lakes,
Thro' bogs, thro' brakes;
Or else, unseene, with them I go,
All in the nicke to play some tricke
And frolicke it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meete them like a man;
Sometimes, an ox, sometimes, a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can;
To trip and trot about them round.
But if, to ride,
My back they stride,
More swift than winde away I go,
Ore hedge and lands, thro' pools and ponds
I whirry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with juncates fine,
Unseene of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine;
And to make sport,
I snore and snort;
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss; they shrieke—Who's this?
I answer naught, but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wooll;
And while they sleepe and take their ease,
With wheel, to threads, their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp, I spin their tow:
If any 'wake, and would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!



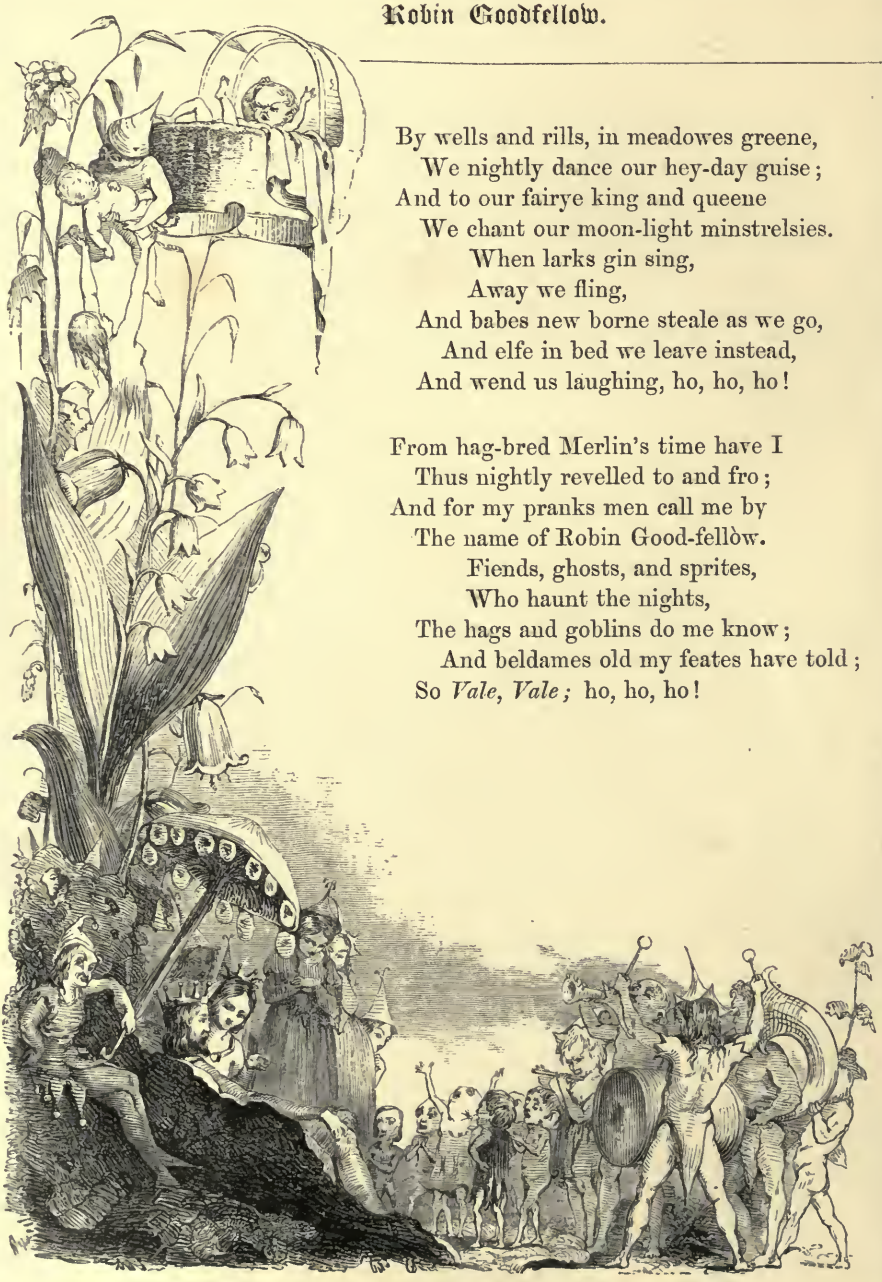
When house or harth doth sluttish lye,
I pinch the maidens black and blue:
The bed-clothes from the bedd pull I,
And lay them naked all to view.
'Twixt sleepe and wake,
I do them take,
And on the key-cold floor them throw.
If out they cry, then forth I fly,
And loudly laugh out, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrowe aught,
We lend them what they do require;
And for the use demand we nought:
Our owne is all we do desire.
If to repay,
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night, I them affright
With pinchings, dreames, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazie queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lye;
To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretlye:
I marke their gloze,
And it disclose,
To them whom they have wronged so:
When I have done, I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engins set
In loope holes where the vermine creepe,
Who from their foldes and houses, get
Their duckes and geese, and lambes and sheepe:
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seeme a vermine taken so;
But when they there approach me neare,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

Robin Goodfellow.



By wells and rills, in meadowes greene,
We nightly dance our hey-day guise;
And to our fairye king and queene
We chant our moon-light minstrelsies.
When larks gin sing,
Away we fling,
And babes new borne steale as we go,
And elfe in bed we leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time have I
Thus nightly revelled to and fro;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellòw.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old my feates have told;
So *Vale, Vale;* ho, ho, ho!

Dadd del.

Green sc.

SIR PATRICK SPENS. This ballad lays claim to "a high and remote antiquity." It was originally published by Dr. Percy "from two MS. copies transmitted from Scotland;" but the copy in the "Reliques" consists of only eleven stanzas. In its enlarged and more complete form, it was printed in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and also by Mr. Motherwell, from whose work we have extracted it; although it there differs very little from the copy given by Sir Walter Scott "from two MS. copies collated with several verses recited by his friend, Robert Hamilton, Esq.,—being the sixteenth and the four which follow." Sir Walter, however, considers it to be still a fragment. That the ballad was founded upon an actual occurrence there can be little doubt, although the earlier annotators were unable to establish the fact, and both Percy and Ritson concluded that "no memorial of the subject exists in History."

Mr. Motherwell, however, considers that it records the melancholy and disastrous fate of the gallant band which followed in the suite of Margaret, daughter of Alexander III., when she was espoused to Eric of Norway. According to Fordun—in his History of Scotland—in this expedition many distinguished nobles accompanied her to Norway to grace her nuptials, several of whom perished in a storm, while on their return to Scotland. On the other hand, Sir Walter Scott surmises that the expedition was despatched to Norway to bring home to Scotland the infant daughter of Eric and Margaret, who had become legitimate heir to the Scottish crown, in consequence of the death of Alexander III., without living issue. "The introduction of the King into the Ballad," he adds, "seems a deviation from history, unless we suppose that the aged monarch was desirous to see his grandchild before he died." The objection of the "skeely skipper" to sail at "this time of the year," is thus accounted for:—it was deemed not only imprudent, but impossible, to navigate a ship during winter. In the reign of James III., two hundred years after the date assigned to the composition, an Act of the Scottish Parliament prohibited all vessels from being navigated "frae the feast of St. Simon's day and Jude unto the feast of the purification of Our Lady, called Candlemas."

Robert Chambers, in his edition of "Scottish Ballads" (Edinburgh, 1829),—has given a version very different from the one we have here inserted; and Mr. Buchan, in his "Ancient Ballads and Songs," publishes another, taken down from "the recitation of a wandering minstrel, who learned it in his youth from a very old person." A verse from each of these will probably satisfy the reader:—

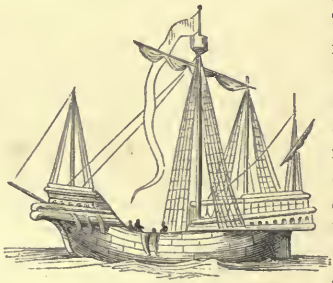
CHAMBERS.	BUCHAN.
Up startit the mermaid by the ship, Wi' a glass and a kame in her hand; Says 'Reek about, my merry men; Ye are nae far frae land.'	The King he wrote a braid letter, And seald it wi' his ring; Says 'Ye'll gie that to Patrick Spens, See if ye can him find.'

Mr. Buchan considers that he has obtained "the complete copy," but his version is comparatively weak; the grandeur of the composition being impaired by the occurrence of several inferior and unpoetic stanzas. In Herd's collection it is taken from Percy; in Finlay's, it is published "with many curious illustrations." Jamieson

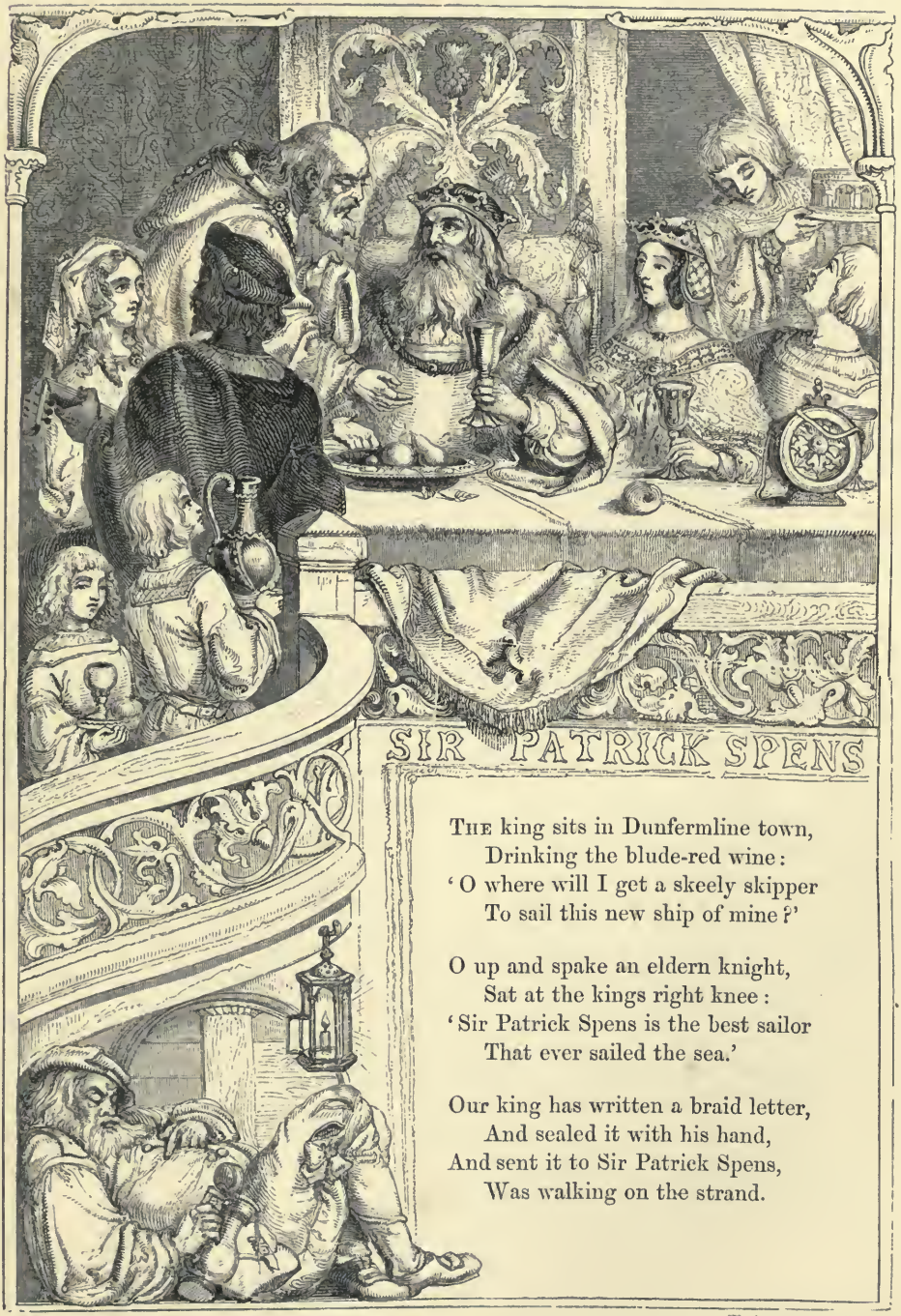
has also given several variations; and Allan Cunningham has "enriched the old and simple narrative with a number of the new verses." It may be a question, however, whether the earlier fragment, preserved by Dr. Percy, has been improved.

Some difference of opinion has existed as to whether the catastrophe occurred "forty miles off Aberdeen," or "half owre to Aberdour." On this point, Mr. Chambers "thinks it probable that Sir Patrick Spens lived near the little port of Aberdour, on the north side of the Frith of Forth; which port, though now of trifling magnitude, might then have been in use as a sort of haven to the town of Dunfermline, from which it is not far distant; and it is a likely circumstance that the ship was destined to the same port from which she had set out." He supports this reasoning by some facts. The Scottish monarchs chiefly resided in their palace of Dunfermline, from the time of Malcolm Canmore to that of Alexander the Third. Spens is, to this day, almost an exclusively Fife name. To the east of Aberdeen there is an extremely fine tract of hard, white sand—"altogether a local wonder"—upon which Mr. Chambers assumes the skipper to have been walking when he received the royal order for his embarkation. These facts are of value, as contributing to prove the actual occurrence of the event commemorated in the ballad.

The ancient ships of the English and Scottish navy were similar in their build, and singularly high, narrow, and unwieldy. The most ancient specimen we have selected for engraving, is copied from John Rouse's "History of the Life and Adventures of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. Cotton MSS., Julius, E. 4." It gives us a correct idea of the form and appearance of a vessel in the fifteenth century, when the original drawing was executed. No improvement in build seems to have occurred during the next century; indeed the vessels were generally more elevated from the surface of the water than before. From Ortelius's map of Scotland (1595), we copy the annexed representation, which gives as fair a sample of these ships as can be obtained. The large lower sails, the long streamers that reach nearly to the deck, and the high narrow hull, are conspicuous features. They were exceedingly liable to accidents. Sir Walter Raleigh informs us that "the 'Mary Rose,' a goodly ship of the largest size, by a little sway of the ship in casting about, her ports being within sixteen inches of the water, was overset and sunk." This happened at Spithead, and most of the officers and sailors were drowned. The expense of the clumsy structures was enormous. The "Great Harry," the famous vessel of King Henry VIII., cost £15,000. It was similar in construction and appearance to that engraved above; indeed, it was not until the reign of William III., that any considerable improvement in ship-building took place, and then it proceeded very slowly.







SIR PATRICK SPENS

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine:
'O where will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship of mine?'

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the kings right knee:
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sailed the sea.'

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

Franklin del. T Armstrong sc.



'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The Kings daughter of Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame!'

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blindit his e'e.

'O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out at this time o' the year,
To sail upon the sea?

Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The Kings daughter of Noroway
'Tis we must fetch her hame.'

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

They hadna been a week, a week
In Noroway, but twae,
When that the lords o' Noroway
Began aloud to say:

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our kings gowd
And a' our queenis fee.'—
'Ye lie, ye lie ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie!

For I hae brought as much white monie
As gane my men and me,
And I hae brought a half-fou o' gude red gowd
Out owre the sea wi' me.

Make ready, make ready my merrymen a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn.'—



'Now, ever alake! my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves came o'er the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

'O where will I get a gude sailor
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy land?'

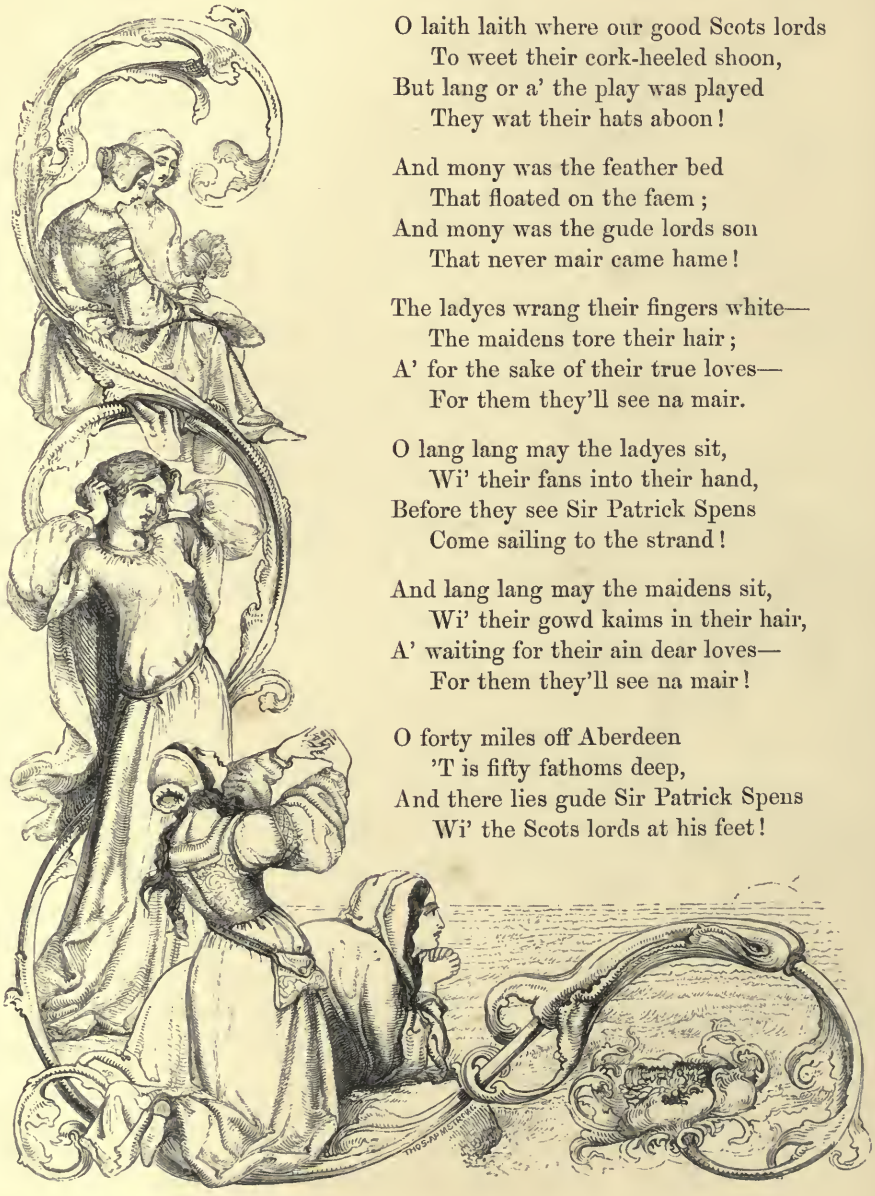
'O here am I, a sailor gude,
To take the helm in hand,
Till you go up to the tall topmast—
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.'

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step, but barely ane,
When a boult flew out of our goodly ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

'Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ships side,
And letna the sea come in.'

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wrapped them roun' that gude ships side;
But still the sea came in.

Sir Patrick Spens.



O laith laith where our good Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon,
But lang or a' the play was played
They wat their hats aboon!

And mony was the feather bed
That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lords son
That never mair came hame!

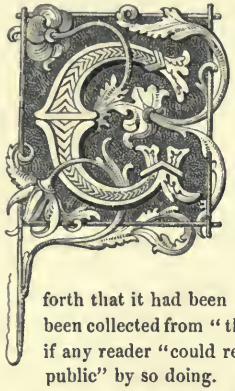
The ladyes wrang their fingers white—
The maidens tore their hair;
A' for the sake of their true loves—
For them they'll see na mair.

O lang lang may the ladyes sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang lang may the maidens sit,
Wi' their gowd kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves—
For them they'll see na mair!

O forty miles off Aberdeen
'T is fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

Franklin del. T. Armstrong sc



IL MORRICE. We retain the old title of this ballad, although modern annotators consider it to be that which Percy surmised it to have been,—a corruption of "Child Maurice:"—a name restored to it in the Collections of Pinkerton and Jamieson, but given as "Child Noryce" by Motherwell, who assumes it to be, in each instance, only an alteration of the word "Norice, a nurseling or foster." Before Dr. Percy introduced it into the "Reliques," it had "run through two editions in Scotland, the second having been printed at Glasgow in 1755:"—to both of them an advertisement was prefixed, setting forth that it had been communicated to the printers by a lady, by whom it had been collected from "the mouths of old women and nurses," and suggesting, that if any reader "could render it more correct or complete" he might "oblige the public" by so doing. The consequence of so seductive an invitation was the prompt supply of sixteen additional lines; they were first handed about in manuscript; subsequently printed by Mr. Herd in his "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs" (Edinburgh, 1777); and afterwards by Dr. Percy, who, however, warns the reader against considering them in any other light than that of an "ingenious interpolation." An interpolation they are, undoubtedly; yet scarcely an ingenious one; for occurring as they do, after the simple and affecting verse which prepares the reader for the coming tragedy, they are rightly characterised by Sir Walter Scott as the "quintessence of affectation." We shall omit them from our copy of the ballad, but insert them in a note.

Although there can be no doubt that the poem is of high antiquity, Dr. Percy considers it to have undergone many "modern improvements;" and he grounds his opinion chiefly on the fact, that his own "folio MS." contained a very imperfect copy of the same ballad; "wherein, though the leading features of the story are the same, yet the colouring is so much improved and heightened, and so many additional strokes are thrown in, that it is evident the whole has undergone a revisal." The "imperfect copy" to which Dr. Percy refers, has been printed by Jamieson in his "Popular Ballads and Songs," as he states "with most minute and scrupulous exactness." An example may satisfy the curiosity of the reader; it describes the catastrophe:—

and sayes 'dost thou know Child Maurice head
iff that thou dost itt see
and clap itt soft and kisse it offt
ffor thou lovedst him better than mee.'

but when shee looked on Child Maurice head
shee never spake words but three
'I never beare noe child but one
and you have slaine him trulye'

sayes 'wicked be my merry men all
I gave meate drinke and clothe
but cold they not have holden mee
when I was in all that wrath

ffor I have slaine the courteousest knighte
that ever bestrode a steed
soe have I done one of the fairest ladyes
that ever ware womans weede'

The tragedy of "Douglas," originally acted at Edinburgh, in 1756, and at Covent Garden, in 1757, gave extensive popularity to the ballad, upon which it was founded, and about that period it "underwent a total revisal." "But," writes Mr. Motherwell, "though it has been grievously corrupted by ingenious interpolations as well as

paraphrastic additions, the most scrupulous inquirer into the authenticity of ancient song can have no hesitation in admitting, that many of its verses, even as they now stand, are purely traditionary, and fair and genuine parcels of antiquity, unalloyed with any base admixture of modern invention, and in no wise altered, save in those changes of language to which all oral poetry is unavoidably subjected in its progress from one age to another." Mr. Motherwell proceeds to support his opinion by printing, "for the first time, a ballad entitled "Childe Noryce," which he gives "verbatim as it was taken down from the singing of the Widow M'Cormick, who was at that date, January, 1825, residing in Westbrae Street, Paisley." This ballad he considers the "prime root from which all the variations heretofore known have originated;" contending that "its clear, straight-forward, and rapid succinct narrative—its extreme simplicity of style and utter destitution of all ornament, argue powerfully in behalf of the primitiveness and authenticity of its text." It consists of no more than eighteen verses. Some of them we here copy:—

Child Noryce is a clever young man,
He wavers wi' the wind:
His horse was silver shod before,
With the beaten gold behind.

He called to his little man John,
Saying, 'You don't see what I see;
For, Oh! yonder I see the very first woman
That ever loved me.'

* * * * *

O when he came to Lord Barnard's castel,
He tingled at the ring:
Who was as ready as Lord Barnard himself
To let this little boy in?

* * * * *

Lord Barnard he had a little small sword,
That hung low down on his knee:
He cut the head off Child Noryce,
And put the body on a tree.

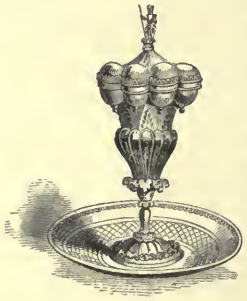
And when he came to his castel,
And to his lady's hall,
He threw the head into her lap,
Saying, 'Lady, there is a ball!'

She turned up the bloody head;
She kissed it frae cheek to chin:
'Far better do I love this bloody head
Than all my royal kin.'

* * * * *

'Oh, wae be to thee, Lady Margaret!' he said,
'And an ill death may you die;
For, if you had told me he was your son,
He had ne'er been slain by me.'

Mr. Motherwell asserts that the ballad is founded on facts which occurred at some remote period of Scottish history; and points out the several localities to which reference is made.



The "siller cup and mazer dish," of this ballad, have not been well explained by Percy. In a note, he describes the mazer dish to be a drinking cup of maple; it is far more likely to have been the dish upon which the cup stood. A beautiful cup with its dish-shaped stand, still exists in Oriel College, Oxford, presented by Bishop Stapleton in 1470. The stand, or dish, is of the cocoa-tree. We have selected, as an illustration of the passage, a beautiful specimen of a richly ornamented cup and dish, from an engraving by the celebrated Hans Burgmair, dated 1517.



Gil Morrice was an erles son,
His name it waxed wide ;
It was nae for his parentage,
Nor yet his meikle pride,
Bot for his dame, a lady gay,
Wha livd on Carrons side.

Meadows del. Linton sc.



'Whar sall I get a bonny boy,
That will win hose and shoen,
That will gae to Lord Barnards ha',
And bid his lady come?

And ye maun rin my errand, Willie,
And ye maun rin wi' speid;
When ither boys gang on their feet,
Ye sall ha' prancing steid.'

'O, no! O, no! my master deir,
I dar na for my life;
I 'll no gae to the bauld barons,
For to triest furth his wife.'

'My bird Willie, my boy Willie,
My deir Willie!' he said,
'How can ye strive against the streim?
For I sall be obeyed.'

'Bot O my master deir,' he cryd,
'In grene wode ye 're your lane;
Gi' owr sic thochts I wold ye red,
For feir ye sold be tane.'

'Haste! haste! I say, gae to the ha',
Bid her come here wi' speid:
If ye refuse my hie command,
I 'll gar your body bleid.

Gae bid her tak this gay mantel,
'T is a' gowd but the hem;
Bid her come to the gude grene wode,
Ein by hersel alane;

And there it is, a silken sarke,
Her ain hand sewd the sleeve;
And bid her come to Gil Morrice,
Speir nae bauld barons leive.'



'Yes! I will gae your black errand,
Thoch it be to your cost:
Sen ye by me will nae be warnd,
In it ye sall find frost.

The baron he is a man o' micht,
He neir cold bide to taunt;
And ye will see, before its nicht,
Sma' cause ye ha' to vaunt.

And sen I maun your errand rin,
Sae sair against my will,
I'se mak a vow, and keep it trow,
It sall be done for ill!'

When he cam to the broken brig,
He bent his bow and swam;
And when he cam to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

And when he cam to Barnards yeat,
Wold neither chap nor ca',
Bot set his bent bow to his breist,
And lichtly lap the wa'.

He wold na tell the man his errand,
Thoch he stude at the yeat;
Bot streight into the ha' he cam,
Whar they were set at meat.

'Hail! hail! my gentle sire and dame!
My message winna wait,—
Dame, ye maun to the grene wode gae,
Afore that it be late.

Ye 're bidden tak this gay mantel,
'T is a' gowd bot the hem;
Ye maun haste to the gude grene wode
Ein by yoursell alane.



And there it is, a silken sark,
Your ain hand sewd the sleive:
Ye maun gae speik to Gil Morrice,
Speir nae bauld barons leive.'

The lady stamped wi' her foot,
And winked wi' her eie;
Bot a' that shee cold say or do,
Forbidden he wold nae be.

'It 's surely to my bower-woman,
It neir cold be to me.'—
'I brocht it to Lord Barnards lady,
I trow that ye be shee.'

Then up and spak the wylie nurse
(The bairn upon her knee),
'If it be come from Gil Morrice,
It 's deir welcum to me.'

'Ye lie, ye lie, ye filthy nurse,
Sae loud I heir ye lie;
I brocht it to Lord Barnards lady,
I trow ye be nae shee.'

Then up and spake the bauld baron,
An angry man was he:
He has tane the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee,
Till siller cup and mazer dish
In flinders he gard flie.

'Gae bring a robe of your cleiding,
Wi' a' the haste ye can;
And I 'll gae to the gude green wode,
And speik wi' your lemman.'

'O bide at hame now, Lord Barnard!
I warde ye bide at hame;
Neir wyte a man for violence,
Wha neir wyte ye wi' nane!'



Gil Morrice sat in the grene wode,
He whistled and he sang:
'O, what meins a' the folk coming?
My mother tarries long.'*

The baron to the grene wode cam,
Wi' meikle dule and eare;
And there he first spyed Gil Morrice
Kaming his yellow hair.

'Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morrice,
My lady loes thee weil;
The fairest part of my body
Is blacker than thy heil.

Yet neir the less now, Gil Morrice,
For a' thy great bewtie,
Ye 'll rew the day ye eir was born;
That heid shall gae wi' me!'

* The following are the stanzas alluded to in the Introductory Remarks. They are, obviously, emendations by "a modern hand:"—

His hair was like the threeds of gold,
Drawn frae Minervas loome:
His lippes like roses drapping dew;
His breath was a' perfume.

His brow was like the mountain snae
Gilt by the morning beam:
His cheeks like living roses glow:
His een like azure stream.

The boy was clad in robes of grene,
Sweete as the infant spring:
And like the mavis on the bush,
He gart the vallies ring.

The following verse occurs after the line "Kaming his yellow hair:—

That sweetly wavd around his face,
That face beyond compare:
He sang sae sweet it might dispel
A' rage but fell deapair.



Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
And slaided owr the strae;
And throuch Gil Morrice fair body
He gard the cauld iron gae.

And he has tane Gil Morrice heid,
And set it on a speir;
The meinest man in a' his train,
Has gotten that heid to beir.

And he has tane Gil Morrice up,
Laid him across his steid;
The meinest man in a' his train,
Has gotten that steid to lede.

The lady on the castle wa'
Beheld baith dale and down;
And there she saw Gil Morrice heid
Cum trailing to the toun.

'Better I loe that bluidy heid,
Bot and that yellow hair,
Than Lord Barnard and a' his lands,
As they lie here and there.'

And she has tane her Gil Morrice,
And kissed baith cheik and chin;
'I was ance as fou o' Gil Morrice,
As the hip is o' the stane.

I bore ye in my fathers house,
Wi' meikle sin and shame;
I brocht ye up in the grene wode,
Under the heavy rain.

Oft have I by thy craddle sitten,
And fondly seen thee sleip;
But now I maun gae 'bout thy grave
A mothers teirs to weep!'



Again she kissd his bluidy cheik,
Again his bluidy chin;
'O better I loed my son Morrice,
Than a' my kyth and kin!'

'Awa, awa, ye ill woman,
An ill dethe may ye die!
Gin I had kend he was your son,
He had neir been slayne by me!'

'Obraid me not, my lord Barnard,
Obraid me not for shame!
Wi' that same speir, O perce my heart,
And save me frae my pain!

Since naething but Gil Morrice head
Thy jealous rage cold quell,
Let that same hand now tak her lyfe,
That neir to thee did ill.

To me nae after days nor nichts
Will eir be saft or kind;
I 'll fill the air wi' heavy sichs,
And greit till I be blind.'

'Eneuch of bluid by me 's been spilt,
Seek not your dethe frae me;
I 'd rather far it had been mysel,
Than either him or thee.

Wi' hopeless wae I hear your plaint,
Sair, sair, I rue the deed—
That eir this cursed hand of mine
Sold gar his body bleid!

Dry up your teirs, my winsome dame,
They neir can heal the wound;
Ye see his heid upon the spier,
His hearts bluid on the ground.



I curse the hand that did the deid,
The heart that thocht the ill,
The feet that bare me wi' sic speid,
The comlie youth to kill.

I 'll aye lament for Gil Morrice,
As gin he was my ain;
I 'll neir forget the dreiry day
On which the youth was slain.'

Meadows del. Linton sc.

SIR ALDINGAR. This ballad we copy from the "Reliques" of Dr. Percy: the only information he affords in reference to it, is, that "the old fabulous legend is given from his folio MS.; with conjectural emendations, and the insertion of some additional stanzas to supply and complete the story." He adds, indeed, "it has been suggested, that the author of the poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor, and was married to the Emperor (here called King) Henry;"—but he leaves us in utter ignorance as to the extent of his additions, and the nature of his improvements. The only light that has been thrown upon the subject was by Sir Walter Scott, who has published a ballad, entitled "Sir Hugh le Blond," in which the incidents are nearly similar to those contained in Sir Aldingar; except that in the former, the calumniated Queen is rescued from the fire by a mortal champion instead of a "tinye boy." The composition, as printed in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," was given to the accomplished editor by K. Williamson Burnet, of Monboddo, Esq., "who wrote it down from the recitation of an old woman, long in the service of the Arbuthnot family,"—a founder of that family having been the hero of the story. The diction is "very much humbled, and it has, in all probability, undergone many corruptions; but "its antiquity is indubitable."

"The tradition upon which it is founded is," adds Sir Walter Scott, "universally current among the Mearns;" and he was informed, that, "until very lately, the sword with which Sir Hugh le Blond was believed to have defended the honour of the Queen, was carefully preserved by his descendants, the Viscounts of Arbuthnot." This Sir Hugh lived in the thirteenth century; but there is no instance in history, in which the good name of a Queen of Scotland was committed to the chance of a duel.

Such occurrences are, however, common in old romance; and are often noted in genuine history. "The most solemn part of a knight's oath was, to defend all widows, orphelines, and maidens of good fame;" and such an oath is still taken by the knights of the Bath. In the days of chivalry, when trial by battle was generally preferred to trial by law, it was customary for ladies to seek their defence in the strong arm of one of those heroes whose motto was, usually, "Loyaulté aux Dames." No true knight could resist the appeal. By the rules of the order of "The Band," a society of knights founded by Alphonsus XI., King of Spain in 1330, and so called from the red band, or scarf, they wore across their breasts to distinguish them from others; it was ordained, that if any knight happened to meet a lady, it was his duty to alight, and tender his services, upon pain of losing a month's wages, and the favour of all dames and damsels; and that if he refused to perform any service a fair lady commanded, he should be branded with the title of "the discourteous knight." While refusals are unrecorded, we have many instances of the most ardent devotion to the cause of the ladies; a chevalier, called the "Knight of the Swan," re-instated a lady in the possessions of which the Duke of Saxony had deprived her, because he felt indignant that the throne, and not chivalry, should be regarded as the fountain of justice. Knights frequently formed themselves into associations for the express purpose of defending the rights of all ladies who required their aid.

So late as 1425, when the title to certain counties in Hainault was contested between the English Duke of Gloucester and John of Brabant, on behalf of the lady Jacqueline, Monstrelet tells us, that these gallant cavaliers, St. Pol and André de Humières, arranged themselves for the journey, and appeared together at Hesden, with silver rings upon their right arms, as badges by which themselves and their cause might be distinguished, and openly proclaimed themselves the champions of Jacqueline, boldly asserting her superior title to the lands in debate. It was an argument seriously urged by Sir John of Hainault, for making war upon Edward II., in behalf of his banished wife, Isabella, that "knights were bound to aid, to their utmost power, all distressed damsels living without counsel or comfort."

To fight for a lady! a benedicite!
It were a lusty sight for to see.

The very old, but now happily exploded, custom of burning at the stake is too well known to require any comment here. Treason was thus punished; and the unfaithfulness of a queen consort would have been thus visited. The murder of a husband, considered by the law as petty treason, always was so. We engrave an ancient and curious representation of a lady, bound, and brought to the stake by two executioners; it occurs in the Harleian collection of manuscripts, in the British Museum, No. 4411, and from the costume of the figures, and general appearance of the book, it was probably written, and the drawings were made, in the reign of King Richard II. Representations of this punishment of so ancient a date are very rarely to be met with.



The queen's dream of the "grype," or griffin, who, after depriving her of her crown, and all her "faire head geare," was about to carry her as a prey to his nest, was only an imaginary realization of a popular belief concerning this fabulous creature. An old traveller to the East, Sir John Maundeville, who returned from thence about A.D. 1356, particularly describes these creatures as inhabiting that quarter of the globe. He says that the upper parts of their bodies were like eagles, and the lower part like lions, but that one griffin is greater and stronger than eight lions, or one hundred eagles; "for one griffoun there wil bere, fleynge to his nest, a great horse, or two oxen yoked togidere, as thei gon to the plowghe." In an illuminated copy of these travels—in the British Museum, Harleian MSS. No. 3954—is a very curious drawing, representing a knight and his horse carried by a griffin to his nest as food for its young, much in the same way that the queen, in the ballad, imagined herself to be carried. We copy the singular subject, which would appear to be a favourite way of shewing the power of the creature; for a bas-relief upon the front of the Hotel de Bourgtherolde, at Rouen, erected in the time of Francis I., exhibits a similar scene, with this difference only, that the knight, in full armour, is carried away by a griffin, while his horse and attendant squire are allowed to remain in amazement below.





SIR ALDINGAR.

Our king hee kept a false stewàrde,
Sir Aldingar they him call:
A falser stewarde then hee was one,
Servde not in bower nor hall.

Hee wolde have layne by our comelye queene,
Her deere worshippe to betraye:
Our queene shee was a good womàn,
And evermore said him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
With her hee was never content,
Till traiterous meanes hee colde devyse,
In a fyer to have her brent.

Gilbert del. Gilks sc.



There came a lazar to the Kings gate,
A lazar both blinde and lame:
Hee tooke the lazar upon his backe,
Him on the Queenes bedd has layne.

'Lye still, lazar, wheras thou lyest,
Looke thou goe not hence away;
Ile make thee a whole man and a sound
In two howers of the day.'

Then went him forthe Sir Aldingar,
And hyed him to our king—
'If I might have grace, as I have space,
Sad tydings I could bring.'

'Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,
Say on the soothe to mee.'
'Our queene hath chosen a newe, newe love,
And shee will have none of thee!

'If shee had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had beene her shame;
But shee hath chose her a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame.'

'If this bee true, thou Aldingar,
The tyding thou tellest to mee,
Then will I make thee a rich rich knight,
Rich both of golde and fee.

'But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,
As God nowe grant it bee!
Thy body, I sweare by the holye rood,
Shall hang on the gallowes tree.'

Hee brought our king to the Queenes chambèr,
And opened to him the dore.
'A lordlye love,' King Harry says,
'For our queene dame Elinore!



'If thou were a man, as thou art none,
Heere on my sword thou 'st dye;
But a payre of new gallowes shall bee built,
And there shalt thou hang on hye.'

Forthe then hyed our king, I wysse,
And an angry man was hee;
And soon he found Queene Elinore,
That bride so bright of blee.

'Nowe God you save, our queene, madame,
And Christ you save and see!
Heere you have chosen a newe newe love,
And you will have none of mee!

'If you had chosen a right good knight,
The lesse had been your shame;
But you have chose you a lazar man,
A lazar both blinde and lame;

'Therfore a fyer there shall bee built,
And brent all shalt thou bee!'
'Nowe out alacke!' sayd our comelye queene,
'Sir Aldingar 's false to mee.

'Now out alacke!' sayd our comelye queene,
'My hart with griefe will brast:
I had thought swevens had never been true;
I have proved them true at last.

'I dreamt in my sweven on Thursday eve,
In my bed wheras I laye.
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast
Had carryed my crowne awaye:

'My gorgett and my kirtle of golde,
And all my faire head geere;
And hee wolde worrye me with his tush
And to his nest y-beare.



'Saving there came a little gray hawke,
A merlin him they call,
Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,
That dead hee downe did fall.

'Giffe I were a man, as nowe I am none,
A battell wolde I prove,
To fight with that traitor Aldingar;
Att him I cast my glove.

'Bot seeing Ime able noe battell to make,
My liege, grant mee a knight
To fighte with that traitor Sir Aldingar,
To maintaine mee in my righte.'

'Nowe forty dayes I will give thee,
To seeke thee a knight therin:
If thou finde not a knight in forty dayes
Thy bodye it must brenn.'

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,
By north and south bedeene;
Bot never a champion colde shee finde,
Wolde fighte with that knight soe keene.

Nowe twenty days were spent and gone,
Noe helpe there might bee had:
Many a teare shed our comelye queene
And aye her hart was sad.

Then came one of the Queenes damsèlles,
And knelt upon her knee;—
'Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
I trust yet helpe may bee:

'And heere I will make mine avowe,
And with the same mee binde;
That never will I return to thee,
Till I some helpe may finde!'



Then forthe she rode on a faire palfràye
O'er hill and dale about;
Bot never a champion colde shee finde,
Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And nowe the daye drewe on apace,
When our good queene must dye:
All woe-begone was that fair damsèlle,
When shee found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
And the salt teares fell from her eye;
When lo! as she rode by a rivers side,
Shee mette with a tinye boye.

A tinye boye shee mette, God wot,
All clad in mantle of golde:
Hee seemed noe more in mans likenèsse,
Then a childe of four yeere old.

'Why grieve you, damselle faire,' hee sayd,
'And what doth cause you moan?'
The damselle scant wolde deigne a looke,
Bot fast shee pricked on.

'Yet turn againe, thou faire damsèlle,
And greete thy queene from me:
When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest,
Nowe helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid her remember what shee dreamt
In her bedd, wheras shee lay;
How when the grype and the grimlie beast
Wolde have carryed her crowne awaye,

Even then there came a little gray hawke,
And saved her from his clawes;
Then bidd the Queene be merry at hart,
For heaven will fende her cause.'



Back then rode that faire damsèlle,
And her hart it lept for glee;
And when shee told her gracious dame
A gladd woman then was shee.

Bot when the appointed daye was come,
No helpe appeared nye;
Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
And the teares stood in her eye.

And nowe a fyer was built of wood;
And a stake was made of tree;
And nowe Queene Elinore forthe was led,
A sorrowful sight to see.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
And three times spake on hye:
'Giffe any good knight will fende this dame,
Come forthe, or shee must dye.'

No knight stood forthe, no knight there came,
No helpe appeared nye;
And nowe the fyer was lighted up,
Queene Elinore shee must dye.

And nowe the fyer was lighted up,
As hot as hot might be;
When riding upon a little white steed,
The tinye boy they see.

'Away with that stake! away with those brands!
And loose our comelye queene:
I am come to fight with Sir Aldingar,
And prove him a traitor keene!'

Forthe then stoode Sir Aldingar,
Bot when hee saw the chylde,
Hee laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,
And weened hee had been beguylde.



'Nowe turne, nowe turne thee, Aldingar,
And eyther fighte or flee:
I trust that I shall avenge the wronge,
Though I am so small to see.'

The boye pulld forthe a well good sworde
So gilt it dazzled the ee:—
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
Smote off his leggs by the knee.

'Stand up! stand up! thou false traitòr,
And fighte upon thy feete,
For and thou thrive, as thou beginst,
Of height wee shall be meete!'

'A priest! a priest!' sayes Aldingar,
'While I am a man alive,—
A priest, a priest,' sayes Aldingar,
'Me for to houzle and shrive!

I wolde have layne by our comely queene,
Bot shee wolde never consent;
Then I thought to betraye her unto our king,
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the Kings gates,
A lazar both blinde and lame;
I tooke the lazar upon my backe,
And on her bedd had him layne.

Then ranne I to our comelye king,
These tidings sore to tell.
Bot ever alacke!' sayes Aldingar,
'Falsing never doth well:—

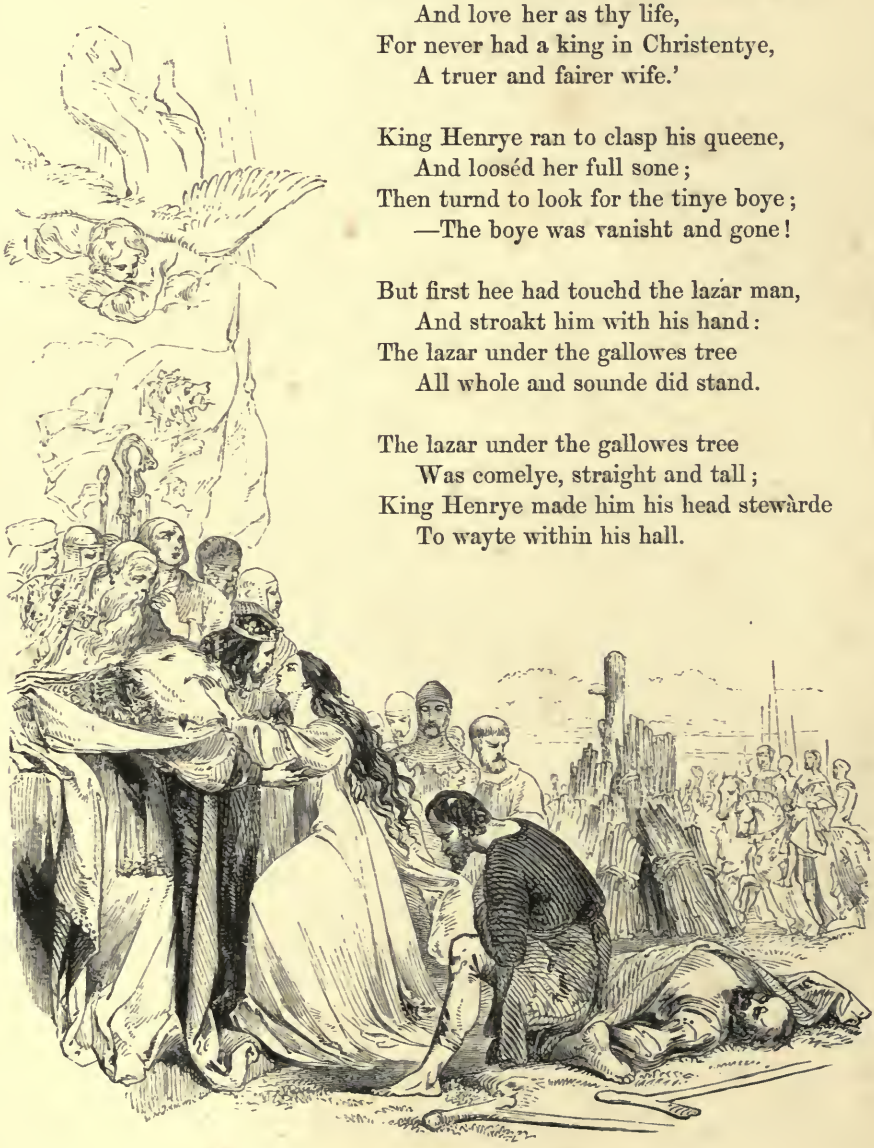
Forgive! forgive mee, Queene, madame,
The short time I must live!'
'Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
As freely I forgive!'

'Here take thy queene, our King Harrye,
And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Christentye,
A truer and fairer wife.'

King Henrye ran to clasp his queene,
And looséd her full sone;
Then turnd to look for the tinye boye;
—The boye was vanisht and gone!

But first hee had touchd the lazar man,
And stroakt him with his hand:
The lazar under the gallowes tree
All whole and sounde did stand.

The lazar under the gallowes tree
Was comelye, straight and tall;
King Henrye made him his head stewàrde
To wayte within his hall.



Gilbert del. Folkard sc

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE. We print this ballad from a black letter copy in the folio collection at the British Museum, where it is entitled, "The Noble Acts Newly Found of Arthur of the Table Round. To the tune of Flying Fame. Printed by and for Alex. Melbourne, in Green Arches Court, in the Little Old Bailey." Dr. Percy published it "from a printed copy, corrected in part by a fragment in his folio MS." The copy in the British Museum the learned editor could not have seen, for it is much purer than the one that occurs in the "Reliques." It is, however, mainly indebted for its celebrity to the fact that it is quoted by Shakespeare, in the second part of "Henry IV." The authorship is attributed by Ritson to Thomas Deloney. Of its remote antiquity there can be no doubt. The subject is taken from the ancient romance of "King Arthur" (commonly called "Morte d'Arthur"), "being a poetical translation of chapters cviii., cix., cx., in Part I., as they stand in Edition 1634, quarto."

Sir Lancelot was high in fame among the knights of King Arthur's Round Table. To this "Round Table" were attached twenty-four knights,—the chosen few of King Arthur's forces. It appears to have originated with Uther Pendragon, the father of the great monarch of romance, "for whom it had been made by the sorcerer Merlin, in token of the roundness of the world." Every knight had his appointed seat, upon which his name was inscribed in letters of gold. One of these was "the seige perillous," reserved for the most famous champion of the invincible band. High birth, great strength, activity and skill, fearless valour, and firm fidelity to their suzerain, were indispensably requisite for admission into this order. We quote from Mr. Ellis ("Specimens of early English Metrical Romances"):—"They were bound by oath to assist each other, at the hazard of their own lives; to attempt singly the most perilous adventures; to lead, when necessary, a life of monastic solitude; to fly to arms at the first summons; and never to retire from battle till they had defeated the enemy, unless when night intervened, and separated the combatants." The mirror of them all was, of course, King Arthur himself; but his knights were equally renowned for courtesy and indomitable courage: each of them was "a hero," the perfection of chivalry, the love of ladies, and the terror of evil doers—especially giants. Of one giant it is particularly recorded that he wore a cloak of fur—the fur being composed of the beards of slaughtered kings; but as there was still a little space left unoccupied, he desired to fill it by a contribution from the chin of King Arthur, and transmitted a fitting messenger with an order that it should be forwarded forthwith, "or els he wolde enter his landes and brenn and slay."—"Well," said King Arthur, "thou hast said thy message, which is the most villanous and lewdest message that ever man heard sent to a King!"

The history of Sir Lancelot is the very perfection of romance. He was the son of "King Ban," who, having been attacked by his inveterate enemy, King Claudas, escaped with his queen and child, to solicit the aid of King Arthur, but died of grief on the way. His unhappy lady abandoned, for a moment, the care of her infant, to attend her dying husband, and, on seeking to resume her charge, found him in the arms of a nymph, who, on the mother's approach, suddenly sprang with the little

Lancelot into an adjoining lake, and instantly disappeared. This nymph was the beautiful Vivian, the mistress of the enchanter Merlin. In her home beneath the waters, the future hero was educated—hence he was afterwards distinguished by the name of Lancelot du Lac. When he had attained the age of eighteen, she conveyed her pupil to the court of King Arthur, demanding his admission to the honour of knighthood, which he, of course, obtained. Through all his after life, this Lady of the Lake continued to be his guardian. And this life was full of adventure; "cleaving down numberless giants;" giving freedom to hosts of prisoners; restoring, by force of arms, the reputations of bevies of fair ladies;—in short, rendering himself worthy the eloquent eulogy of his brave companion in arms, Sir Bohort, as recorded in one of the many romances to which his career has given birth;—"And now I dare say that,—Sir Lancelot,—ther thou lyist,—thou were never matched of none earthly knighte's hands. And thou were the curtiest knighte that ever bare shielde. And thou were the truest freende to thy lover that ever bestrode horse. And thou were the truest lover, of a synful man, that ever loved woman. And thou were the kindest man that ever stroke with sworde. And thou were the goodliest person that ever came among presse of knightes. And thou were the meekest man, and the gentillest, that ever eate in hal, among ladies. And thou were the sternest knighte to thy mortall foe that ever put spere in the rest!"

In the chapel of Winchester Castle is preserved what is affirmed to be "King Arthur's Round Table." It consists of a stout oak board, perforated by many bullets, supposed to have been fired at it by Cromwell's soldiers, who used it for a target. Upon it is painted a royal figure seated beneath a canopy, intended to represent King Arthur. In the centre is painted a large rose, and around it are the words, "Thys is the rounde table of King Arthur, and of his valyant knyghtes." From the centre, radiate twenty-four spaces, each one appropriated to a knight, who seated himself in front of the one that had his name painted on it. This table was, at one time, believed to have been made and placed here by Arthur himself; it is, however, now considered to be no older than, though quite as old as, the time of Stephen, in whose reign, and during the twelfth century, knights usually assembled at a table of this kind, to avoid disputes about precedency. From this usage the tournaments themselves obtained the name of the "Round Table," and are so called in the records of old times.



The earliest mention of this table is to be found in "the Prologue" to Caxton's "Booke of the Noble Hystoryes of Kynge Arthur, and of Certeyn of his Knyghtes" (1485), in which he declares, that "in the castle of Dover ye may see Sir Gawaine's skull, and Cradoke's mantle; *at Winchester, the Round Table;* in other places, Sir Launcelot's sword, and many other things." When the Emperor Charles V. was in England, it was exhibited to him as the veritable table of King Arthur, by Henry VIII. Paulus Jovius, who relates this visit, declares that many marks of its antiquity had been destroyed; that the names of the knights were then just written afresh; and the table with its ornaments newly repaired.



HEN Arthur first in court began,
And was approved king,
By force of armes great victorys won,
And conquest home did bring.
Then into Britain straight hee came,
Where fifty good and able
Knights, then repaired unto him,
Which were of the Round Table;

Ed. Corbould del. Smith sc.



And many justs and turnaments,
Before him there were prest,
Wherein these knights did then excell
And far surmount the rest;

But one Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approved well,
Hee, in his fights and deeds of armes,
All others did excell.

When hee had rested him a while,
To play, and game, and sport;
Hee thought hee wold approve himselfe
In some adventurous sort.

Hee armèd rode in forrest wide,
And met a damsell faire,
Who told him of adventures great,
Wherto hee gave good eare.

'Such wold I find,' quoth Lancelot:
'For that cause came I hither.'
'Thou seemst,' quoth shee, 'a knight full good,
And I will bring thee thither,

Whereas a mighty knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame;
Therfore tell me what knight thou art,
And what may be thy name.'

'My name is Lancelot du Lake.'
Quoth shee, 'It likes me, then;
Here dwelles a knight who never was
O'er-matcht of any man:

Who hath in prison threescore knights
And four, that hee hath bound;
Knights of King Arthurs court they bee,
And of the Table Round.



Shee brought him to a river then,
And also to a tree
Whereon a copper bason hung,
His fellows shields to see.

Hee struck soe hard, the bason broke:—
When Tarquine heard the sound,
Hee drove a horse before him straight,
Whereon a knight was bound.

'Sir knight,' then sayd Sir Lancelot,
'Bring me that horse-load hither,
And lay him downe, and let him rest;
We 'll try our force together;

For, as I understand, thou hast,
As far as thou art able,
Done great despite and shame unto
The knights of the Round Table.'

'If thou art of the Table Round,'
Quoth Tarquine speedilye,
'Both thee and all thy fellowship
I utterly defye.'

'That 's over much,' quoth Lancelot tho,
'Defend thee by and by!'
They sett their spurs unto their steeds,
And each at other flie.

They coucht their spears, (their horses ran,
As though there had been thunder)
And each struck then upon their shields,
Wherewith they brake asunder.

Their horses backes brake under them;
The knights they were astound:
To avoyd their horses they made haste
To fight upon the ground,



They tooke them to their shields full fast,
Their swords they drew out then;
Wyth mighty strokes most eagerlye
One at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,
For breath they both did stand;
And leaning on their swords awhile,
Quoth Tarquine, 'Hold thy hand,

And tell to me what I shall aske.'—
'Say on,'—quoth Lancelot tho:
'Thou art,' quoth Tarquine, 'the best knight
That ever I did know;

And like a knight that I did hate:
Soe that thou bee not he,
I will deliver all the rest,
And eke accord wyth thee.'

'That is well said,' quoth Lancelot;
'But sith it soe must bee,
What knight is that thou hatest soe?
I pray thee show to me.'

'His name's Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Hee slew my brother deere;
Him I suspect of all the rest:
I wold I had him here.'

'Thy wish thou hast, but now unknowne;
I am Lancelot du Lake,
Now of King Arthurs Table Round;
King Hands son of Benwake;

And I defye thee;—do thy worst.'
'Ha, ha!' quoth Tarquine tho,
'One of us two shall end our lives
Before that we do go.

Sir Lancelot du Lake.



If thou bee Lancelot du Lake,
Then welcome shalt thou bee:
Wherefore see thou thyself defend,
For now defye I thee.'

They buckled then together so,
Like unto wild boares rashing;
And wyth theire swords and shields they ran
At one another slashing:

The ground besprinkled was wyth blood:
Tarquine began to faint;
For hee had backt and bore his shield
So low, hee did repent.*

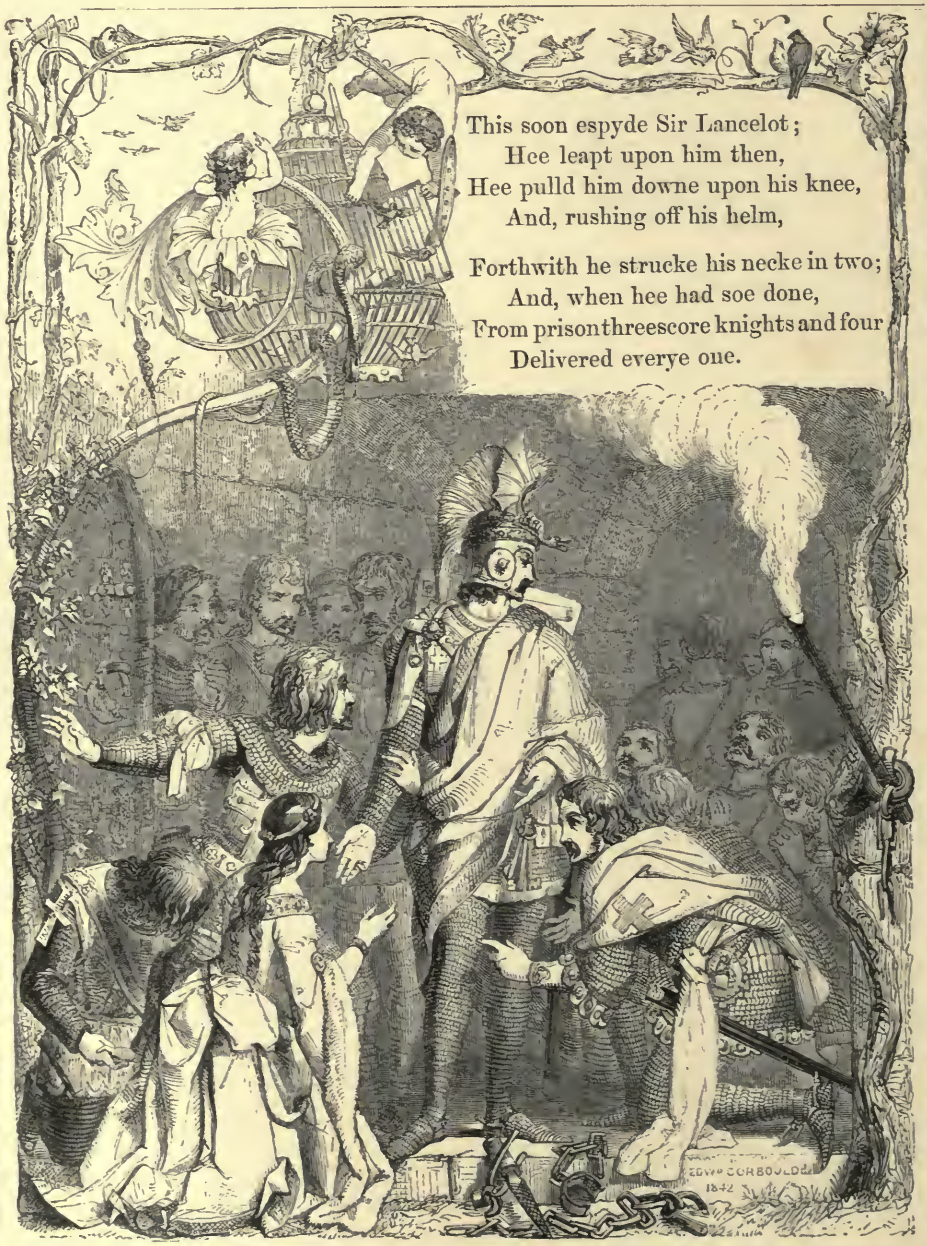
* Several of the ancient ballads record similar fights between giants and the knights of King Arthur's Round Table. An "Ancient English Metrical Romance," printed by Ritson, entitled "Sir Ywaine and Sir Gawin," describes an encounter which led to a like result—the delivering from prison sundry "fellowes" who, by the gallantry of their brother-in-arms, were "out of bales broght." We copy a few passages:—

Syr Ywaine rade into the playne
And the geant cum hym ogayne:—
His levore was ful grete and lang,
And himself ful mekyl and strang.
He said, 'What devil made the so balde
For to come heder out of thi halde?
Who-so-ever the heder send
Lufed the litel, so God me mend!
Of the he walde be broken fayn.'
'Do forth thi best!' said Sir Ywaine.
* * * * *

Sir Ywaine left his sper of hand,
And strake obout him with his brand;
And the geant, mekil of main,
Strake full fast to him ogayn.
* * * * *

Sethen with a stroke to him he stert,
And smate the geant unto the hert;
Ther was none other tale to tell,
Bot fast unto the earth he fell,
Als it had bene a hevy tre.
Then might men in the kastel se
Ful mekil mirth on ilka side,
The yates kest thai open wyde.
* * * * *

Sir Lancelot du Lake.



Ed. Corbould del. Smith sc.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

KING ARTHUR and the Knights of his Round Table are familiar to all lovers of old romance. But to the chroniclers in rhyme, who made their own "Histories," he is indebted not only for his fame, but, probably, for his existence; although Ritson is bitterly wroth with a "mendacious" scribbler, who presumed to doubt the actual being of this "Kyng of Englonde." The fabulous "History" of Geoffrey of Monmouth, published about the middle of the twelfth century, is the undoubted source upon which the minstrels of after ages drew so largely. If there were "romances and ballads on the same subject" anterior to his time, they have not descended to us; and there is no evidence to support his assertion that the story was translated by him from a very ancient book. The general impression is, that it was a pure invention of the "historian." It is, however, romantic, exciting, and interesting to the highest degree; and amply merits its renown, whether "founded on fact," or a mere fiction. Arthur was the son of Uther Pendragon, King of Britain; and the mystery of his life commenced with his birth, his father having been introduced to his mother by the interposition of the famous enchanter Merlin, in the semblance of one whose form it was criminal to have assumed. The royal birth of the boy was kept a profound secret from himself and all others; he was reared in comparative obscurity, and it was not until after the death of Uther, and consequent disputes concerning a successor to the Crown, under a belief of "his line" being extinct, that Merlin thought fit to produce the legal and rightful heir to the vacant throne. The mode he selected was in itself a boon of magnitude to after romancers. He advised the rival candidates to postpone the contest until some especial manifestation of Omnipotent Will should determine their decree. The proposal having been agreed to, almost immediately a huge stone was discovered, into which was firmly fixed a naked sword—the far-famed Excalibar—indicating that whoever should draw it forth should be elected sovereign of the Britons by the universal voice. The feat was, of course, performed by young Arthur, who was crowned "in Cardvile that noble town."

Thenceforward his career was one of entire conquest, either upon a huge scale, or in single combats: nothing earthly could withstand the prowess of his stalwart arm; and against the powers of darkness he was fully armed and accoutred by his friend and counsellor, Merlin. He proceeds from victory to victory; conquering kingdom after kingdom; slaying giants innumerable; rescuing distressed damsels; destroying "wicked witches;" cutting off whole armies of Paynims and Saracens, and making no more of dragons than greyhounds do of hares;—sometimes killing wholesale when alone and unsupported, but, more usually, in company with the Knights of his Round Table. The death of Arthur was mysterious as his birth, and marvellous as his life. The particulars are fully recorded in the appended ballad. Long after his passage from earth his return to it was looked for. It is "believed by the vulgar that he still lives, and is to come hereafter to restore the dispersed and exiled Britons to their own;" agreeably to a prophecy of Merlin—who "sayd that his death shall be doubteous; and sayd soth, for men thereof yet have doubte, and shalle for ever more;

for men wyt not whether that he lyveth or is dede." Witness, also, this epitaph in the "monasterial church of Glasinberi:"

"Hic jacet Arthurus, rex quondam atque futurus."

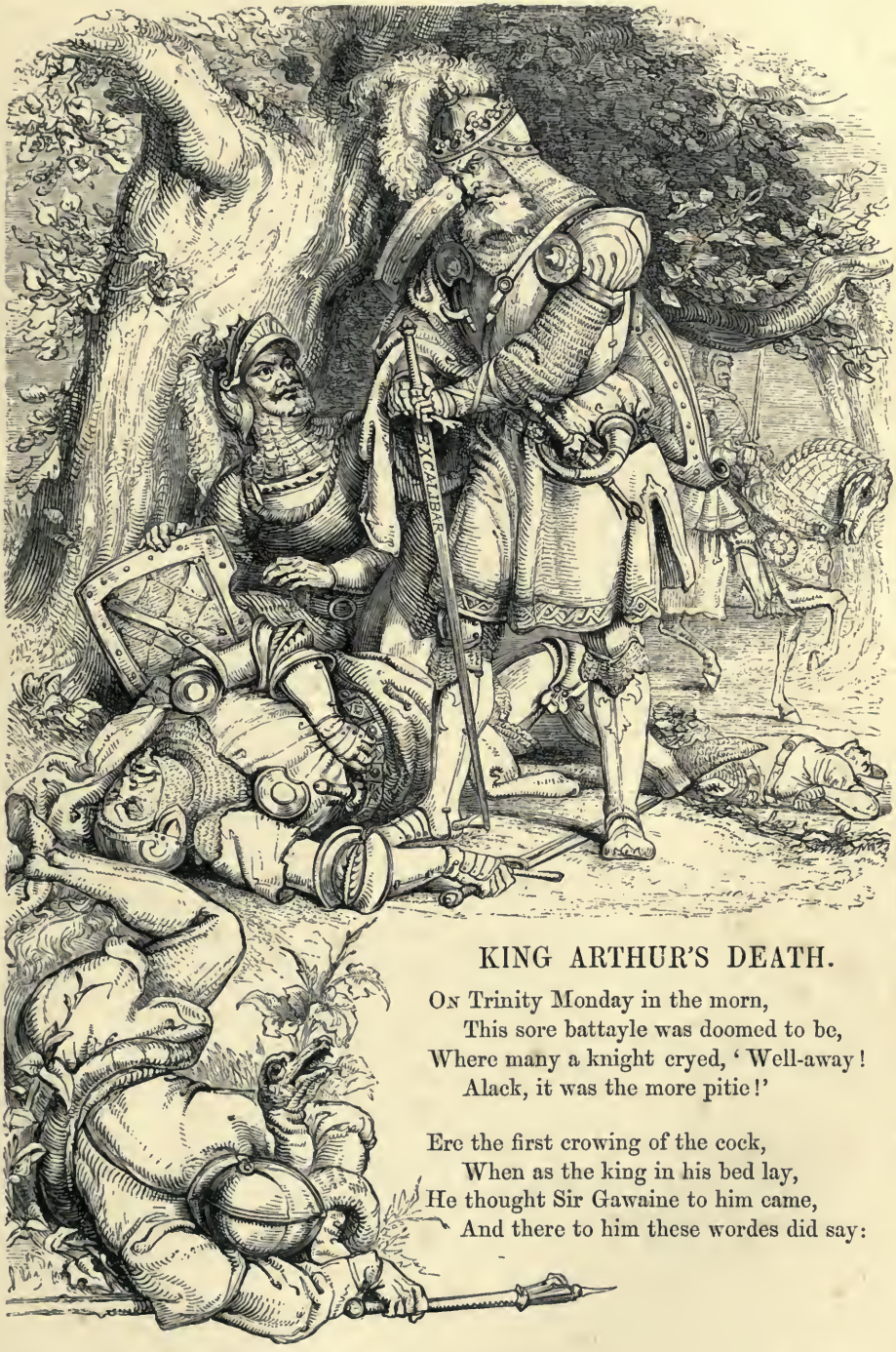
Selden, in his Illustrations to Drayton's "Poly-Olbion," gives a very interesting account of the discovery of Arthur's tomb. The exhumation took place in 1189; and Giraldus affirms, that the leg-bone of Arthur was three fingers' lengths taller than that of the tallest man present at the opening of the sepulchre. This statement he received from the abbot who superintended the search. An engraving of the cross is to be seen in "Camden's Britannia:" upon it is inscribed:—

"Hic jacet sepultus inclitus rex Arturius, in insula Avalonia."

It has also been engraved in Whitaker's "History of Manchester;" a copy of which work, formerly in the possession of Ritson, and filled with marginal remarks, has the following on this subject by that pains-taking and accurate antiquary. He says: "to humour Henry's attachment to the memory and character of Arthur, most of the romances of the Round Table were written and composed during his reign, and at his particular instance, and many Armorican lays, relating to him, translated. The lying bards, too, set up a prophetic knowledge as to the site of his tomb, and the crafty and politic monks of Glastonbury aided and completed the deception. As the traditional actions of Arthur were of a gigantic nature, the popular opinion had made a giant of his person; and therefore the crafty monks, to accredit the silly forgery, made use of horses' bones. The skull reported to be Arthur's, he also seems to think, was *adapted* to the discovery. There were marks of ten wounds in the head, and one mortal gash, intended, he says, "for the identical gash or hole that was made in it by his nephew, Mordred." The skulls remained at Glastonbury until the Reformation. We copy the wood-cut representation of King Arthur and his Knights, seated at their Round Table, from their "most ancient and famous History" (1534; a reprint of the edition issued from the press of our first printer, Caxton, in 1485). It is curious as displaying the idea formed by our ancestors of the Round Table, and the manner in which Arthur and his Knights were seated at it.



The subjoined ballad is copied from Bishop Percy, who extracted it from his "Manuscript folio;" giving to it "some conjectural emendations, and even a supplement of three or four stanzas, composed from the romance of MORTE D'ARTHUR,"—the original MS. of which exists in the Harleian Library in the British Museum. The substance of it is given by Mr. Ellis in his "SPECIMENS OF EARLY METRICAL ROMANCES."



KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

On Trinity Monday in the morn,
This sore battayle was doomed to be,
Where many a knight cryed, 'Well-away!
Alack, it was the more pitie!'

Ere the first crowing of the cock,
When as the king in his bed lay,
He thought Sir Gawaine to him came,
And there to him these wordes did say:

Franklin del. Green sc.



'Now, as you are mine unkle dear,
And as you prize your life, this day,
O meet not with your foe in fight;
Put off the battayle, if ye may;

For Sir Launcelot is now in Fraunce,
And with him many an hardy knight,
Who will within this moneth be back,
And will assist ye in the fight.'

The king then called his nobles all,
Before the breaking of the day;
And told them how Sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these wordes did say.

His nobles all this counsayle gave,
That earlye in the morning, he
Shold send away an herauld at armes,
To ask a parley fair and free.

Then twelve good knightes King Arthur chose,
The best of all that with him were,
To parley with the foe in field,
And make with him agreement fair.

The king he charged all his host,
In readiness there for to be;
But no man shold no weapon sturre,
Unless a sword drawn they shold see.

And Mordred on the other part,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bring;
The best of all his company,
To hold the parley with the king.

Sir Mordred also charged his host;
In readiness there for to be;
But no man shold no weapon sturre,
But if a sword drawn they shold see.



For he durst not his unkle trust,
Nor he his nephew, sothe to tell:
Alack! it was a woefull case,
As ere in Christentye befell!

But when they were together met,
And both to fair accordance brought,
And a months league between them set
Before the battayle shold be fought,

An adder crept forth of a bush,
Stung one o' th' king's knights on the knee;
Alack! it was a woefull chance,
As ever was in Christentye!

When the knight found him wounded sore,
And saw the wild-worm hanging there;
His sword he from his scabberd drew:
A piteous case, as ye shall hear.

For when the two hostes saw the sword,
They joyned battayle instantlye;
Till of so many noble knights,
On one side there were left but three!

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some few that fled away;
Ay me! it was a bloody field
As ere was fought on summers day!

Upon King Arthurs own partye,
Only himself escaped there,
And Lukyn Duke of Gloster free,
And the kings butler Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knights,
All dead and scattered on the mold,
The teares fast trickled down his face;
That manly face in fight so bold!



'Now rest ye all, brave knights,' he said,
'So true and faithful to your trust:
And must ye then, ye valiant hearts,
Be left to moulder into dust!

Most loyal have ye been to me,
Most true and faithful unto death:
And, oh! to rayse ye up again,
How freely could I yield my breath!

But see, the traitor's yet alive,
Lo where he stalks among the dead!
Now bitterlye he shall abye;
And vengeance fall upon his head.'

'O stay, my liege,' then sayd the duke;
'O stay for love and charitie;
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meet your foe, if it may be.'

'O stay me not, thou worthy wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe:
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe.'

Then strait he grasped his trusty spear,
And on his horse then mounted he:
As his butler holpe him to his horse,
His bowels gushed to his knee.

'Alas!' then sayd the noble king,
'That I should live this sight to see!
To see this good knight here be slain,
All for his love in helping me!'

He put his spear into his rest,
And to Sir Mordred loud gan cry:
'Now set thyself upon thy guard,
For, traitor, now thy death is nye.'



Sir Mordred lifted up his sword,
And fierce to meet the king ran he;
The king his speare he through him thrust;
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded so,
He thrust himself upon the spear,
And struck the king a deadly blow.

Then grimly dyed Sir Mordred,
Presently upon that tree;
And bloody streams ran from the king,
Ere to the duke returned he.*

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,
'Sir knight thou hast been faithfull tryde,
Now take my sword Excalibar,
That hangs so freely by my syde:

O take my sword Excalibar,
And there into the river throw;
For here, henceforth, benethe this tree,
All use of weapons I forego.

* Percy has printed also a ballad, entitled "The Legend of King Arthur," from his "ancient folio manuscript," in which the king relates his own history, describes the battle in which he fell, and mourns over his fate. Reference is thus made to the contest with Sir Mordred:—

And still I him pursued with speed
Till at the last wee mett:
Whereby an appointed day of fight
Was there agreed and sett.

Where we did fight, of mortal life
Eche other to deprive,
Till of a hundred thousand men
Scarce one was left alive.

There all the noble chivalrye
Of Britaine tooke their end,
O see how fickle is their state
That doe on feates depend!



And fare thee well, thou trusty sword,
A better neer had valiant knight,
With thee full oft, and many a day,
Have I withstood my foe in fight.

With this good fauchion in my hand,
Oft have I reaped the bloody feelde;
But now the fatalle hour is come,
That never more I may thee weelde.'

The duke to the river side he went,
And there his own sword in threw he;
But he kept back Excalibar,
He kept it back in privitie.

For all of coleyne was the blade,
And all the hilt of precious stone:
'And ever alack!' then sayd the knight,
'Must such a sword away be thrown?'

Then back he came unto the king,
Who sayd, 'Sir Lukyn, what did ye see?'
'Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Blew o'er the waters fair and free.'

'O go again,' then said the king,
'O good Sir Lukyn, go again;
Into the river throw my sword,
Nor keep me lingering here in pain.'

The duke then to the river went,
And the kings scabberd in threw he;
But he kept back Excalibar,
And hid it underneth a tree.

Then back he came to tell the king,
Who sayd, 'Sir Lukyn, saw ye ought?'—
'Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Now with the angry waters fought.'



'O Lukyn, Lukyn!' said the king,
'Twice hast thou dealt deceitfully:
Alack, whom may we ever trust,
When such a knight so false can be?

Say, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
All for a sword that wins thine eye?
Now go again, and throw it in,
Or here the one of us shall dye.'

The duke, all shent with this rebuke,
No aunswer made unto the king;
But to the river took the sword,
And threw it far as he could fling.

A hand and arm did meet the sword,
And flourishd three times in the air;
Then sunk benethe the renning streme,
And of the duke was seen no mair.*

* In the romance of "Morte D'Arthur," as given by Mr. Ellis—"Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances"—this incident is thus recorded:—The knight having at length thrown into the water the good sword Excalibar,—

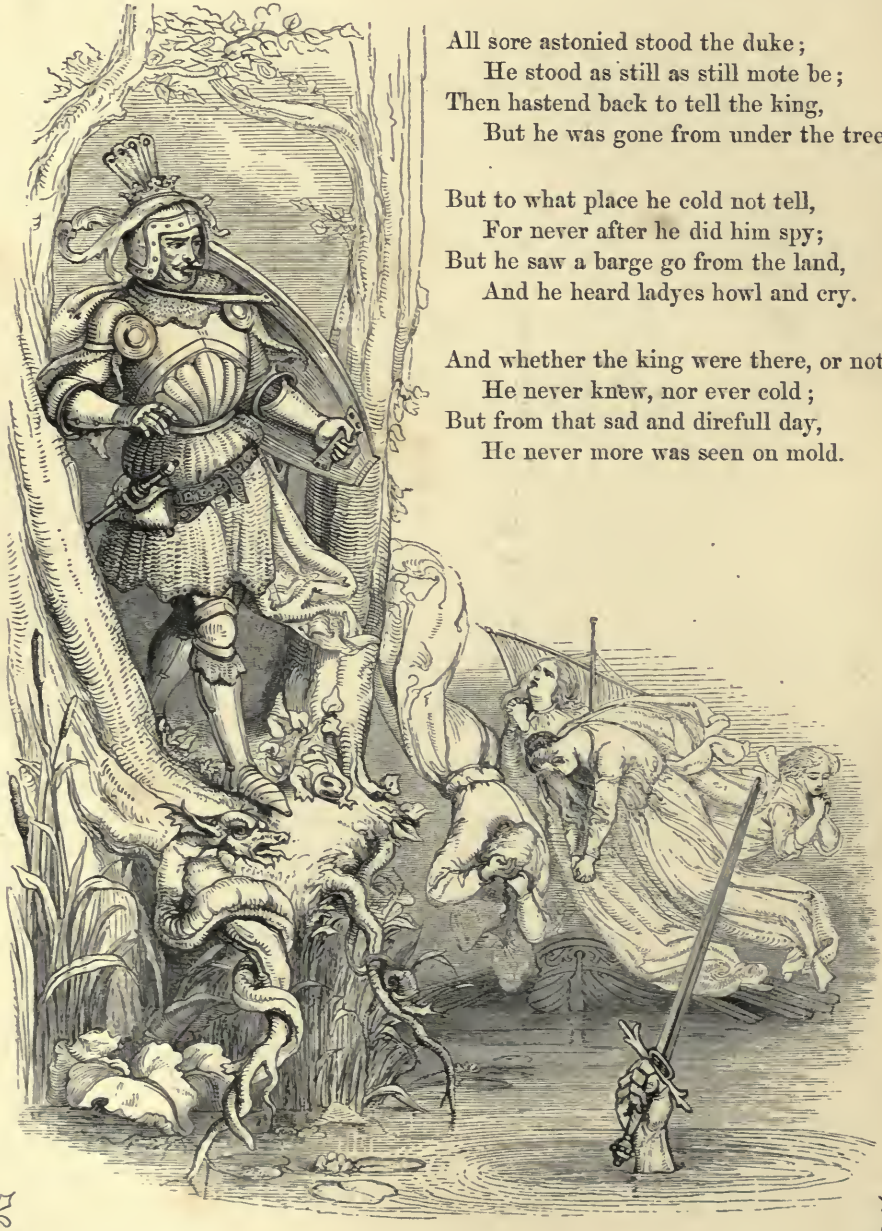
There came an hand, withouten rest,
Out of the water, and fair it hent,
And brandished as it should brast,
And sithe, as gleam away it went.

To the king again went he there,
And said, 'lief, sir, I saw a hand;
Out of the water it came all bare,
And thrice brandished that rich brand.'

'Help me! soon were I thore!'
He led his lord unto the strand;
A rich ship with masts and oar,
Full of ladies there they fand.

The ladies, that were fair and free,
Courteously the king gan they fong;
And one that brightest was of blee,
Weeped sore and handes wrung.

'Brother,' she said, 'woe is me,
From leeching hast thou been too long;
I wot that greatly grieveth me,
For thy painis are full strong.'



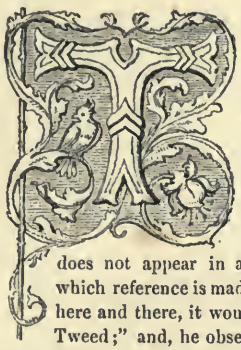
All sore astonied stood the duke;
He stood as still as still mote be;
Then hastend back to tell the king,
But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he cold not tell,
For never after he did him spy;
But he saw a barge go from the land,
And he heard ladyes howl and cry.

And whether the king were there, or not,
He never knew, nor ever cold;
But from that sad and direfull day,
He never more was seen on mold.

Franklin del

T. Armstrong sc.



HE HEIRE OF LINNE. This ballad we copy from the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry." Dr. Percy states that he "found it" in his folio MS.; and that he has inserted "supplemental stanzas," necessary in consequence of the "breaches and defects" which existed in his fragment. "These," he adds, "it is hoped the reader will pardon, as, indeed, the completion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject." It is much to be lamented that the "modern ballad" has not been more distinctly pointed out; it does not appear in any collection; nor are we acquainted with the copy to which reference is made.* Dr. Percy considers that, "from the Scottish phrases here and there, it would seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed;" and, he observes, "the Heir of Linne seems not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a laird, whose title went along with the estate." Of the Scottish origin of the ballad, there can be little doubt. Mr. R. Chambers, indeed, prints three stanzas of a homely version, still current in Scotland:—

The bonnie heir, the weel faured heir,
And the weary heir of Linne;
Yonder he stands at his father's gate,
And naebody bids him come in:

O see where he stands, and see where he gangs,
The weary heir o' Linne!
O see where he stands on the cauld causey,
Some ane wald taen him in.

But if he had been his father's heir,
Or yet the heir o' Linne,
He wadna stand on the cauld causey,
Some ane wald taen him in.

* All readers of the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" will regret that the learned "Editor"—for so he has chosen to call himself—left us in ignorance as to the extent of the alterations to which he subjected the "fragments" he found in his "folio MS." The fault, however, is not attributable to him; for, when attacked by Ritson with a degree of bitterness that approached ferocity, and when the existence of the original source was somewhat more than doubted, by less ungenerous commentators, the book was left for "a whole year" at the house of Mr. Nicholls, where "it was examined, with more or less attention, by many gentlemen of eminence in literature." In an advertisement to the fourth edition of the "Reliques," Dr. Percy thus describes the volume:—

"The MS. is a long narrow folio volume, containing 195 Sonnets, Ballads, Historical Songs and Metrical Romances, either in the whole or in part, for many of them are extremely mutilated and imperfect. The first and last leaves are wanting; and of fifty-four pages near the beginning, half of every leaf hath been torn away, and several others are injured towards the end; besides that, through a great part of the volume, the top or bottom line, and sometimes both, have been cut off in the binding. In this state is the MS. itself: and even where the leaves have suffered no injury, the transcripts, which seem to have been all made by one person (they are, at least, all in the same kind of hand), are sometimes extremely incorrect and faulty, being in such instances probably made from defective copies, or the imperfect recitation of illiterate singers; so that a considerable portion of the song or narrative is sometimes omitted: and miserable trash or nonsense not unfrequently introduced into pieces of considerable merit."

A reprint of this singular collection might be an invaluable gift to the public, from one of the "Societies"—the object in forming which is to extend the knowledge to be derived from "scarce books," not sufficiently interesting to the "mass," to justify their republication through the ordinary channels. And if, at the same time, a selection were given from the Pepysian collection, a vast addition would be made to our national store of veritable ancient Ballads. The Pepysian volumes—five in number—omitting those that are merely political, and such as ought not to be reprinted—would, however, supply very few important additions to the wealth of which we are at present possessed.

This fragment of the ancient ballad—probably the original out of which Percy formed his more complete work—is all that Mr. Chambers was able to obtain. But Mr. Buchan—an indefatigable collector of old ballads, from the lips of aged crones—procured a much more perfect copy of the poem, of which Mr. Chambers has given a fragment.* It consists of but fourteen stanzas; and the incidents bear only a general resemblance to those recorded by Dr. Percy; the spendthrift youth asks and receives bread and wine from a "nourice," whom he promises to repay when he is Heir of Linne; and the straits to which he has been reduced, are indicated by his begging charity from gentlemen at feasts, and fishermen at market. The change that takes place in his fortune is thus described:—

'Gie me twa sheaves o' your bread, Nourice,
And ae glass o' your wine;
And I will pay you them back again
The day I'm heir o' Linne.'

'Ye's get three sheaves o' my bread, Willie,
And twa glass o' my wine,
But I'll be paid when the seas gang dry,
For ye 'll ne'er be heir o' Linne.'

* * * *

As Willie was sitting ane day alane,
And nae body him wi';
He minded on a little wee key
His mither to him did gie:
Bade him never open a lock wi' it
Ere the greatest strait he could see.

Then he did spy a little wee lock,
And the key gaed linking in;
And he got goud and money therein
To pay the lands o' Linne.

* * * *

As Willie he gied down the town,
His hose aboon his sheen;
But, when that he came up again
Was convoyed by lords fifteen.

When Willie he came to the ha',
There he cried wondrous crouse;
He call'd the May afore them a',
The Nourice o' the house.

'Come down, come down, Nourice,' he said,
'Ere I pay you your bread and wine:
For ye will be paid ere the seas gang dry,
For this day I'm heir of Linne.'

In later editions of the "Reliques," Dr. Percy restored several "ancients readings from the folio MS." In the absence of more satisfactory evidence, these changes are interesting, as affording, in some degree, the means of judging as to the nature and extent of the "emendations" which occur, more or less, in every ballad printed by the accomplished prelate. The curious in such matter will, therefore, perhaps, not consider our space ill-occupied in noticing some of them. In the first edition of the "Reliques," we read, in line 59 of Part II, "stint ne stayed" for "ceasd ne blanne;" in line 63, "at the bordes end" for "upon a rowe;" in lines 65, 66,—

'And then bespake the Heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales then louted he.'

The last verse but two does not appear in the first edition, and the ballad, in that edition, thus concludes:—

'When next I want to sell my land,
Good John o' the Scales, I 'le come to thee.'

* Mr. Buchan's Ballad "The Weary Heir of Linne," is not yet published; it forms one of a large and singular collection he has prepared for the Press, and which we hope will be given to the world at no very remote period. Of his printed collection—"Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland, hitherto unpublished"—Sir Walter Scott has spoken in the highest terms; describing it as "the most complete collection that has yet appeared;" and characterising the collector as "a person of indefatigable research,"—"whose industry has been crowned with the most successful results."



THE HEIR OF LINNE.

PART THE FIRST.

Lithe and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne;
It is of a lord of faire Scotland,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead, him froe,
And he lovd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.



To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To alwaye spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were the king himselfe,
Of golde and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty Lord of Linne
Till all his golde is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his landes so broad,
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewarde,
And John o' the Scales was called he;
But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both golde and fee.

Sayes, 'Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheare;
If thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
Good store of golde Ile give thee heere.'

'My golde is gone, my money is spent;
My lande now take it unto thee:
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande shall be.'

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a gods-pennie;
But for every pounde that John agreed,
The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

Hee told him the golde upon the borde,
He was right glad his lande to winne;
'The golde is thine, the lande is mine,
And nowe Ile be the Lord of Linne.'

Thus he hath sold his lande soe broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.



For soe he to his father hight.
'My soone, when I am gonne,' sayd he,
'Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy golde so free;

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.'

The heire of Linne is full of golde;
'And come with me, my friends,' sayd he,
'Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.'

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his golde it waxed thinne;
And then his friendes they slunk away;
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white money.

'Nowe well-a-day,' sayd the heire of Linne,
'Nowe well-a-day, and woe is me,
For when I was the Lord of Linne,
I never wanted golde nor fee.

But many a trustye friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole or care?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare.'

But one, I wis, was not at home;
Another had payd his golde away;
Another calld him thriftless loone,
And bade him sharpely wend his way.



'Nowe well-a-day,' sayd the heire of Linne,
'Nowe well-a-day, and woe is me!
For when I had my landes soe broad,
On me they livd right merrilee.

To beg my bread from door to door,
I wis, it were a brenning shame;
To rob and steal it were a sinne;
To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Nowe Ile away to lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend;
When all the world shold frown on me,
I there shold find a trusty friend.'

PART THE SECOND.

Away then hyed the heire of Linne
O'er hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
Untill he come to lonesome lodge
That stood soe lowe in a lonely glenne.

Hee looked up, he looked downe,
In hope some comfort for to winne;
But bare and lothly were the walles:
'It's sorry chear,' quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe dim and darke
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe,
No shimmering sunne heere ever shone;
No halesome breeze heere ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed;
Nought save a rope with renning noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it, in broad letters,
These words were written soe plain to see:
'Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all,
And brought thyself to penurie?



All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trustye friend:
Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrowes end.'

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke.
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne;
His heart, I wis, was near to brast
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne;
Never a word spake he but three:
'This is a trustye friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto me.'

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
And sprang aloft with his bodie;
When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,
And to the ground came tumbling he.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead:
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
And in it a key of golde so redd.

Hee took the bille, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
It told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white money;
And over them in broad letters
These words were written soe plaine to see:

'Once more, my sonne, I sett thee clere;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last.'



'And let it be,' sayd the heire of Linne,
'And let it be, but if I amend;
For heere I will make mine avow,
This reade shall guide me to the end.'

Away then went with a merry cheare,
Away then went the heire of Linne;
I wis he neither ceased ne blanne
Till John o' the Scales house he did winne.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the speere then looked he;
There sate three lords upon a rowe
Were drinking of the wine soe free.

And John himself sate at the bord-head
Because nowe Lord of Linne was he.
'I pray thee,' he said, 'good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend me.'

'Away, away, thou thriftless loone!
Away, away, this may not be;
For Christs curse on my head,' he sayd,
If ever I trust thee one pennie!'

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then spake he:
'Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
I pray for sweet Saint Charitie.'

'Away, away, thou thriftless loone!
I swear thou gettest no almes of me!
For if we shold hang any losel heere,
The first we wold beginne with thee.'

Then bespake a good fellowe
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord:
Sayd, 'Turne againe, thou heire of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord:



Some time a good fellowe thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy golde and fee;
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need be.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie;
For well I wott thou hadst his lande,
And a good bargaine it was to thee.'

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wode he answerd him againe:
'Nowe Christs curse on my head,' he sayd,
'But I did lose by that bargaine!

And heere I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lordes soe faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape
By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee.'

'I drawe you to record, lords;'—he sayd.
With that he caste him a gods-pennie:
'Nowe by my fay!' sayd the heire of Linne,
'And heere, good John, is thy money.'

And he pulled forth three bagges of golde,
And layd them down upon the bord:
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good redd gold,
He told it forth wi' mickle dinne.
'The golde is thine, the lande is mine,
And now Ime againe the Lord of Linne,'

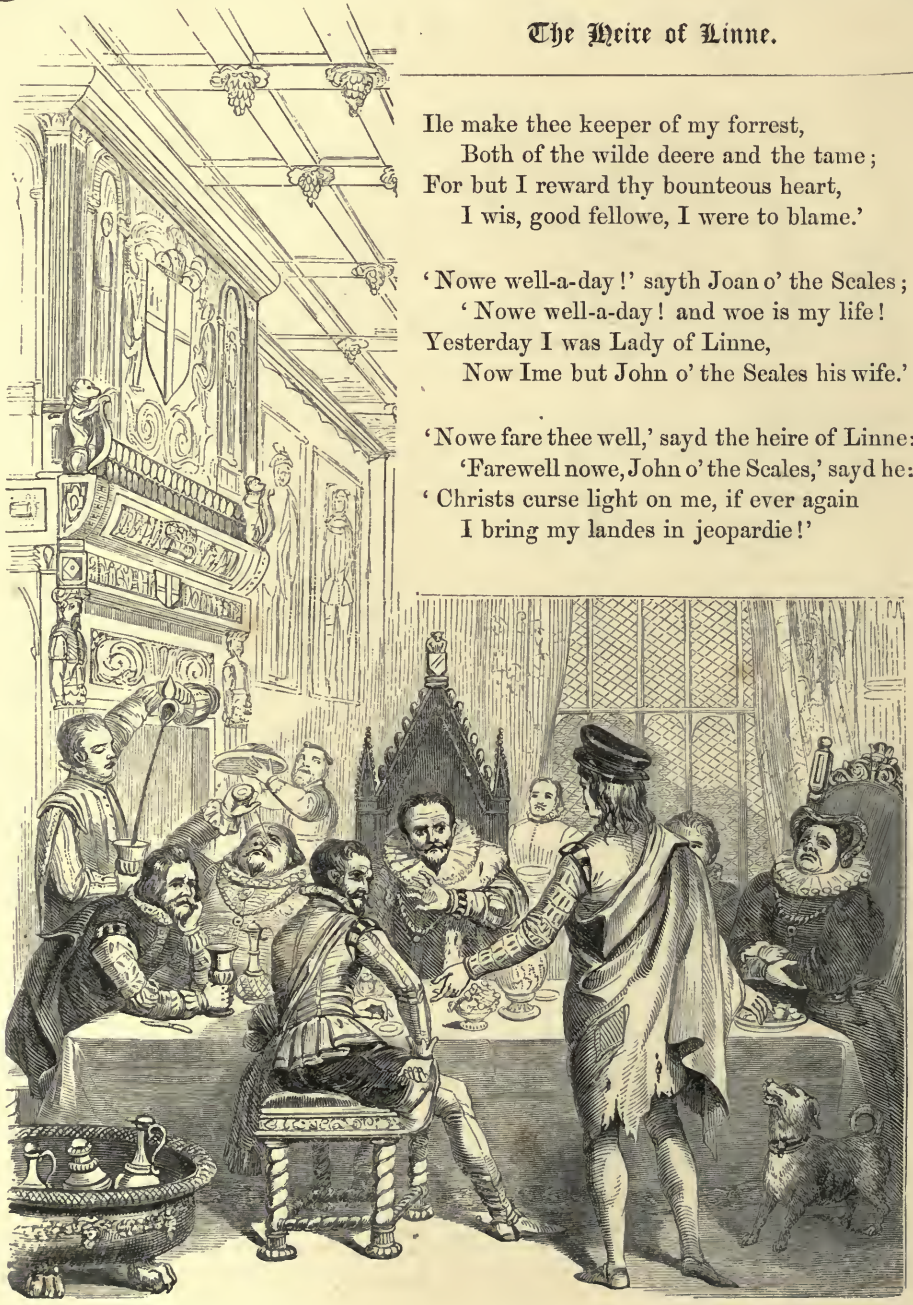
Sayes, 'Have thou heere, thou good fellowe,
Forty pence thou didst lend me:
Nowe I am againe the Lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

The Heire of Linne.

Ile make thee keeper of my forrest,
Both of the wilde deere and the tame;
For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I wis, good fellowe, I were to blame.'

'Nowe well-a-day!' sayth Joan o' the Scales;
'Nowe well-a-day! and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was Lady of Linne,
Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife.'

'Nowe fare thee well,' sayd the heire of Linne:
'Farewell nowe, John o' the Scales,' sayd he:
'Christs curse light on me, if ever again
I bring my landes in jeopardie!'



E. M. Ward del. Bastin sc.



ORD SOULIS. This ballad is the composition of John Leyden; it was first published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and subsequently, in the collected works of the estimable and accomplished writer. The hero of the story is supposed to be William Lord Soulis, who was of royal descent, and who entered, with several other nobles of rank, into a conspiracy against Robert de Bruce, the object of which was the elevation of Soulis to the Scottish throne.*

"Local tradition," writes Sir Walter Scott, "more faithful to the popular sentiment than history, has recorded the character of the chief, and attributed to him many actions which seem to correspond with that character. His portrait is by no means flattering; uniting every quality which could render strength formidable, and cruelty detestable. Combining prodigious bodily strength with cruelty, avarice, dissimulation, and treachery, is it surprising that a people, who attributed every event of life, in a great measure, to the interference of good or evil spirits, should have added to such a character the mystical horrors of sorcery? Thus, he is represented as a cruel tyrant and sorcerer; constantly employed in oppressing his vassals, harassing his neighbours, and fortifying his Castle of Hermitage against the King of Scotland; for which purpose he employed all means, human and infernal; invoking the fiends by his incantations, and forcing his vassals to drag materials, like beasts of burden. Tradition proceeds to relate, that the Scottish King, irritated by reiterated complaints, peevishly exclaimed to the petitioners, 'Boil him if you please, but let me hear no more of him.' Satisfied with this answer, they proceeded with the utmost haste to execute the commission; which they accomplished by boiling him alive on the Nine-stane Rig, in a cauldron, said to have been long preserved at Skelf-hill, a hamlet betwixt Hawick and the Hermitage. Messengers, it is said, were immediately despatched by the King, to prevent the effects of such a hasty declaration: but they only arrived in time to witness the conclusion of the ceremony. The Castle of Hermitage, unable to support the load of iniquity which had been long accumulating within its walls, is supposed to have partly sunk beneath the ground; and its ruins are still regarded by the peasants with peculiar aversion and terror. The door of the chamber, where Lord Soulis is said to have held his conferences with the evil spirits, is supposed to be opened once in seven years, by that demon to which, when he left the castle never to return, he committed the keys, by throwing them over his left shoulder, and desiring it to keep them till his return. Into this chamber, which is really the dungeon of the castle, the peasant is afraid to look; for such is the active

* One of his accomplices, David de Brechin, was executed. He was nephew to the king, and his only crime was his having concealed the treason in which he disdained to participate. "As the people thronged to the execution of the gallant youth, they were bitterly rebuked by Sir Ingram de Umfraville, an English or Norman knight, then a favourite follower of Robert Bruce. 'Why press you,' said he, 'to see the dismal catastrophe of so generous a knight? I have seen ye throng as eagerly around him to share his bounty, as now to behold his death.' With these words he turned from the scene of blood, and, repairing to the king, craved leave to sell his Scottish possessions, and to retire from the country. 'My heart,' said Umfraville, 'will not, for the wealth of the world, permit me to dwell any longer, where I have seen such a knight die by the hands of the executioner.' With the king's leave, he interred the body of David de Brechin, sold his lands and left Scotland for ever. The story is beautifully told by Barbour, Book 19th."

malignity of its inmate, that a willow inserted at the chinks of the door, is found peeled, or stripped of its bark, when drawn back. The Nine-stane Rig, where Lord Soulis was boiled, is a declivity, about one mile in breadth and four in length, descending upon the Water of Hermitage, from the range of hills which separate Liddesdale and Teviotdale. It derives its name from one of those circles of large stones, which are termed Druidical, nine of which remained to a late period. Five of these stones are still visible; and two are particularly pointed out, as those which supported the iron bar upon which the fatal cauldron was suspended."

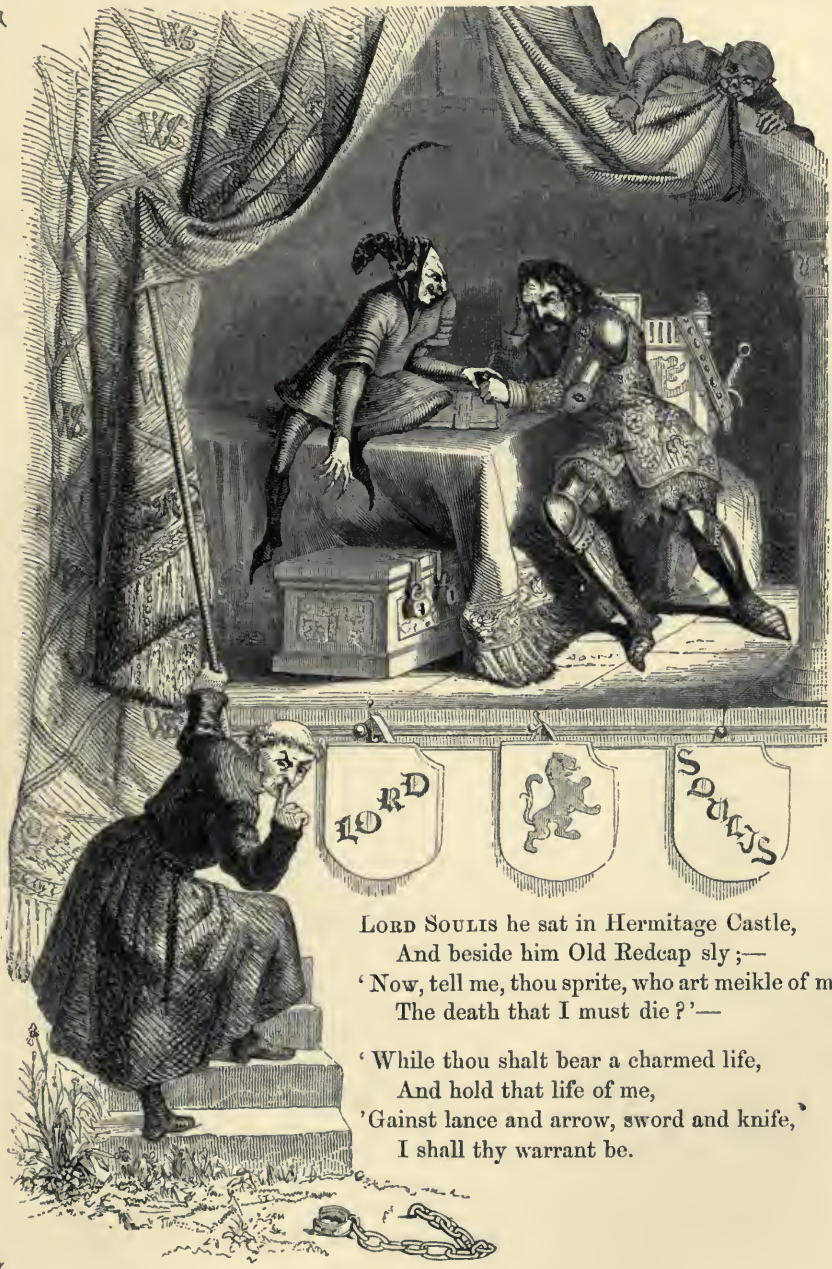
The ruins of the Castle of Hermitage still exist; and still, according to Stephen Oliver—"Rambles in Northumberland, and on the Scottish Border,"—the neighbouring peasantry whisper of the evil spirit believed to be confined there, and who, after locking the door of the dungeon, had thrown the key over his shoulder into the stream. The author also states that the cauldron, the muckle pot in which Soulis was reported to have been boiled, is an old kail-pot, of no very extraordinary size, which was purchased by some of the rebel army in 1715. The castle is now the property of the Duke of Buccleugh. It was, in 1546, the residence of the Earl of Bothwell; and here Queen Mary is said to have visited him, riding from Jedburg to Hermitage, and back again, in one day. The Earl was lying ill of a wound received from John Elliot of the Park, a desperate freebooter, whom he had attempted to apprehend.

Sir Walter Scott considers that the idea of Lord Soulis' familiar was derived from the curious story of the "Spirit Orthone and the Lord of Corasse," which he prints in a note to the ballad, "in all its Gothic simplicity, as translated from Froissart, by the Lord of Berners." Orthone enters the service of the knight:—

"So this spyrite Orthone loved so the knyght, that oftentymes he would come and vysyte him, while he lay in his bedde aslepe, and outher pull him by the eare, or els stryke at his chambre dore or windowe. And whan the knyght awoke, than he would saye, 'Orthone lat me slepe.' 'Nay,' quod Orthone, 'that I will nat do, tyll I have shewed thee such tydinges as are fallen a-late.' The ladye, the knyghtes wife, wolde be sore afrayed, that her heer wald stand up, and hyde herself under the clothes. Than the knyght wolde saye, 'Why, what tydinges hast thou brought me?' Quod Orthone, 'I am come out of England, or out of Hungry, or some other place, and yesterday I came hens, and such things are fallen, or such other.'"

The connection between them was broken by the knight unwisely desiring to see the form of the spirit, with whose voice he had become familiar. Orthone appeared before him in the semblance of "a leane and yvell favoured sow." The knight set his hounds upon it, at which the spirit took offence, and never afterwards came to the "bedde syde" of the lord.

"The formation of ropes of sand, according to popular tradition, was a work of such difficulty, that it was assigned by Michael Scott to a number of spirits, for which it was necessary for him to find some interminable employment. Upon discovering the futility of their attempts to accomplish the work assigned, they petitioned their taskmaster to be allowed to mingle a few handfuls of barley-chaff with the sand. On his refusal, they were forced to leave untwisted the ropes which they had shaped. Such is the traditionary hypothesis of the vermicular ridges of the sand on the shore of the sea."



Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage Castle,
And beside him Old Redcap sly;—
'Now, tell me, thou sprite, who art meikle of might,
The death that I must die?'—

'While thou shalt bear a charmed life,
And hold that life of me,
'Gainst lance and arrow, sword and knife,
I shall thy warrant be.

R. R. M'lan del. Linton sc.



Nor forged steel, nor hempen band,
Shall e'er thy limbs confine,
Till threefold ropes of sifted sand
Around thy body twine.

If danger press fast, knock thrice on the chest,
With rusty padlocks bound;
Turn away your eyes, when the lid shall rise,
And listen to the sound.'

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage Castle,
And Redcap was not by;
And he called on a page, who was witty and sage,
To go to the barmkin high.

'And look thou east, and look thou west,
And quickly come tell to me,
What troopers haste along the waste,
And what may their livery be.'

He looked over fell, and he looked o'er flat,
But nothing, I wist, he saw,
Save a pyot on a turret that sat
Beside a corby craw.

The page he looked at the skrieh of day,
But nothing, I wist, he saw,
Till a horseman gray, in the royal array,
Rode down the Hazel-shaw.

'Say, why do you cross o'er moor and moss?'
So loudly cried the page;
'I tidings bring, from Scotland's King,
To Soulis of Hermitage.

He bids me tell that bloody warden,
Oppressor of low and high,
If ever again his lieges complain,
The cruel Soulis shall die.'



By traitorous sleight they seized the knight,
Before he rode or ran,
And through the key-stone of the vault
They plunged him both horse and man.

* * * * *

O May she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry green;
And May she was the fairest maid
That ever yet was seen.

O May she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry tower;
And who was it but cruel Lord Soulis
That carried her from her bower?

He brought her to his castle gray,
By Hermitage's side;
Says—'Be content, my lovely May,
For thou shalt be my bride.'

With her yellow hair, that glittered fair,
She dried the trickling tear;
She sighed the name of Branxholm's heir,
The youth that loved her dear.

'Now, be content, my bonny May,
And take it for your hame;
Or ever and aye shall ye rue the day
You heard Young Branxholm's name.

O'er Branxholm tower, ere the morning hour,
When the lift is like lead sae blue,
The smoke shall roll white on the weary night,
And the flame shall shine dimly through.'

Syne he 's ca'd on him Ringan Red,
A sturdy kemp was he;
From friend, or foe, in Border feid,
Who never a foot would flee.



Red Ringan sped, and the spearmen led
Up Goranberry slack;
Ay, many a wight, unmatched in fight,
Who never more came back.

And bloody set the westering sun,
And bloody rose he up;
But little thought young Branxholm's heir
Where he that night should sup.

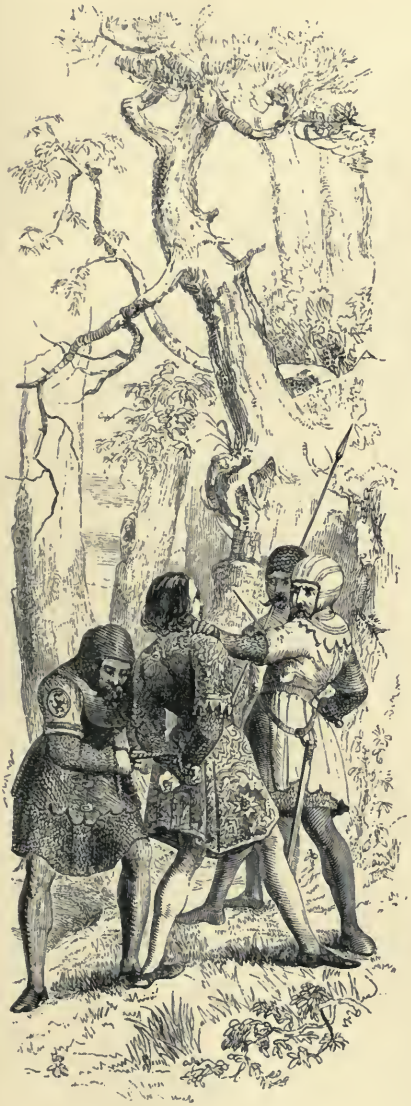
He shot the roebuck on the lee,
The dun deer on the law;
The glamour sure was in his ee
When Ringan nigh did draw.

O'er heathy edge, through rustling sedge,
He sped till day was set;
And he thought it was his merry men true,
When he the spearmen met.

Far from relief, they seized the chief;
His men were far away;
Through Hermitage slack they sent him back
To Soulis' castle gray;
Syne onward fure for Branxholm tower
Where all his merry-men lay.

'Now, welcome, noble Branxholm's heir!
Thrice welcome,' quoth Soulis, 'to me!
Say, dost thou repair to my castle fair,
My wedding guest to be?
And lovely May deserves, per fay,
A bride-man such as thee!'

And broad and bloody rose the sun,
And on the barmkin shone,
When the page was aware of Red Ringan there,
Who came riding all alone.



To the gate of the tower Lord Soulis he speeds,
As he lighted at the wall,
Says—'Where did ye stable my stalwart steeds,
And where do they tarry all?'

'We stabled them sure, on the Tarras Muir;
We stabled them sure,' quoth he—
'Before we could cross the quaking moss
They all were lost but me.'

He clenched his fist, and he knocked on the chest,
And he heard a stifled groan;
And at the third knock each rusty lock
Did open one by one.

He turned away his eyes as the lid did rise,
And he listened silentlie;
And he heard breathed slow, in murmurs low,
'Beware of a coming tree!'

In muttering sound the rest was drowned,
No other word heard he;
But slow as it rose, the lid did close
With the rusty padlocks three.

* * * * *

Now rose with Branxholm's ae brother
The Teviot, high and low;
Bauld Walter by name, of meikle fame,
For none could bend his bow.

O'er glen and glade, to Soulis there sped
The fame of his army,
And that Teviotdale would soon assail
His towers and castle gray.

With clenchèd fist, he knocked on the chest,
And again he heard a groan;
And he raised his eyes as the lid did rise,
But answer heard he none.



The charm was broke, when the spirit spoke,
And it murmured sullenlie,—
'Shut fast the door, and for evermore
Commit to me the key.

Alas! that ever thou raisedst thine eyes,
Thine eyes to look on me!
Till seven years are o'er, return no more,
For here thou must not be.'

Think not but Soulis was wae to yield
His warlock chamber o'er;
He took the keys from the rusty lock,
That never were ta'en before.

He threw them o'er his left shoulder,
With meikle care and pain;
And he bade it keep them fathoms deep,
Till he returned again.

And still, when seven years are o'er,
Is heard the jarring sound;
When slowly opes the charmed door
Of the chamber under ground.

And some within the chamber door
Have cast a curious eye;
But none dare tell, for the spirits in hell,
The fearful sights they spy.

* * * * *

When Soulis thought on his merry men now,
A woful wight was he;
Says—'Vengeance is mine, and I will not repine,
But Branxholm's heir shall die!'

Says—'What would you do, young Branxholm,
Gin ye had me, as I have thee!'—
'I would take you to the good greenwood
And gar your ain hand wale the tree.'



'Now shall thine ain hand wale the tree,
For all thy mirth and meikle pride;
And May shall choose, if my love she refuse,
A scrog bush thee beside.'

They carried him to the good greenwood
Where the green pines grew in a row;
And they heard the cry, from the branches high,
Of the hungry carrion crow.

They carried him on from tree to tree,
The spiry boughs below;
'Say, shall it be thine, on the tapering pine
To feed the hooded crow?'

'The fir-tops fall by Branxholm wall,
When the night blast stirs the tree,
And it shall not be mine to die on the pine
I loved in infancie.'

Young Branxholm turned him and oft looked back,
And aye he passed from tree to tree;
Young Branxholm peep'd, and puirly spake,
'O sic a death is no for me!'

And next they passed the aspin gray,
Its leaves were rustling mournfullie;
'Now choose thee, choose thee, Branxholm gay!
Say, wilt thou never choose the tree?'—

'More dear to me is the aspin gray,
More dear than any other tree;
For, beneath the shade that its branches made,
Have pass'd the vows of my love and me.'

Young Branxholm peep'd, and puirly spake,
Until he did his ain men see,
With witches' hazel in each steel cap,
In scorn of Soulis' gramarye;
Then shoulder-height for glee he lap,—
'Methinks I spye a coming tree!'—



'Ay, many may come, but few return:'
Quo' Soulis, the lord of gramarye;
'No warrior's hand in fair Scotland
Shall ever dint a wound on me!'—

'Now, by my sooth,' quo' bold Walter,
'If that be true we soon shall see.'—
His bent bow he drew, and his arrow was true,
But never a wound or scar had he.

Then up bespake him true Thomas,
He was the lord of Ersyltoun;
'The wizard's spell no steel can quell,
Till once your lances bear him down.'—

They bore him down with lances bright,
But never a wound or scar had he;
With hempen bands they bound him tight,
Both hands and feet, on the Nine-stane lee.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst:
They mouldered at his magic spell;
And neck and heel, in the forged steel,
They bound him against the charms of hell.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst:
No forged steel his charms could bide;
Then up bespake him true Thomas,
'We'll bind him yet, whate'er betide.'

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
Impressed with many a warlock spell,
And the book it was wrote by Michael Scott,
Who held in awe the fiends of hell.

They buried it deep, where his bones they sleep,
That mortal man might never it see;
But Thomas did save it from the grave
When he returned from Faërie.'



The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And turned the leaves with curious hand;
No ropes, did he find, the wizard could bind,
But threefold ropes of sifted sand.

They sifted the sand from the Nine-stane burn,
And shaped the ropes sae curiouslie;
But the ropes would neither twist nor twine
For Thomas true and his gramarye.

The black spae-book from his breast he took,
And again he turn'd it with his hand;
And he bade each lad of Teviot add
The barley chaff to the sifted sand.

The barley chaff to the sifted sand
They added still by handfuls nine:
But Redcap sly unseen was by,
And the ropes would neither twist nor twine.

And still beside the Nine-stane burn,
Ribbed like the sand at mark of sea,
The ropes that would not twist nor turn
Shaped of the sifted sand you see.

The black spae-book true Thomas he took,
Again its magic leaves he spread;
And he found that to quell the powerful spell,
The wizard must be boiled in lead.*

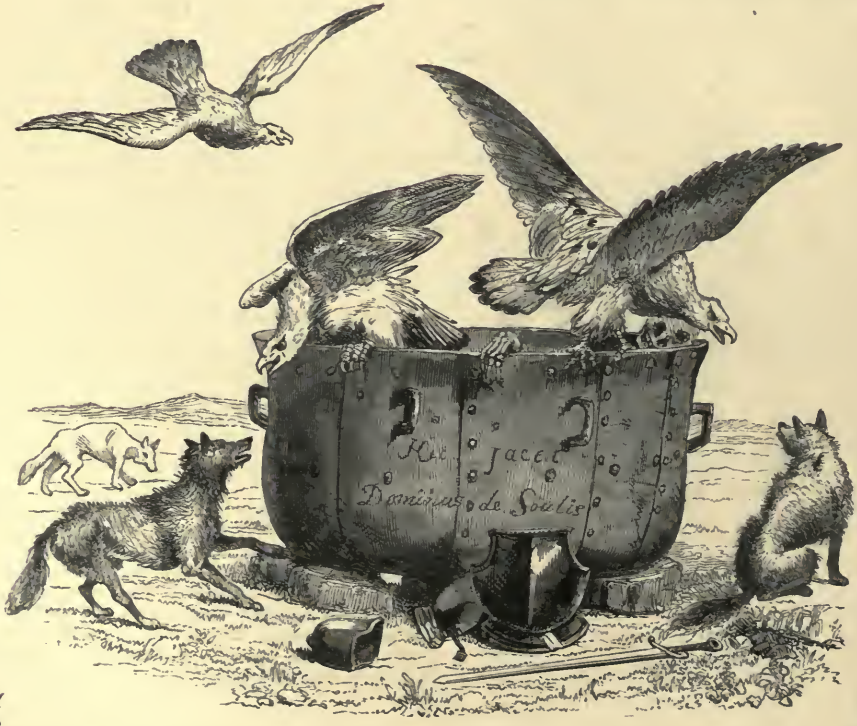
* "The tradition concerning the death of Lord Soulis," writes Sir Walter Scott, "is not without a parallel in the real history of Scotland." Melville, of Glenbure, Sheriff of the Mearns, was detested by the barons of his country. Reiterated complaints of his conduct having been made to James I., the monarch answered, in a moment of unguarded impatience, "Sorrow gin the sheriff were sodden, and supped in broo!" The words were construed literally. The barons prepared a fire and a boiling cauldron into which they plunged the unlucky sheriff.



On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones but barely nine;
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.

They roll'd him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall;
They plunged him in the cauldron red,
And melted him, lead, and bones, and all.

At the Skelf-hill, the cauldron still
The men of Liddesdale can show;
And on the spot, where they boil'd the pot,
The spreat and the deer-hair ne'er shall grow.



R. R. M'Ian del. Linton sc

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNET. This ballad was first printed in the "Reliques," where it is given "with some corrections from a MS. copy transmitted from Scotland." "It seems to be composed," says Dr. Percy, "not without improvements, out of two English ones, 'Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor,' and 'Fair Margaret and Sweet William.'" The latter it does not very closely resemble; but between it and the former, there is certainly a general likeness; although not sufficient to warrant the conclusion that the one was even suggested by the other. Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor is given, "with corrections," from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Library, entitled "A Tragical Story on the unfortunate Love of Lord Thomas and Fair Ellinor, together with the Downfall of the Brown Girl." "In the same collection," he adds, "may be seen an attempt to modernise this old story, and reduce it to a different measure; a proof of its popularity." We print, from the original, the full title to this ballad :—

"The unfortunate Forrester, or Fair Ellinor's Tragedy, shewing how Lord Thomas, once a bold Forrester, fell in love with the Fair Lady Ellinor, but his mother would not suffer him to marry her, but told him of another, that was far richer. Then, the Lord Thomas, not willing to be undutiful to his mother, appoints his wedding day, and invites Fair Ellinor to come to his wedding; who, contrary to her mother's knowledge, came, and having seen his bride, she stabbed herself; which Lord Thomas seeing, took the same dagger, and killed himself.—The Tune is 'Chevy Chase.'"

From the black-letter ballad we select a few stanzas, which the reader may compare with the Scottish composition :—

LORD THOMAS he was a bold forrestèr,
And a chaser of the king's deere;
Faire Ellinor was a fine womán
And Lord Thomas he loved her deare.

'Come riddle my riddle, dear mother,' he sayd,
'And riddle us both as one;
Whether I shall marrye with faire Ellinór,
And lett the browne girl alone?'

'The browne girl she has got houses and lands,
Faire Ellinor she has got none,
An therefore I charge thee on my blessing,
To bring me the browne girl home.'

And as it befelle on a high holidaye,
As many there are beside,
Lord Thomas he went to faire Ellinór
That should have been his bride.

And when he came to faire Ellinor's bower,
He knocked there at the ring,
And who was so ready as faire Ellinór,
To lett Lord Thomas within.

'What newes, what newes, Lord Thomas?' she sayd;
'What newes dost thou bring to mee?'—
'I 'm come to bid thee to my wedding,
And that is bad newes for thee.'

* * * *

But when she came to Lord Thomas his gate,
She knocked there at the ring;
And who was so readye as Lord Thomàs,
To lett faire Ellinor in.

'Is this your bride?' faire Ellinor sayd;
'Methinks she looks wonderous browne:
Thou mightest have had as faire a womàn,
As ever trod on the grounde.'

* * * *

This browne bride had a little penknife,
That was both long and sharpe,
And betwixt the short ribs and the long,
She prick'd faire Ellinor's harte!

* * * *

Lord Thomas he had a sword by his side,
As he walked about the halle;
He cuts off his bride's head from her shouldèrs,
And threw it against the walle!

He set the hilte against the grounde,
And the point against his harte.—
There never three lovers together did meete,
That sooner againe did parte!

The other ballad to which reference is made by Dr. Percy, "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," we shall, hereafter, introduce into this collection. The ballad of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet," is printed by Jamieson, but with considerable variations; also by Chambers, varied again; and by both under the title of "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie." Mr. Jamieson is of opinion that Percy's copy had been "adjusted, previous to its leaving Scotland, by some one who was more of a scholar than reciters generally are;" and considers that in attempting to give it an antique cast, "it has been deprived of somewhat of that easy facility which is the distinguished characteristic of the traditionary ballad narrative." He accordingly prints a version, where, he contends, "no such experiment has been made;" and which he gives "pure and entire," as taken down by him from the recitation of a lady—Mrs. W. Arrott. This ballad is exceedingly simple, and affecting; and contains some exquisite beauties, of which that of Dr. Percy has been deprived, although, as a whole, less smooth and graceful. We select a few of the stanzas:—

* * * *
Sweet Willie said a word in haste,
And Annie took it ill;
'I winna wed a tocherless maid
Against my parents' will.'
* * * *

'There is twa maidens in a bower,
Which o' them sall I bring hame?
The nut-browne maid has sheep and cows,
And Fair Annie has nane.'

'It 's an ye wed the nut-browne maid,
I 'll heap gold wi' my hand;
But an ye wed her Fair Annie,
I 'll straik it wi' a wand.
* * * *

And when she came to Mary's Kirk,
And sate down in the deas,
The light that came fra Fair Annie,
Enlightened a' the place.

But up and stands the nut-browne bride,
Just at her father's knee;
'O wha is this, my father dear,
That blinks in Willie's e'e?'
'O this is Willie's first true love,
Before he loved thee!'

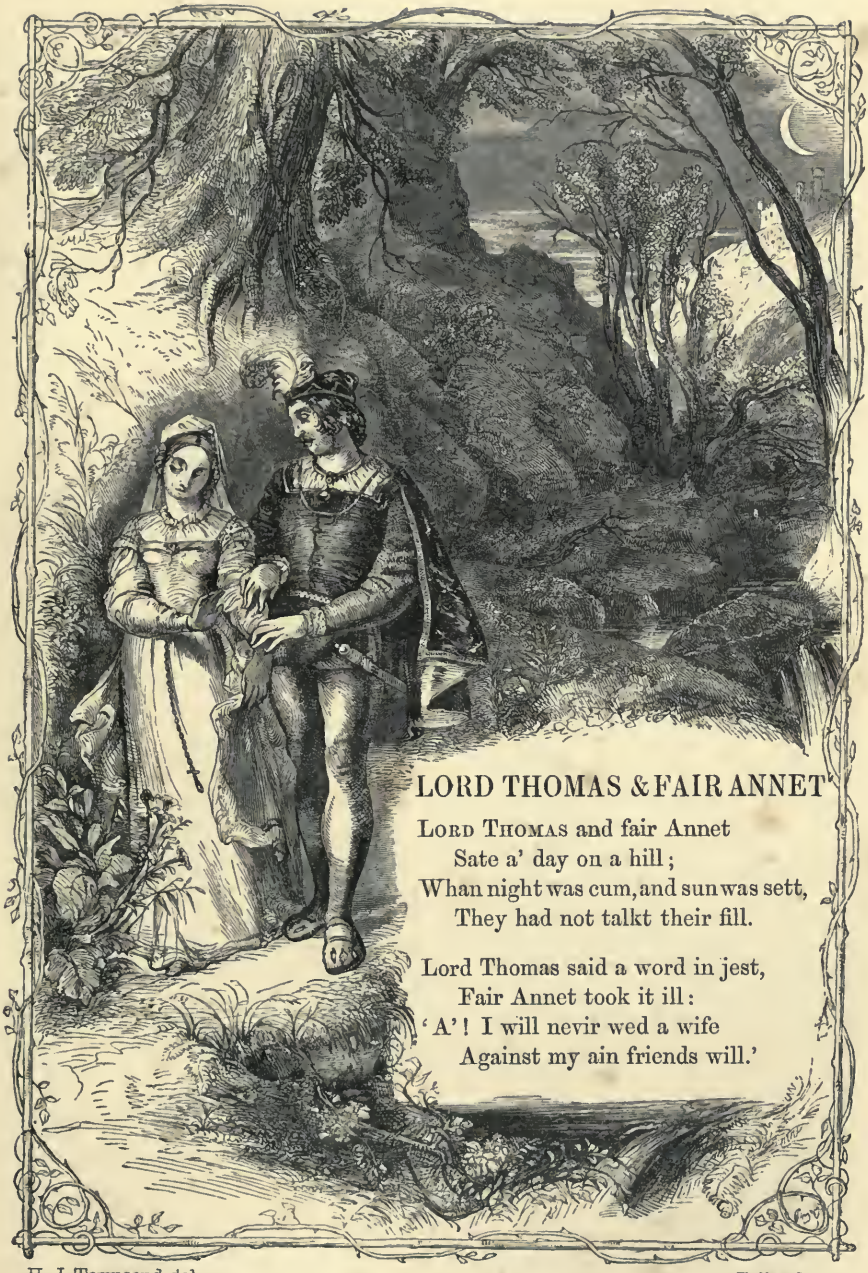
'O whare got ye that water, Annie,
That washes you sae white?'—
'I got it in my mither's wambe
Where ye 'll ne'er get the like.

For ye 've been washed in Dunny's well,
And dried on Dunny's dyke:
And a' the water in the sea
Will never wash ye white.'
* * * *

Willie's taen a rose o' his hat,
Laid it on Annie's lap,—
'The bonniest to the bonniest fa's,
Hae, wear it for my sake.'

'Take up and wear your rose, Willie,
As long as it will last;
For, like your love, its sweetness a'
Will soon be gone and past.'
* * * *

The catastrophe does not resemble that which occurs in the ballad of "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet," but more nearly that which is recorded in the ballad of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William."



LORD THOMAS & FAIR ANNET

Lord Thomas and fair Annet
Sate a' day on a hill;
Whan night was cum, and sun was sett,
They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
Fair Annet took it ill:
'A'! I will nevir wed a wife
Against my ain friends will.'

H. J. Townsend del. Folkard sc.



'Gif ye wull nevir wed a wife,
A wife wull neir wed ye.'
Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
And knelt upon his knee:

'O rede, O rede, mither,' he says,
'A gude rede gie to me:
O sall I tak the nut-browne bride,
And let faire Annet be?'

'The nut-browne bride has gowd and gear,
Fair Annet she has gat nane;
And the little beauty fair Annet has,
O it wull soon be gane!'

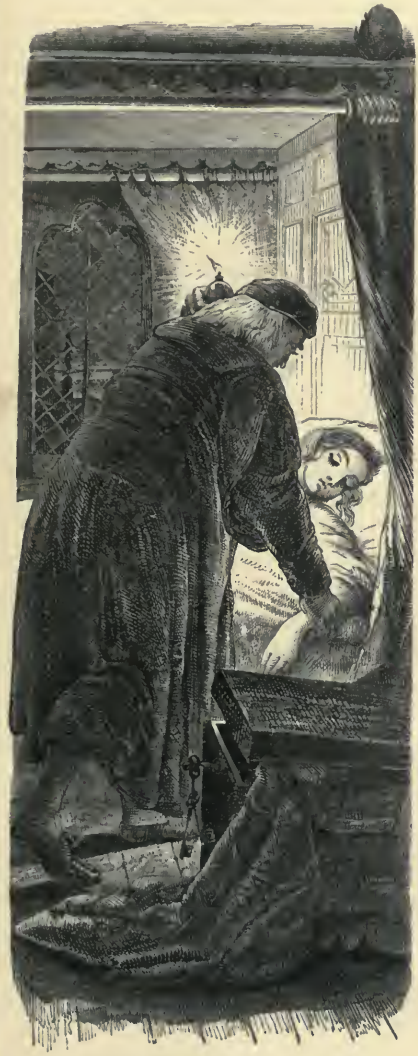
And he has till his brother gane:
'Now, brother, rede ye me;
A' sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And let fair Annet be?'

'The nut-browne bride has oxen, brother,
The nut-browne bride has kye;
I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
And cast fair Annet bye.'

'Her oxen may dye i' the house, Billie,
And her kye into the byre;
And I sall hae nothing to my sell,
Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.'

And he has till his sister gane;
'Now, sister, rede ye me;
O sall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
And set fair Annet free?'

'Ise rede ye tak fair Annet, Thomas,
And let the browne bride alane!
Lest you should sigh, and say, Alace!
What is this we brought hame?'



'No, I will tak my mithers counsel,
And marrie me owt o' hand;
And I will tak the nut-browne bride:
Fair Annet may leive the land.'

Up then rose fair Annets father
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower,
Wherein fair Annet lay.

'Rise up, rise up, fair Annet,' he says,
'Put on your silken sheene;
Let us gae to St. Maries kirke,
And see that rich weddeen.'—

'My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And dress to me my hair;
Whair-eir ye laid a plait before,
See ye lay ten times mair.

My maids, gae to my dressing-room,
And dress to me my smock;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work.'

The horse fair Annet rade upon
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' siller he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twantye siller bells
Wer a' tyed till his mane,
And yae tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twantye gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annets side,
And four and twanty fair ladies,
As gin she had been a bride.



And when she cam to Maries kirk,
She sat on Maries stean:
The cleading that fair Annet had on
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirk,
She shimmerd like the sun;
The belt that was about her waist
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut-browne bride,
And her een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
When fair Annet she drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
And he gave it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-browne bride,
Laid it on fair Annets knee.

Up than spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite;
'And whair gat ye that rose-water,
That does mak ye sae white?'

'O I did get the rose-water
Whair ye wull neir get nane,
For I did get that very rose-water
Into my mithers wame.'

The bride she drew a long bodkin,
Frae out her gay head-gear,
And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
That word she nevir spak mair.

Lord Thomas he saw fair Annet wex pale,
And marvelit what mote be:
But whan he saw her dear hearts blude,
A' wode-wroth wexed he.

J. H. Townsend del Branston sc.

Lord Thomas and Fair Annet.



He drew his dagger that was sae sharp,
That was sae sharp and meet,
And drave into the nut-browne bride,
That fell deid at his feit.

'Now stay for me, dear Annet,' he sed,
'Now stay, my dear!' he cryd,—
Then strake the dagger until his heart,
And fell deid by her side.*

Lord Thomas was buried without kirk-wa;
Fair Annet within the quiere;
And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonne briere.

* In Jamieson's ballad of "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie," the spirit of the lady, who dies of a broken heart, is made to visit the bridal bed of her betrayer:—

When night was come, and day was gone,
And a' men boun to bed,
Sweet Willie and the nut-browne bride
In their chambér were laid.

They werena weel lyen down,
And scarcely fa'n asleep,
Whan up and stands she, Fair Annie,
Just up at Willie's feet.

'Weel brook ye o' your brown brown bride,
Between ye and the wa':
And sae will I o' my winding sheet,
That suits me best ava'.

Weel brook ye o' your brown brown bride,
Between ye and the stock;
And sae will I o' my black black kist,
That has neither key nor lock.

Weel brook ye o' your brown brown bride,
And o' your bridal bed;
And sae will I o' the cald cald mools,
That soon will hap my head.'

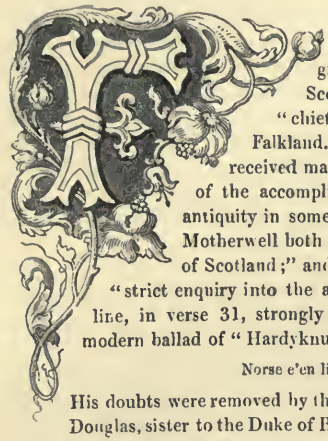
Sae Willie raise, put on his claes,
Drew till him his hose and shoon,
And he is on to Annie's bower,
By the lei light o' the moon.

* * * *

The lasten bower that he came till,
O heavy was his care!
The waxen lights were burning bright,
And Fair Annie streeket there.



H. J. Townsend del. Bastin sc.



AUSE FOODRAGE. This ballad was originally published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," where it is stated to have been "chiefly given" from the MS. of Mrs. Brown, of Falkland.* Although there can be no question that it received many improvements in passing through the hands of the accomplished editor, there can be as little doubt of its antiquity in some ruder state; for Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Motherwell both affirm that it has been "popular in many parts of Scotland;" and by the former it is asserted, that he had made "strict enquiry into the authenticity of the song," in consequence of a line, in verse 31, strongly resembling one that occurs in the avowedly modern ballad of "Hardyknute,"—

Norse e'en like gray goss-hawk stared wild.

His doubts were removed by the evidence of a lady of rank, (Lady Douglas of Douglas, sister to the Duke of Buccleuch), who not only recollected the ballad as having amused her infancy, but could repeat many of the verses.

* "An ingenious lady," writes Sir Walter Scott, "to whose taste and memory the world is indebted." She was the youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Gordon, professor of philosophy, in King's College, Aberdeen; and the circumstances, under which she obtained so much proficiency in ballad lore, are thus explained in a letter from her father to Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq.:—"An aunt of my children, Mrs. Farquhar, now dead, who was married to the proprietor of a small estate, near the sources of the Dee, in Braemar, a good old woman, who had spent the best part of her life among flocks and herds, resided, in her later days, in the town of Aberdeen. She was possessed of a most tenacious memory, which retained all the songs she had heard from nurses and countrywomen in that sequestered part of the country. Being naturally fond of my children, when young, she had them much about her, and delighted them with the songs and tales of chivalry. My youngest daughter, Mrs. Brown, of Falkland, is blessed with as good a memory as her aunt, and has almost the whole of her songs by heart." They were subsequently written down by her nephew, Professor Scott, "as his aunt sung them." To this MS. reference is frequently made by the editor of the "Border Minstrelsy,"—"as containing a curious and valuable collection," from which he procured "very material assistance," and which often furnished him with "various readings, and supplementary stanzas," to such as were known on the borders. Jamieson, also, thus acknowledges his obligations to this lady:—"For the groundwork of this collection, and for the greater and more valuable part of the popular and romantic tales which it contains, the public are indebted to Mrs. Brown, of Falkland. Besides the large supply of ballads taken down from her own recitation many years ago, by Professor Scott, of Aberdeen,—in 1800, I paid an unexpected visit to Mrs. Brown, at Dysart, where she then happened to be for health, and wrote down, from her unpremeditated repetition, about a dozen pieces more, most of which will be found in my work. Several others, which I had not time to take down, were afterwards transmitted to me by Mrs. Brown herself, and by her late highly-respectable and worthy husband, the Reverend Dr. Brown. Every person, who peruses the following sheets, will see how much I owe to Mrs. Brown, and to her nephew, my much esteemed friend, Professor Scott; and it rests with me to feel that I owe them much more for the zeal and spirit which they have manifested, than even for the valuable communications which they have made. As to the 'authenticity' of the pieces themselves, they are as authentic as traditionary poetry can be expected to be; and their being more entire than most other such pieces are found to be, may be easily accounted for, from the circumstance, that there are few persons of Mrs. Brown's abilities and education who repeat popular ballads from memory. She learnt most of them before she was twelve years old, from old women and maid-servants. What she once learnt she never forgot, and such were her curiosity and industry, that she was not contented with merely knowing the story, according to one way of telling, but studied to acquire all the varieties of the same tale which she could meet with."

For the leading incident of the poem, and the beautiful episode introduced into it, —the exchange of the children, upon which the story is made to depend—there appears to be no historical authority. At least, Sir Walter Scott has referred to none; and if there had been any, it would not have escaped his search. Yet it is not improbable that some such circumstance did actually occur; the old ballad-makers were seldom mere inventors; and tragedy, with all its attendant events, may be considered as by no means rare or uncommon to a remote age. That its age is "remote" is rendered certain, by the references to King Easter and King Wester; who, it is surmised by Sir Walter Scott, were "petty princes of Northumberland and Westmoreland. From this," he adds, "it may be conjectured, with some degree of plausibility, that the independent kingdoms of the east and west coast were, at an early period, thus denominated, according to the Saxon mode of naming districts from their relative positions, as Essex, Wessex, Sussex.' In the "Complaynt of Scotland," mention is made of an ancient romance, entitled, "How the King of Estmureland married the King's daughter of Westmureland." But Mr. Ritson is of opinion, that—"Estmureland and Westmureland have no sort of relation to Northumberland and Westmoreland. The former was never called Eastmoreland, nor were there any kings of Westmoreland, unless we admit the authority of an old rhyme, cited by Usher;—

Here the King Westmer
Slew the King Rothinger.

In the old metrical romance of 'Kyng Horn,' or 'Horn Child,' we find both Westnesse and Estnesse; and it is somewhat singular, that two places, so called, actually exist in Yorkshire at this day. But 'ness,' in that quarter, is the name given to an inlet from a river. There is, however, great confusion in this poem, as 'Horn' is called king, sometimes of one country, and sometimes of the other. In the French original, Westir is said to have been the old name of Hirland or Ireland; which, occasionally at least, is called Westnesse, in the translation, in which Britain is named Sudene; but here, again, it is inconsistent and confused. It is, at any rate," adds the learned antiquary, "highly probable, that the story, cited in the 'Complaynt of Scotland,' was a romance of 'King Horn,' whether prose or verse; and, consequently, that Estmureland and Westmureland should there mean England and Ireland; though it is possible that no other instance can be found of these two names occurring with the same sense."

Of the Scottish origin of this ballad there is internal evidence; and several of the phrases made use of, besides the titles to which we have referred, afford corroborative proof of its antiquity. The term "kevil," used in the third verse,—

And they cast kevils them amang,
And kevils them between;
And they cast kevils them amang,
Wha suld gae kill the king.—

is thus explained by Sir Walter Scott,—"'Kevils'—lots. Both words originally meant only a portion or share of any thing.—*Leges Burgorum*, cap. 59, *de lot, cut*, or *kavil. Statua Gildæ*, cap. 20. *Nullus emat lanam, &c., nisi fuerit confrater Gildæ, &c. Neque* lot *neque* cavil *habeat cum aliquo contrate nostro*. In both these laws, 'lot' and 'cavil' signify a share in trade."





FAUSE FOODRAGE.

King Easter has courted her for her lands,
 King Wester for her fee,
King Honour for her comelye face,
 And for her fair bodie.

They had not been four months married,
 As I have heard them tell,
Until the nobles of the land
 Against them did rebel.

And they cast kevils them amang,
 And kevils them between;
And they cast kevils them amang,
 Wha suld gae kill the king.

Mary Ann Williams sc.



O some said yea, and some said nay,
Their words did not agree;
Till up and got him, Fause Foodrage,
And swore it suld be he.

When bells were rung, and mass was sung,
And a' men bound to bed,
King Honour and his gaye ladye
In a hie chamber were laid.

Then up and raise him, Fause Foodrage,
When a' were fast asleep,
And slew the porter in his lodge,
That watch and ward did keep.

O, four and twenty silver keys
Hung hie upon a pin:
And aye, as ae door he did unlock,
He has fastened it him behind.

Then up and raise him, King Honour,
Says—'What means a' this din?
Or what's the matter, Fause Foodrage,
Or wha has loot you in?'—

'O ye my errand weel sall learn
Before that I depart.'—
Then drew a knife, baith lang and sharp,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then up and got the queen hersell,
And fell low down on her knee;
'O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage,
For I never injured thee.

O spare my life, now, Fause Foodrage!
Until I lighter be!
And see gin it be lad or lass,
King Honour has left wi' me.—



'O gin it be a lass,' he says,
'Weel nursed it sall be;
But gin it be a lad bairn,
He sall be hangéd hie.

I winna spare for his tender age,
Nor yet for his hie hie kin;
But soon as e'er he born is,
He sall mount the gallows pin.'—

O four-and-twenty valiant knights
Were set the queen to guard:
And four stood aye at her bouir door,
To keep both watch and ward.

But when the time drew near an end,
That she suld lighter be,
She cast about to find a wile,
To set her body free.

O she has birled these merry young men
With the ale but and the wine,
Until they were a' deadly drunk
As any wild-wood swine.

'O narrow, narrow, is this window,
And big, big, am I grown!'—
Yet through the might of our Ladye,
Out at it she has gone.

She wandered up, she wandered down,
She wandered out and in;
And, at last, into the very swine's stythe,
The queen brought forth a son.

Then they cast kevils them amang,
Which suld gae seek the queen;
And the kevil fell upon Wise William,
And he sent his wife for him.



O when she saw Wise William's wife,
The queen fell on her knee;
'Win up, win up, madam!' she says:
'What needs this courtesie?'—

'O out o' this I winna rise,
Till a boon ye grant to me;
To change your lass for this lad bairn,
King Honour left me wi'.

And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
Right weel to breast a steed;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
As weel to write and read.

And ye maun learn my gay goss-hawk
To wield baith bow and brand;
And I sall learn your turtle dow
To lay gowd wi' her hand.

At kirk and market when we meet,
We 'll dare make nae avowe,
But—Dame, how does my gay goss-hawk?
—Madame, how does my dow?'*

* "This metaphorical language," says Scott, "was customary among the northern nations. In 925, King Adelstein sent an embassy to Harald Harfager, King of Norway, the chief of which presented that prince with a sword. As it was presented by the point, the Norwegian chief, in receiving it, unwarily laid hold of the hilt. The English ambassador declared, in the name of his master, that he accepted the act as a deed of homage. The Norwegian prince resolving to circumvent his rival by a similar artifice, sent, next summer, an embassy to Adelstein, the chief of which presented Haco, the son of Harald, to the English prince; and, placing him on his knees, made the following declaration:—'*Haraldus, Normanorum Rex, amice te salutat;* albamque *hanc* avem *bene institutam mittit, utque melius deinceps erudias, postulat.*' The King received young Haco on his knees, which the Norwegian accepted, in the name of his master, as a declaration of inferiority; according to the proverb, '*Is minor semper habetur, qui alterius filium educat.*'"



When days were gane, and years came on,
Wise William he thought lang;
And he has ta'en King Honour's son
A-hunting for to gang.

It sae fell out, at this hunting,
Upon a simmer's day,
That they came by a fair castell,
Stood on a sunny brae.

'O dinna ye see that bonny castell,
Wi' halls and towers sae fair?
Gin ilka man had back his ain,
Of it you suld be heir.'—

'How I suld be heir of that castell,
In sooth, I canna see;
For it belangs to Fause Foodrage,
And he is na kin to me.'

'O gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
You would do but what was right;
For, I wot, he killed your father dear,
Or ever ye saw the light.

And gin ye suld kill him, Fause Foodrage,
There is no man durst you blame;
For he keeps your mother a prisoner,
And she daurna take ye hame.'—

The boy stared wild like a grey goss-hawk,
Says,—'What may a' this mean?'
'My boy, ye are King Honour's son,
And your mother 's our lawful queen.'

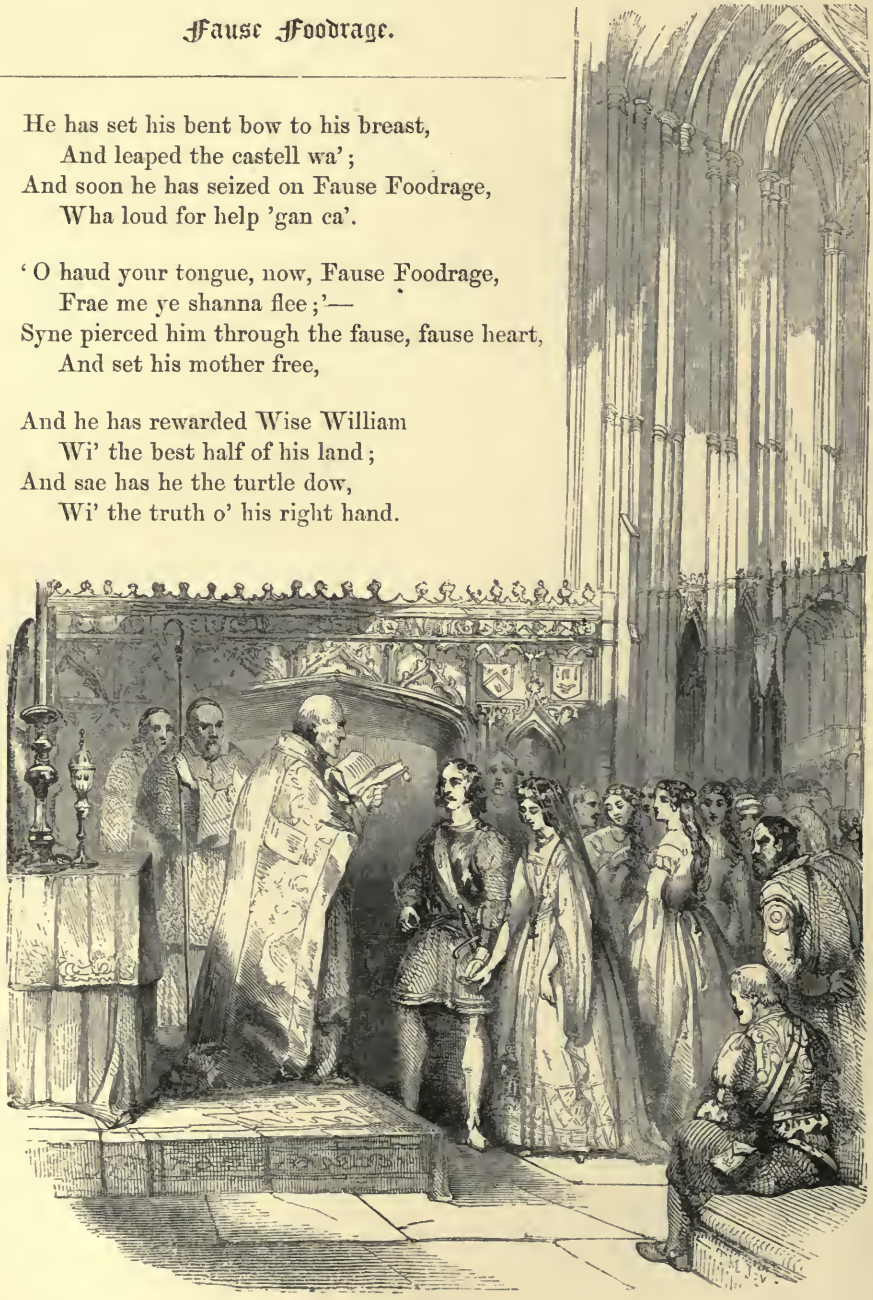
'O gin I be King Honour's son,
By our Ladye I swear,
This night I will that traitor slay,
And relieve my mother dear!'—

Fause Foodrage.

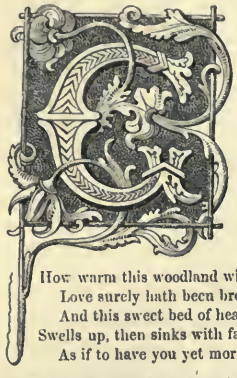
He has set his bent bow to his breast,
And leaped the castell wa';
And soon he has seized on Fause Foodrage,
Wha loud for help 'gan ca'.

'O haud your tongue, now, Fause Foodrage,
Frae me ye shanna flee;'—
Syne pierced him through the fause, fause heart,
And set his mother free,

And he has rewarded Wise William
Wi' the best half of his land;
And sae has he the turtle dow,
Wi' the truth o' his right hand.



T. M. Joy del. Mary Ann Williams sc.



GENEVIEVE. This exquisitely beautiful ballad is the composition of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whose rank is high among the veritable poets of our age and country, and whose poems will endure as long as the language in which they are written. It was composed at an early period of his life; and seems to be a record of some actual memory—one of those ordinary events which stir the heart and excite the imagination, and transmute common materials into pure gold. The leading sentiment is akin to that expressed in some lines equally touching, entitled, "Recollections of Love:"—

How warm this woodland wild recess,
Love surely hath been breathing here;
And this sweet bed of heath, my dear,
Swells up, then sinks with fain caress,
As if to have you yet more near!

Eight springs have flown since last I lay
On sea-ward Quantock's heathy hills,
Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
Float here and there, like things astray,
And high o'er-head the sky-lark shrills.

No voice as yet had made the air
Be music with your name; yet why
That asking look; that yearning sigh,
That sense of promise every where?
Beloved! flew your spirit by?

As when a mother doth explore
The rose-mark on her long-last child,
I met, I loved you, maiden mild!
As whom I long had loved before,—
So deeply had I been beguiled!

You stood before me like a thought,
A dream remembered in a dream;
But when those meek eyes first did seem
To tell me Love within you wrought,—
O, Greta, dear domestic stream!—

Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep,—
Has not Love's whisper evermore
Been ceaseless, as thy gentle roar?
Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
Dear under-song in Clamour's hour!

As there is no "history" attached to this poem, we may occupy our space with some brief memorials concerning the life and writings of the distinguished poet. Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born on the 20th of October, 1772, at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire. His father was a learned clergyman; and the poet was the youngest of eleven children. In 1782, he was admitted into Christ's hospital, London, where, according to his own account, he "enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though, at the same time, a very severe master." At a premature age, even before his fifteenth year, he had "bewildered himself in metaphysical and theological controversy;" yet he pursued his studies with so much zeal and perseverance, that, in 1791, he became Grecian, or captain of the school, which entitled him to an exhibition at the University: he was entered at Jesus College, Cambridge. Three years afterwards, "in an inauspicious hour, he left the friendly cloisters," without assigning any cause, and without taking his degree; and again came to London. There without the means of support, he wandered for some days about the streets, and enlisted in the 15th Dragoons. While doing duty at Reading, he wrote, on the wall of the stable, a Latin sentence.

Ehcu! quam infortunü miserrimum est fuisse felicem.

It chanced to meet the eye of one of the officers. The inquiry that followed led to his discharge. In 1794, he published a small volume of poems. Subsequently, the taint of French republicanism fell upon him; and he lectured at Bristol in praise of the dæmon that had stolen in, and was for a time welcomed, in the garb of liberty.

In 1795, he married; and in 1798, he visited Germany. In 1800, he returned to England; and although he had formerly professed Unitarianism, and had preached to a congregation at Taunton, he became a firm adherent to the doctrines of Christianity; or, to use his own expression, found a "reconversion." Afterwards, he "wasted the prime and manhood of his intellect" as the editor of a newspaper. During the last nineteen years of his life he resided with his faithful and devoted friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, at Highgate,—lecturing occasionally, writing poetry and prose, and delighting and instructing all who had the good fortune to be admitted to his society. He died on the 25th of July, 1834.

The friends who knew him best, and under the shelter of whose roof-tree the latter and the happier years of his chequered life were passed, have recorded their opinion of his character on the tablet that marks his grave in the church at Highgate; and all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance will bear testimony to its truth. It tells of his profound learning and discursive genius; his private worth; his social and Christian virtues: and adds, that his disposition was unalterably sweet and angelic; that he was an ever-enduring, ever-loving friend; the gentlest and kindest teacher; the most engaging home-companion:—

> Philosopher contemning wealth and death,
> Yet docile, child-like, full of life and love.

Hazlitt, who knew him in his youth, describes him as rather above the middle size, inclined to corpulency; as having a dreamy countenance, a forehead broad and high, with large projecting eye-brows, and "eyes rolling like a sea with darkened lustre." The description applies with almost equal accuracy to the poet in age. The wonderful eloquence of his conversation is a prominent theme with all who have written or spoken of him: it was full of matter. His bookish lore, and his wide and intimate acquaintance with men and things were enlivened by a grace and sprightliness absolutely startling: his manner was singularly attractive, and the tones of his voice were perfect music. During the later years of his life, it was our own privilege occasionally to enjoy his society; and the beneficial and gratifying hours so passed are among the most pleasant and profitable of our memories.

Few have obtained greater celebrity in the world of letters; yet few have so wasted the energies of a naturally great mind; few, in short, have done so *little* of the purposed and promised *much*. Some of the most perfect examples that our language can supply are to be found among his poetry, full of the simplest and purest nature, yet pregnant with the deepest and most subtle philosophy. His judgment and taste were sound and refined to a degree; and when he spoke of the "little he had published," as being of "little importance," it was because his conception of excellence exceeded his power to convey it. Those who read his wildest productions—"Christabel," and "The Ancient Mariner"—will readily appreciate the fertile imagination, and the prodigious strength of the writer; and if they turn to the gentler efforts of his genius, they will find many illustrations of a passage which prefaces an edition of his "Juvenile Verses:"—"Poetry has been to me its 'exceeding great reward:' it has soothed my afflictions, it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."



All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

Franklin del. Armstrong sc.



The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose,
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!



But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend;
This miserable knight!

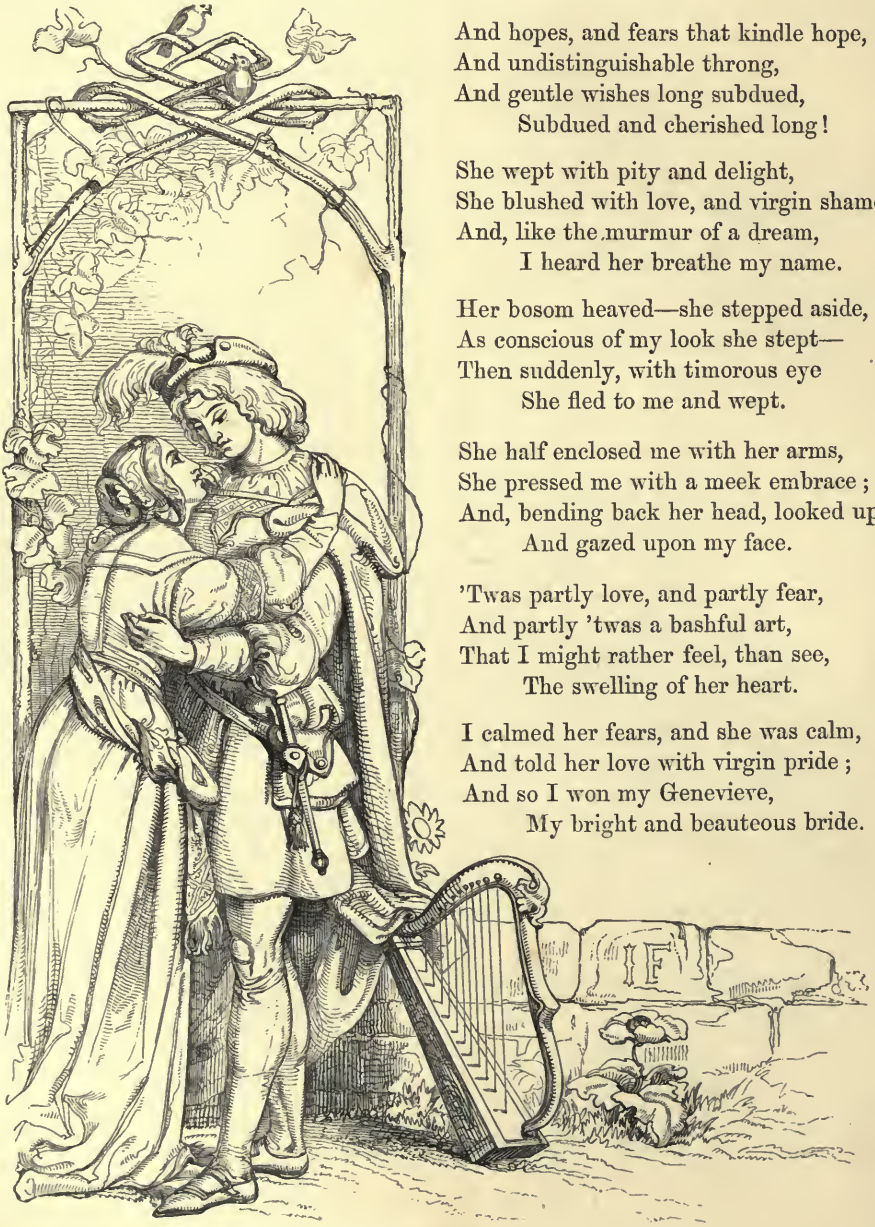
And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;—

And how she wept, and clasped his knees;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;—

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;—

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faultering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;



And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
And undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepped aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace;
And, bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

This fine and pathetic old ballad we borrow from Dr. Percy, who gives it "from a modern printed copy, picked up on a stall;" and although its age is unquestionable, it does not appear that an earlier edition of it has yet been recovered. Its date is, perhaps, very remote; for although the language has been modernised, it retains many tokens of antiquity; and passages of it were quoted by Fletcher, in his play of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle." The full title of the ballad "picked up" by Dr. Percy, is "Fair Margaret's Misfortunes; or Sweet William's Frightful Dreams on his Wedding Night, with the Sudden Death and Burial of those Noble Lovers." In extracting it, we have omitted the two concluding stanzas; they are, evidently, additions of some "other hand," and by their meanness, essentially weaken the touching picture by which the story is terminated. It may be well, however, to introduce them here, where they will less prejudice the beautiful and pathetic composition. The lines are designed to "draw out" the fine and natural idea of the rose and brier growing out of the graves of the hapless lovers:—

They grew as high as the church top,
 Till they could grow no higher;
And there they grew in a true lover's knot,
 Made all the folke admire.

Then came the clerk of the parish,
 As you this truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
 Or they had now been there.

Many of the old ballad-makers have introduced a similar incident;—the rose and brier springing from the earth that covered the graves of youths and maidens, whose loves were "pleasant," and who "in death were not divided." Thus, in "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet:"—

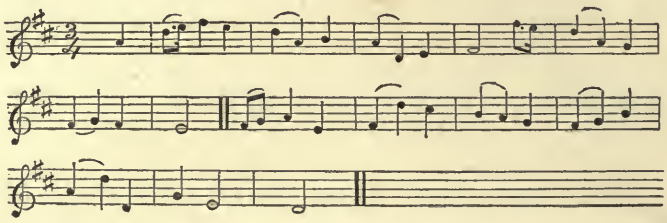
And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
 As they wad faine be neare.

And in the Douglas Tragedy, after the "twa" had "met," and the "twa" had "plat;"—

By and rade the black Douglas.
 And wow but he was rough!
For he pulled up the bonny brier,
 And flanged it in St. Maries lough.

To the passage quoted by Fletcher, we are indebted for the ballad of "William and Margaret," written by David Mallet; which Dr. Percy distinguishes as "one of the most beautiful ballads to be found in our own or any language." Mallet had never seen the poem which Dr. Percy recovered; he expresses his belief that it was "not any where to be met with;" and adds, that "the few lines, naked of

ornament and simple as they are, struck his fancy;" and "bringing fresh into his mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the composition." The air of this ballad of Mallet's we introduce:—



The ballad of "Fair Margaret and Sweet William," it is probable, originated also another poem of touching interest and high merit. It is entitled "Sweet William's Ghost," and was, we believe, first published by Allan Ramsay in the "Tea Table Miscellany." In this, the spirit of the dead lover appears to the maiden, demanding back his "faith and troth," and replying to the question of her whose heart was true:—

'There's no room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's no room at my feet;
There's no room at my side, Marg'ret,
My coffin's made so meet.' *

In Jamieson's version of "Sweet William and Fair Annie," the concluding incidents of the ballad are also preserved.

We question, however, if either the poem written by Mallet, or that which Ramsay prints, is equal in pathos, character, and dramatic interest, to the ballad we copy from the "Reliques" of Dr. Percy. Every line is a picture; few compositions, even of old times, are more earnestly condensed; so thoroughly record a long history within a very limited space; or with so much eloquence bring before the mind the sad doom of the two lovers—the broken hearts of both.

* It is this stanza that Fletcher quoted in "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," where "Merrythought" enters repeating it; altered somewhat, however, from the version of Dr. Percy, thus:—

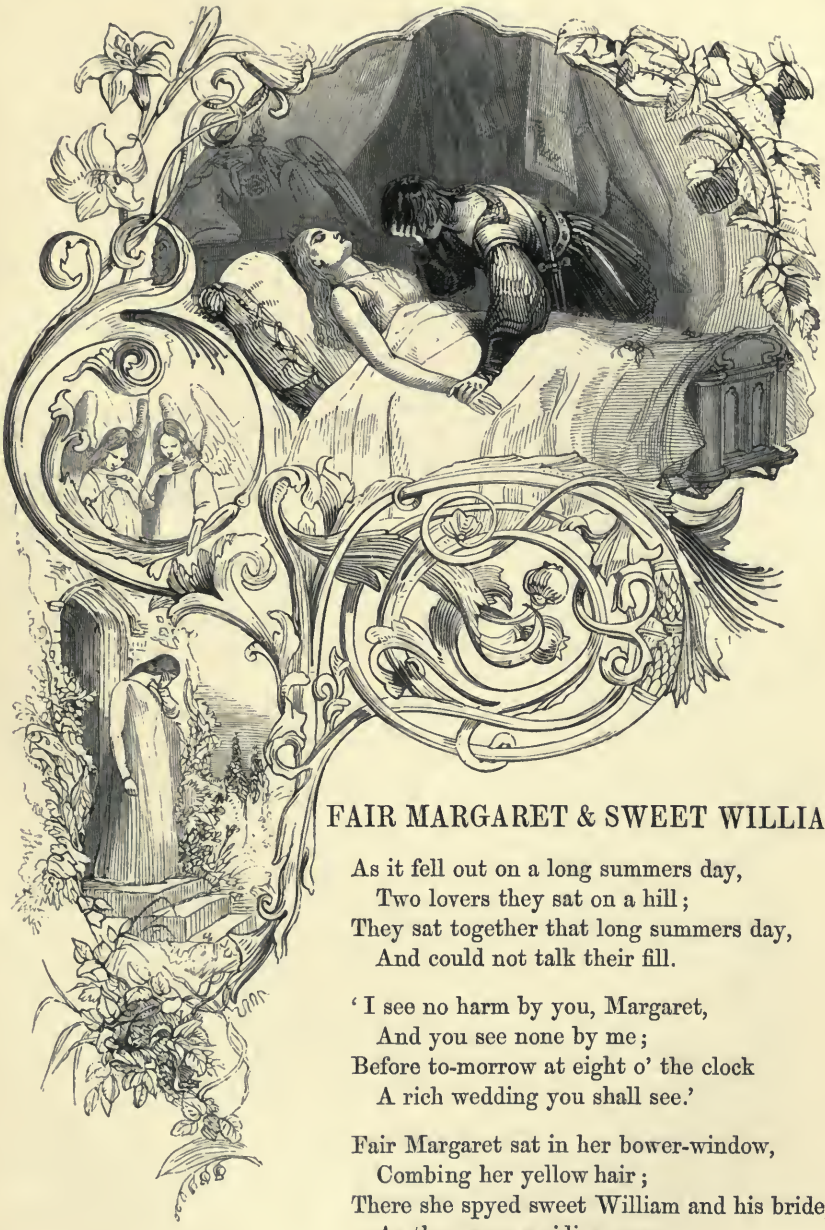
When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet!

Part of a verse is also quoted, which does not appear in the ballad, but which it is more than probable belonged to it:—

'You are no love for me, Marg'ret,
I am no love for you.'

As the "stall copy," printed by Dr. Percy, was certainly subjected to some "ingenious alterations," the original was, perhaps, as a whole, infinitely superior even to the fine composition of which, only, we are at present possessed. It will be seen that the main incidents and the leading features are common to several ballads; and perhaps they were all derived from one great source.

ALEXR B. GROGAN.
SAN FRANCISCO.



FAIR MARGARET & SWEET WILLIAM.

As it fell out on a long summers day,
Two lovers they sat on a hill;
They sat together that long summers day,
And could not talk their fill.

'I see no harm by you, Margaret,
And you see none by me;
Before to-morrow at eight o' the clock
A rich wedding you shall see.'

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,
Combing her yellow hair;
There she spyed sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

Warren del. Jackson sc.



Then down she layd her ivory combe,
And braided her hair in twain:—
She went alive out of her bower,
But ne'er came alive in 't again.

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
Then came the spirit of fair Marg'ret,
And stood at Williams feet.

'Are you awake, sweet William?' she said;
'Or, sweet William, are you asleep?
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,
And me of my winding sheet.'

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men waked from sleep,
Sweet William to his ladye sayd,
'My dear, I have cause to weep;

I dreamt a dream, my dear ladye,
Such dreams are never good:
I dreamt my bower was full of red wine,
And my bride-bed full of blood.'—

'Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured sir,
They never do prove good:
To dream thy bower was full of red wine,
And thy bride-bed full of blood.'

He called up his merry men all,
By one, by two, and by three;
Saying, 'I 'll away to fair Marg'rets bower,
By the leave of my ladye.'

And when he came to fair Marg'rets bower,
He knocked at the ring;
And who so ready as her seven brethren
To let sweet William in.



Then he turned up the covering-sheet,—
'Pray let me see the dead:
Methinks she looks all pale and wan,
She hath lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margaret,
Than any of thy kin;
For I will kiss thy pale wan lips,
Though a smile I cannot win.'

With that bespake the seven brethren,
Making most piteous mone:
'You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,
And let our sister alone.'

'If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,
I do but what is right;
I ne'er made a vow to yonder poor corpse
By day, nor yet by night.*

* The following are the concluding stanzas of Jamieson's ballad, "Sweet Willie and Fair Annie":—

Pale Willie grew, wae was his heart,
And sair he sighed wi' teen;
'Oh Annie! had I kent thy worth,
Ere it o'er late had been!

It 'a I will kiss your bonny cheek,
And I will kiss your chin;
And I will kiss your clay-cald lip;
But I'll never kiss woman again.

And that I was in love outdone,
Sall ne'er be said o' me;
For as ye 've died for me, Annie,
Sae will I do for thee!

The day ye deal at Annie's burial,
The bread but and the wine;
Before the morn at twall o'clock,
They'll deal the same at mine.'

The tane was buried in Mary's kirk,
The tither in Mary's quire;
And out o' the tane there grew a birk,
And out o' the tither a brier.

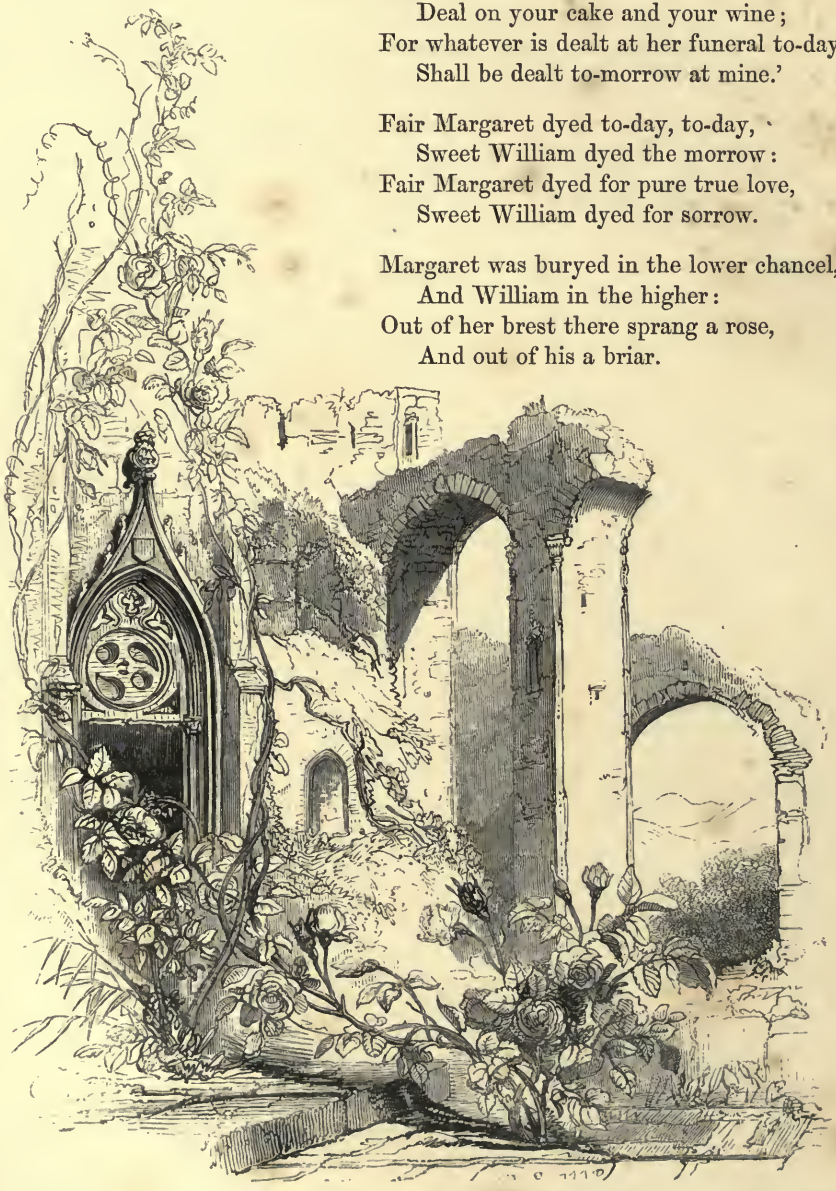
And ay they grew, and ay they drew,
Untill they twa did meet;
And every one that past them by,
Said, 'Thae's twa lovers sweet."

Fair Margaret and Sweet William.

Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,
Deal on your cake and your wine;
For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day
Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine.'

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet William dyed the morrow:
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

Margaret was buryed in the lower chancel,
And William in the higher:
Out of her brest there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.



Warren del. Jackson sc.



HE BIRTH OF ST. GEORGE. This ballad, copied from the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," Dr. Percy confesses to be "for the most part modern." He probably derived some hints for the composition from his "folio MS.;" but the greater portion of it bears evidence of being the production of his own pen. The incidents are chiefly taken from the old story-book of "The Seven Champions of Christendome," which, though now "the plaything of children," was once in high repute. It was written by "one Richard Johnson, who lived in the reigns of Elizabeth and James." So much doubt exists concerning the early history of this patron saint of the Order of the Garter, that his very existence has been questioned. Dr. Pettingal, in a "Dissertation on the original of the figure of St. George and the Dragon," published in 1753, discourses very learnedly on its symbolic meaning; declaring that it anciently typified the "malignity of the air (under the form of a serpent) purified and made wholesome by the action of the sun" (symbolized by the mounted horseman). He asserts that the Egyptian gnostics used this symbol of the sun, in its propitious influences, as a device on their amulets, in expectation of victory, and that from them it descended to the Christians. He engraves one of these antique amulets, from Montfaucon, which certainly bears a singular resemblance to St. George and the Dragon, and affirms it to be no saint, but an Arian of that name, and he thinks it unlikely that the orthodox Western world should confer any distinction upon one they must have considered as a "pestilent heretic." Constantine, he says, placed on his coins a figure of himself, mounted on horseback, and destroying a serpent, to signify his triumph over the devil, or paganism. He combats the idea of charms or amulets being worn in England down to the ordination of the Garter, by an allusion to the laws which regulated trial by battle in the time of Edward III. and Richard II., when the duellists were sworn not to retain about their persons any "majicall" stone, or herb, or charm, &c., by which they might overcome their enemies.

Butler, in his "Lives of the Saints," says that the Saint became the patron of the military because he had been military himself, having been "tribune or colonel in the army," under the Emperor Diocletian, who still further promoted him; all which posts he resigned when that emperor persecuted the Christians, and for which he was beheaded. His apparition appeared to encourage the Christian army under Godfrey of Bouilloigne and Richard I., in their expedition against the Saracens; and hence he was chosen as their patron saint, from the interest thus taken in the crusades. He adds, "St. George is usually painted on horseback, and tilting at a dragon under his feet; but this is no more than an emblematical figure, purporting, that, by faith and Christian fortitude, he conquered the devil, called the dragon in the Apocalypse. Others imagine that St. Michael destroying the dragon is the origin of this representation of St. George.

The story of a saint, or deity, spearing a dragon, was known in the East from the earliest periods: among the Mahometans, a person called Gergis, or George, was revered as a prophet, and was so represented. Similar emblems have been discovered among other nations of the East. Whether these nations took it from the Greeks, or

the latter from them, cannot be ascertained; for, of the real existence of such a person as St. George, no positive proofs have ever been advanced.

Chanceler, the first Englishman who discovered Russia, speaking of a dispatch sent from Ivan Vassilievitch to Queen Mary, says that it had appended to it a seal "much like the broad seal of England, having on one side the image of a man on horseback, in complete armour, fighting with a dragon;" and this figure appears to have been in common use by the Russian princes on their coins, &c., long before the institution of the Garter, in England, which took place on St. George's Day, April 23, 1350.

The representation of St. George, here copied, is from an illumination in a thick folio volume of Romanus, most splendidly ornamented, which was presented to King Henry VI. by Talbot, the great Earl of Shrewsbury, and which is now among the royal manuscripts in the British Museum. It shows us St. George, in complete armour, spearing the dragon; while behind stands the king's daughter, who was about to be sacrificed to the monster, dressed in the costume of a lady of rank in the reign of Henry VI., and holding a lamb, typical, perhaps, of her purity, or innocence. To this circumstance reference is made in the old ballad of "St. George and the Dragon:"



"Farewell, my father dear," quoth she;
"And my sweet mother meek and mild,
Take you no thought, nor weep for me,
For you may have another child:
Since for my country's good I dye,
Death I receive most willinglye."

The king and queen, and all their train,
With weeping eyes went then their way,
And let their daughter there remain,
To be the hungry dragon's prey:
But as she did there weeping lye,
Behold St. George came riding by. .

Dr. Percy, in his "Introduction" to the ballad, says, "the equestrian figure worn by the Knights of the Garter, has been understood to be an emblem of the Christian warrior, in his spiritual armour, vanquishing the old serpent." Independent of the figure of St. George and the Dragon, appended to the collar of the Order of the Garter, is the badge, worn on ordinary occasions by the knights, called "The George," and which was constantly worn in former times by the companions of the order. It was the figure of the Saint, on horseback, spearing the dragon, and was hung round the neck by a blue ribbon. There is an engraving, by Hollar, of the "George" worn by Charles I., and which that monarch gave to Bishop Juxon, on the scaffold, at his execution: it was made to open by a spring, like a locket, and contained a portrait of the Queen Henrietta Maria. Our engraving is a copy from the representation of this interesting relic.





W. B Scott del. H. Vizetelly sc.

The Birth of St. George.



Distressèd ladies to relieve
He travelled many a day;
In honour of the christian faith,
Which shall endure for aye.

In Coventry sometime did dwell
A knight of worthy fame,
High steward of this noble realme,
Lord Albert was his name:

He had a wife a princely dame,
Whose beauty did excell,—
This virtuous lady, being with child,
In sudden sadness fell:

For thirty nights, no sooner sleep
Had closed her wakeful eyes,
But, lo! a foul and fearful dream
Her fancy would surprise:—

She dreamt a dragon fierce and fell
Conceived within her womb,
Whose mortal fangs her body rent
Ere he to life could come!

All woe-begone, and sad was she,
She nourisht constant woe;
Yet strove to hide it from her lord,
Lest he should sorrow know.

In vain she strove; her tender lord,
Who watched her slightest look,
Discovered soon her secret pain,
And soon that pain partook.

And when to him the fearful cause
She weeping did impart,
With kindest speech he strove to heal
The anguish of her heart.

The Birth of St. George.



'Be comforted, my lady dear,
Those pearly drops refrain;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
I'll try to ease thy pain.

And for this foul and fearful dream,
That causeth all thy woe,
Trust me I'll travel far away,
But I'll the meaning knowe.'

Then giving many a fond embrace,
And shedding many a teare,
To the weïrd lady of the woods,
He purposed to repaire.

To the weïrd lady of the woods,
Full long and many a day,
Through lonely shades and thickets rough
He winds his weary way.

At length he reached a dreary dell,
With dismal yews o'erhung;
Where cypress spred its mournful boughs,
And pois'nous nightshade sprung.

No chearful gleams here pierced the gloom,
He hears no chearful sound;
But shrill night-ravens' yelling scream,
And serpents hissing round.

The shriek of fiends and damned ghosts
Ran howling through his ear:
A chilling horror froze his heart,
Though all unused to fear.

Three times he strives to win his way,
And pierce those sickly dews:
Three times to bear his trembling corse
His knocking knees refuse.



At length upon his beating breast
He signs the holy crosse;
And, rouzing up his wonted might,
He treads th' unhallowed mosse.

Beneath a pendant craggy cliff,
All vaulted like a grave,
And opening in the solid rock,
He found the inchanted cave.

An iron gate closed up the mouth,
All hideous and forlorne;
And, fastened by a silver chain,
Near hung a brazed horne.

Then offering up a secret prayer,
Three times he blowes amaine:
Three times a deepe and hollow sound
Did answer him againe.

'Sir Knight, thy lady beares a son,
Who, like a dragon bright,
Shall prove most deadful to his foes,
And terrible in fight.

His name advanced in future times,
On banners shall be worn:
But, lo! thy lady's life must passe
Before he can be born.'

All sore opprest with fear and doubt
Long time Lord Albert stood;
At length he winds his doubtful way
Back through the dreary wood.

Eager to clasp his lovely dame,
Then fast he travels back;
But when he reached his castle gate,
His gate was hung with black.

The Birth of St. George.



In every court and hall he found
A sullen silence reigne;
Save where, amid the lonely towers,
He heard her maidens 'plaine;

And bitterly lament and weep
With many a grievous grone;
Then sore his bleeding heart misgave,
His lady's life was gone.

With faultering step he enters in,
Yet half affraid to goe;
With trembling voice asks why they grieve,
Yet fears the cause to knowe.

'Three times the sun hath rose and set,'
They said, then stopt to weep,
'Since heaven hath laid thy lady deare
In death's eternal sleep.

For, ah! in travail sore she fell,
So sore that she must dye;
Unless some shrewd and cunning leech
Could ease her presentlye.

But when a cunning leech was fet,
Too soon declaréd he,
She, or her babe must lose its life;
Both savéd could not be.

Now take my life, thy lady said;
My little infant save:
And O! commend me to my lord,
When I am laid in grave.

O! tell him how that precious babe
Cost him a tender wife;
And teach my son to lisp her name,
Who died to save his life.



Then calling still upon thy name,
And praying still for thee,
Without repining or complaint,
Her gentle soul did flee.'

What tongue can paint Lord Albert's woe,—
The bitter tears he shed,—
The bitter pangs that wrung his heart
To find his lady dead!

He beat his breast, he tore his hair,
And, shedding many a tear,
At length he askt to see his son—
The son that cost so dear.

New sorrowe seized the damsells all:
At length they faultering say:
'Alas, my lord! how shall we tell?
Thy son is stoln away.

Fair as the sweetest flower of spring,
Such was his infant mien:
And on his little body stampt,
Three wonderous marks were seen:

A blood-red cross was on his arm;
A dragon on his breast;
A little garter all of gold
Was round his leg exprest.

Three carefull nurses we provide,
Our little lord to keep;
One gave him sucke, one gave him food,
And one did lull to sleep.

But, lo! all in the dead of night,
We heard a fearful sound:
Loud thunder clapt; the castle shook;
And lightning flasht around.



Dead with affright at first we lay;
But rousing up anon,
We ran to see our little lord—
Our little lord was gone!

But how or where we could not tell;
For, lying on the ground,
In deep and magic slumbers laid,
The nurses there we found.'

'O grief on grief!' Lord Albert said:
No more his tongue cou'd say,
When falling in a deadly swoone,
Long time he lifeless lay.

At length restored to life and sense,
He nourisht endless woe;
No future joy his heart could taste,
No future comfort know.

So withers on the mountain top
A fair and stately oake,
Whose vigorous arms are torn away
By some rude thunder-stroke.

At length his castle irksome grew,
He loathes his wonted home;
His native country he forsakes,
In foreign lands to roame.

There up and downe he wandered far,
Clad in a palmer's gown,
Till his brown locks grew white as wool,
His beard as thistle down.

At length, all wearied, down in death
He laid his reverend head.—
Meantime amid the lonely wilds
His little son was bred.

The Birth of St. George.

There the weïrd lady of the woods
Had borne him far away;
And trained him up in feates of armes,
And every martial play.



W. B. Scott del. Armstrong sc.



HE MERMAID. This beautiful ballad is the composition of Dr. John Leyden, and was originally published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." It is founded, writes Sir Walter Scott, "upon a Gaelic traditional ballad called Macphail of Colonsay and the Mermaid of Corrivrekin." The dangerous gulf of Corrivrekin lies between the islands of Jura and Scarba, and the superstition of the islanders has tenanted its shelves and eddies with all the fabulous monsters and demons of the ocean. Among these, according to a universal tradition, the mermaid is the most remarkable. In her dwelling, and in her appearance, the mermaid of the northern nations resembles the siren of the ancients. "The Gaelic story bears, that Macphail of Colonsay was carried off by a mermaid, while passing the gulf above mentioned: that they resided together, in a grotto beneath the sea, for several years, during which time she bore him five children: but finally, he tired of her society, and, having prevailed upon her to carry him near the shore of Colonsay, he escaped to land."

Legends of the mermaid, and of their loves for mortal men, are, however, common to nearly every country of the globe—so common, indeed, that many sensible authors have reasoned upon the probabilities of their actual existence; and some stories of their occasional appearances rest upon authorities that can scarcely be characterised as apocryphal. Sir Walter Scott himself, in a note to the ballad, has a passage which may lead to the inference that he was by no means altogether sceptical on the subject. "I cannot help adding," he says, "that some late evidence has been produced, serving to shew, either that imagination played strange tricks with the witnesses, or that the existence of mermaids is no longer a matter of question. I refer to the letters written to Sir John Sinclair, by the spectators of such a phenomenon, in the bay of Sandside, in Caithness."* He adds that it would be easy to quote a variety of writers concerning the supposed being of these "marine people."—"The reader may consult the 'Telliamed' of M. Maillet, who, in support of the Neptunist system of geology, has collected a variety of legends, respecting mermen and mermaids, p. 230, et sequen. Much information may also be derived from Pontopiddan's 'Natural History of Norway,' who fails not to people her seas with the amphibious race. An older authority is to be found in the "Kongs shuggsio, or Royal Mirror,' written, as it is believed, about 1170. The mermen, there mentioned, are termed hafstrambur (sea-giants), and are said to have the upper parts resembling the human race; but the author, with becoming diffidence, declines to state, positively, whether they are equipped with a dolphin's tail. The female monster is called Mar-Gyga (sea-giantess), and is averred certainly to drag a fish's train. She appears generally in the act of devouring a fish, which she has caught. According to the apparent voracity of her appetite, the sailors pretend to guess what chance they had of saving their lives in the tempests, which always followed her appearance."

* The reader may remember that some years ago, "a veritable mermaid" was exhibited in London. The cheat was discovered, however, upon close examination. The lady of the sea had been manufactured in Japan, out of the upper part of an ourang outang and the tail of a fish.

In Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway song," was published a ballad, entitled "The Mermaid of Galloway;" understood to be the production of Mr. Allan Cunningham, who received the substance of the story "from tradition;" and "tradition," he states, "is yet rich with the fame of the bewitching mermaid. Her favourite haunts were along the shores of the Nith and Orr, and on the edge of the Solway Sea, which adjoins the mouth of those waters. Her beauty was such, that man could not behold her face, but his heart was fired by unquenchable love; and, as usual, whenever she was seen, she was occupied in combing her "long hair of burning gold." "According to Lowland mythology," he adds, "they are a race of goddesses, corrupted with earthly passions; their visits to the world, though few and far between, are spoken of and remembered with awe; their affections were bestowed on men of exalted virtue and rare endowment of persons and parts. They wooed in such a strain of syren eloquence, that all hearts were fettered by the witcheries of love. When their celestial voice dropt on the ear, every other faculty was enthralled. They caught the beloved object in their embrace, and laid him on a couch, where mortal eyes might search in vain into the rites of such romantic and mysterious wedlock." The hero of this story is said to have been one of the Maxwells, of Cowehill: he is wiled away from the arms of his betrothed bride by a song of the syren, —"the sweetest sang ere brake frae a lip;" lulled to sleep among the water-lilies; and taken over the white "sea-faem;" while the earthly damsel is left to mourn his loss. The mystery of his disappearance is, however, thus explained to her:—

It was i' the mid-hour o' the night,
Her siller bell did ring;
An' soun't as if nae earthlie hand
Had pou'd the silken string.

There was a cheek touch'd that ladye's,
Cauld as the marble stane;
An' a hand cauld as the drifting snaw,
Was laid on her breast-bane.

'O cauld is thy hand, my dear Willie;
O cauld, cauld is thy cheek:
An' wring thae locks o' yellow hair,
Frae which the cauld draps dreep.'

'O seek another bridegroom, Marie,
On thae bosom-faulds to sleep;
My bride is the yellow water-lilie,
Its leaves my brydal sheet!'

Mr. Cunningham records two or three striking anecdotes relative to the popular belief, and Sir Walter Scott supplies others; the most remarkable, however, are told by Waldron, in his "History of the Isle of Man." One of them we copy:—"A very beautiful mermaid fell in love with a young shepherd, who kept his flocks beside a creek much frequently by these marine people. She frequently caressed him, and brought him presents of coral, fine pearls, and every valuable production of the ocean. Once upon a time, as she threw her arms eagerly round him, he suspected her of a design to draw him into the sea, and, struggling hard, disengaged himself from her embrace, and ran away. But the mermaid resented either the suspicion, or the disappointment, so highly, that she threw a stone after him, and flung herself into the sea, whence she never returned. The youth, though but slightly struck with the pebble, felt, from that moment, the most excruciating agony, and died at the end of seven days." In Ireland, stories of the mermaid—there called the "Merrow"—are very abundant; we have conversed with many of the peasants who would readily depose, upon oath, to having repeatedly seen them; and there, as well as elsewhere, they are always encountered

Combing their yellow hair.



THE MERMAID.

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee!
How softly mourns the writhed shell,
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

But softer, floating o'er the deep,
The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Franklin del. Green sc.



Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay;
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely Maid of Colonsay.

And 'raise,' he cried, 'the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!—

When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die,' she said, 'the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue.'

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And, echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay.

'Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!

Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore,
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrivrekin's surges roar!



If, from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and wreathed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane,

Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And, in the gulf where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!'

Thus, all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose so soft and slow,
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still, from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green:
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy-crested wave,
She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.



Ah! long beside thy feignéd bier,
The monks the prayers of death shall say,
And long, for thee, the fruitless tear
Shall weep the Maid of Colonsay!

But downwards, like a powerless corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters, murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees;
No more the surges round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave.

In dreamy mood reclines he long,
Nor dares his trancéd eyes unclose;
Till, warbling wild, the sea-maid's song,
Far in the crystal cavern rose;

Soft as that harp's unseen control,
In morning dreams which lovers hear,
Whose strains steal sweetly o'er the soul,
But never reach the waking ear.

As sunbeams through the tepid air,
When clouds dissolve the dews unseen,
Smile on the flowers that bloom more fair,
And fields that glow with livelier green;

So melting soft the music fell;
It seemed to soothe the fluttering spray—
'Say, heardst thou not these wild notes swell?'
'Ah! 't is the song of Colonsay.'

Like one that from a fearful dream
Awakes, the morning light to view,
And joys to see the purple beam,
Yet fears to find the vision true,—



He heard that strain, so wildly sweet,
Which bade his torpid languor fly;
He feared some spell had bound his feet,
And hardly dared his limbs to try.

'This yellow sand, this sparry cave,
Shall bend thy soul to beauty's sway;
Canst thou the maiden of the wave
Compare to her of Colonsay?'

Roused by that voice of silver sound,
From the paved floor he lightly sprung,
And glancing wild his eyes around,
Where the fair nymph her tresses wrung,

No form he saw of mortal mould;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl her comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay;—
'Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
And leave the Maid of Colonsay?

Fair is the crystal hall for me,
With rubies and with emeralds set;
And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

How sweet to dance with gliding feet,
Along the level tide so green;
Responsive to the cadence sweet,
That breathes along the moonlight scene!



And soft the music of the main
Rings from the motley tortoise-shell;
While moonbeams, o'er the watery plain,
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.

How sweet, when billows heave their head,
And shake their snowy crests on high,
Serene in ocean's sapphire-bed,
Beneath the tumbling surge to lie;

To trace, with tranquil step, the deep,
Where pearly drops of frozen dew,
In concave shells, unconscious, sleep,
Or shine with lustre, silvery blue!

Then shall the summer sun, from far
Pour through the wave a softer ray;
While diamonds, in a bower of spar,
At eve shall shed a brighter day.

Nor stormy wind, nor wintry gale,
That o'er the angry ocean sweep,
Shall e'er our coral groves assail,
Calm in the bosom of the deep.

Through the green meads beneath the sea,
Enamoured, we shall fondly stray;
Then, gentle warrior, dwell with me,
And leave the Maid of Colonsay!'

'Though bright thy locks of glistering gold,
Fair maiden of the foamy main!
Thy life-blood is the water cold,
While mine beats high in every vein.

If I beneath thy sparry cave,
Should in thy snowy arms recline,
Inconstant as the restless wave,
My heart would grow as cold as thine.'



As cygnet down, proud swelled her breast,
Her eye confessed the pearly tear;
His hand she to her bosom pressed—
'Is there no heart for rapture here?

These limbs, sprung from the lucid sea,
Does no warm blood their currents fill;
No heart-pulse riot, wild and free,
To joy, to love's delirious thrill?'

'Though all the splendour of the sea
Around thy faultless beauty shine,
That heart that riots wild and free,
Can hold no sympathy with mine.

These sparkling eyes, so wild and gay,
They swim not in the light of love:
The beauteous Maid of Colonsay,
Her eyes are milder than the dove!

Even now, within the lonely isle,
Her eyes are dim with tears for me;
And canst thou think that syren smile
Can lure my soul to dwell with thee?'

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread;
Unfolds in length her scaly train:
She tossed, in proud disdain, her head,
And lashed, with webbéd fin, the main.

'Dwell here alone!' the mermaid cried,
'And view far off the sea-nymphs play;
Thy prison wall, the azure tide,
Shall bar thy steps from Colonsay.

Whene'er, like Ocean's scaly brood,
I cleave with rapid fin, the wave,
Far from the daughter of the flood,
Conceal thee in this coral cave.



I feel my former soul return;
It kindles at thy cold disdain:
And has a mortal dared to spurn
A daughter of the foamy main?'

She fled; around the crystal cave
The rolling waves resume their road;
On the broad portal idly rave,
But enter not the nymph's abode.

And many a weary night went by,
As in the lonely cave he lay;
And many a sun rolled through the sky,
And poured its beams on Colonsay.

And oft, beneath the silver moon,
He heard afar the mermaid sing,
And oft, to many a melting tune,
The shell-formed lyres of ocean ring.

And when the moon went down the sky,
Still rose, in dreams, his native plain,
And oft he thought his love was by,
And charmed him with some tender strain.

And heart-sick, oft he waked to weep,
When ceased that voice of silver sound;
And thought to plunge him in the deep,
That walled his crystal cavern round.

But still the ring of ruby red,
Retained its vivid crimson hue:
And each despairing accent fled,
To find his gentle love so true.

When seven long lonely months were gone,
The mermaid to his cavern came;
No more mis-shapen from the zone,
But like a maid of mortal frame.



'O give to me that ruby ring,
That on thy finger glances gay,
And thou shalt hear the mermaid sing
The song thou lov'st of Colonsay.'

'This ruby ring, of crimson grain,
Shall on thy finger glitter gay,
If thou wilt bear me through the main,
Again to visit Colonsay.'

'Except thou quit thy former love,
Content to dwell for aye with me,
Thy scorn my finny frame might move,
To tear thy limbs amid the sea.'

'Then bear me swift along the main,
The lonely isle again to see;
And when I here return again,
I plight my faith to dwell with thee.'

An oozy film her limbs o'erspread,
While slow unfolds her scaly train,
With gluey fangs her hands were clad,
She lashed, with webbéd fin the main.

He grasps the mermaid's scaly sides,
As, with broad fin, she oars her way;
Beneath the silent moon she glides,
That sweetly sleeps on Colonsay.

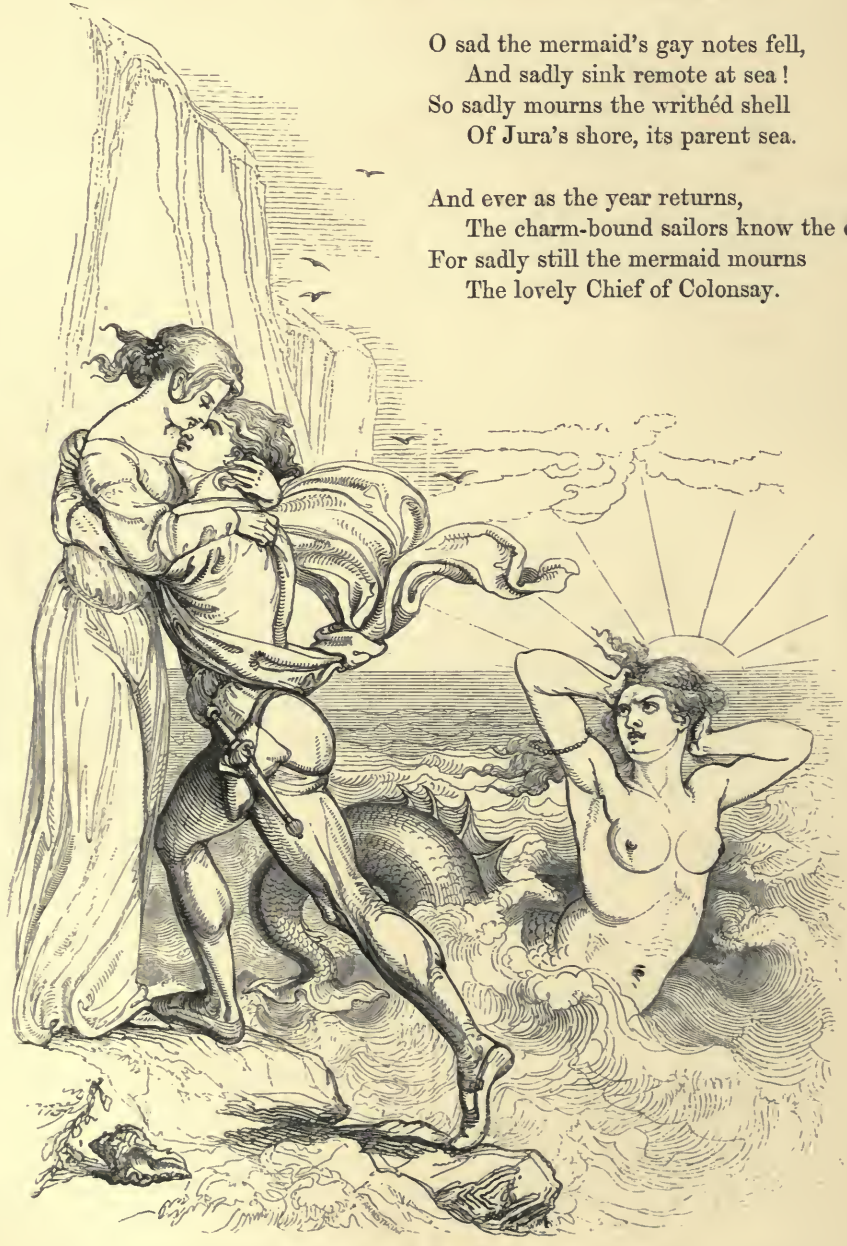
Proud swells her heart! she deems, at last,
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she passed,
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
When light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

The Mermaid.

O sad the mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhéd shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day;
For sadly still the mermaid mourns
The lovely Chief of Colonsay.



Franklin del. Armstrong sc.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER. Few modern ballads have obtained greater celebrity than this—the composition of Thomas Campbell; and none are more justly entitled to the universal popularity it has acquired. It is one of his earlier productions; written when in the zenith of his fame, and when, in the vigour of his conceptions and the grace and delicacy of his versification, he was entirely unapproached. It has stood the test of time, and will be for ever classed among the finest and most touching contributions to the ballad lore of Britain. The author has left us to our own speculations as to whether the poem was suggested by any actual occurrence, or is the result of pure invention. It is more than probable, however, that in the vast store-house of Scottish history, he obtained some record of a real event, which formed the ground-work of his story; and that neither "Lord Ullin," nor the "Chief of Ulva's isle," nor the "winsome lady," are altogether fictitious. The incident of a young chieftain bearing away the daughter of a rival house is, indeed, common enough in Scottish ballad lore. Thus in the "Douglas tragedy," already quoted, the youth and maiden are followed by the "angry father;" and in "the child of Elle,"

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the towne,
When she was aware of her father's men
Come galloping over the downe.

In a ballad entitled "Sweet Willie and Lady Margerie," printed by Motherwell, "from the recitation of a lady now far advanced in years," the lady falls in love with "a widow's son," and while they are sitting together,

She turned her back unto the wa',
Her face unto the room, O;
And there she saw her old father
Fast walking up and down, O.

In then came her father dear,
And a braid sword by his gare, O;
And he 's gien Willie, the widow's son,
A deep wound and a sair, O;

She turned her back unto the room,
Her face unto the wa', O;
And with a deep and heavy sigh,
Her heart it brak' in twa, O.

In "Sir James the Rose," the knight approaches the window of his lady-love, the daughter of a rival chief, "and thus began to call."

'Art thou asleep, Matilda, dear?
Awake, my love, awake;
Thy luckless lover on thee calls,
A long farewell to take.

For I have slain fierce Donald Græme,
His blood is on my sword;
And distant are my faithful men,
That should assist their lord.

To Sky I 'll now direct my way,
Where my twa brothers bide,
And raise the valiant of the isles,
To combat on my side.'

But although occurrences, such as these, are to be found recorded in many ancient ballads, and history abounds in facts of a similar character, we have met with no incident in either, that may be supposed to have suggested the touching story which the poet has so happily imagined, and so beautifully expressed.

Loch Gyle, or Goil, is an arm of Loch Long, a salt water loch, both being fed by the Frith of Clyde. Loch Goil is in the country of Lachlan Mac Lachlan, of Castle Lachlan, chief of the clan Lachlan, parish of Lachlan, Strath Lachlan, Argyleshire; being very near the "countries" of the wild Macfarlanes, the Colquhouns, Macgregors, and above all, the "bludie children of Diarmid" (Campbells), it has been the site of many a glorious clan feud. It is within a few miles of the residence of Fletcher of Dunans, known by his Gaelic cognomen of Angus More (Angus the great), one of the finest specimens of a Highland gentleman in all the west country; distinguished for the zeal with which he and his family have adhered to the faith of his fathers, and for the usual Highland attributes, hospitality and courage—never backward in exerting either.

Although Campbell has contributed but little to the store-house of British ballads, that little is of vast value; unquestionably, no modern poet has so completely rivalled the old masters of song, or combined, in so remarkable a manner, the condensed vigour of the ancient minstrel with a grace peculiarly his own. In the loftier purpose of the poet, too, he has gone hand-in-hand with the earlier "ballad makers," aiming to perpetuate national fame, and encourage national greatness, while celebrating national glories. The "Mariners of England," and the "Battle of the Baltic," will endure as long as the memory of Nelson, or while it may be said of Britannia,

> "Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
> Her home is on the deep."

From Ireland, also, he claims the debt of gratitude; few productions of the pen have directed more attention towards its people, or excited stronger sympathy for their sufferings and devotions to their native land, than the true, and touching, and pathetic ballad of "the exile," who

> "Sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh!"

The poetry of Campbell is, indeed, universally felt, and, therefore, universally appreciated. His appeals are made to sensations that are common to mankind. While it can bear the test of the severest criticism, it is intelligible to the simplest understanding. It speaks to the heart as well as the mind, and is as music to the ear. If he labours hard—as we believe he does—to render his verse easy and harmonious, he never permits the reader to suspect, that care to refine has lessened the power of conception. He affords no evidence of fastidiousness in the choice of words, yet they always seem the fittest for his purpose, and are not pressed into his service. He combines the rare qualities—not often met together—strength and smoothness; yet his strength is never coarse, and his delicacy is never effeminate. Above all, it is to his "eternal praise," that he has sought for themes only where a pure mind seeks them; turning from the grosser passions, the meaner desires, and the vulgar sentiments of man, as unworthy the high calling of the poet.

Lord Allin's Daughter.



A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!
And I 'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry.'—

Ed. Corbould del. 2 H S. Williams sc.



'Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?'
'O, I 'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

And fast before her father's men,
Three days we 've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who would cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?'

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
'I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men;
Their trampling sounded nearer.

'O haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather;
I 'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.'



The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, Oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,
'Across this stormy water;
And I 'll forgive your Highland chief.
My daughter! Oh! my daughter!'—

* In a ballad entitled "Duncan," printed by Herd, are some vigorous and beautiful stanzas, which describe the meeting of the lover and the uncle of a lady who has been taken from her "old home:"—

'The rose I pluckt o' right is mine,
Our hearts together grew
Like twa sweet roses on ae stalk;
Frae hate to love they flew.'

He stampt his foot upo' the ground,
And thus in wrath did say,
'God strike my saul, if frae this field,
We baith in life shall gae.'

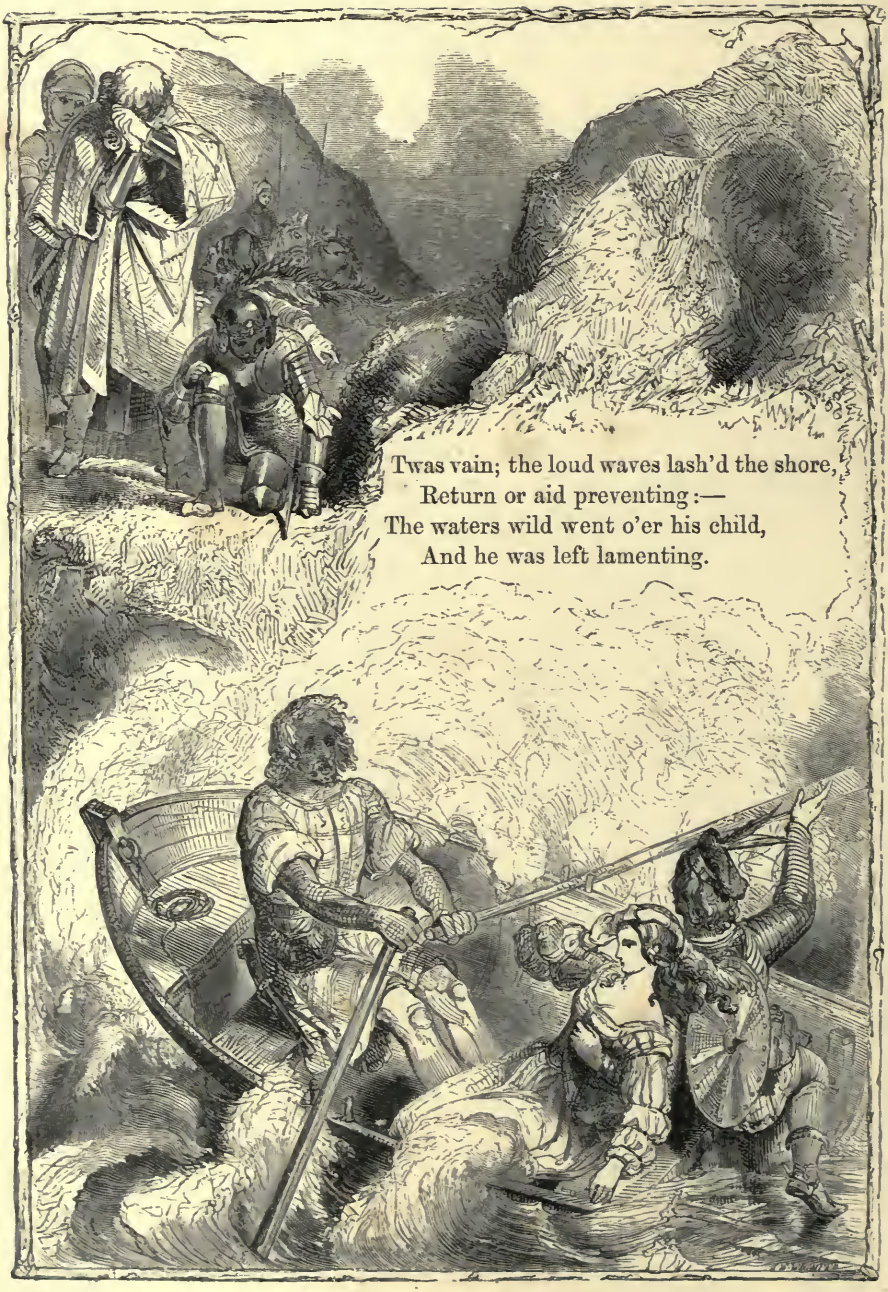
He wav'd his hand, the pipers play'd,
The targets clatter'd round;
And now between the meeting faes
Was little space of ground.

But wha is she that runs sae fast?
Her feet nae stap they find;
Sae swiftly rides the milky cloud,
Upo' the summer's wind.

Her face a mantle screen'd afore,
She show'd of lily hue;
Sae frae the grey mist breaks the sun,
To drink the morning dew.

'Alack! my friends; what sight is this?
O stap your rage,' she cried;
'Whar love with honey'd lips should be,
Mak not a breach sae wide.'

* * * *



Ed. Corbould del

J W Whimper sc.



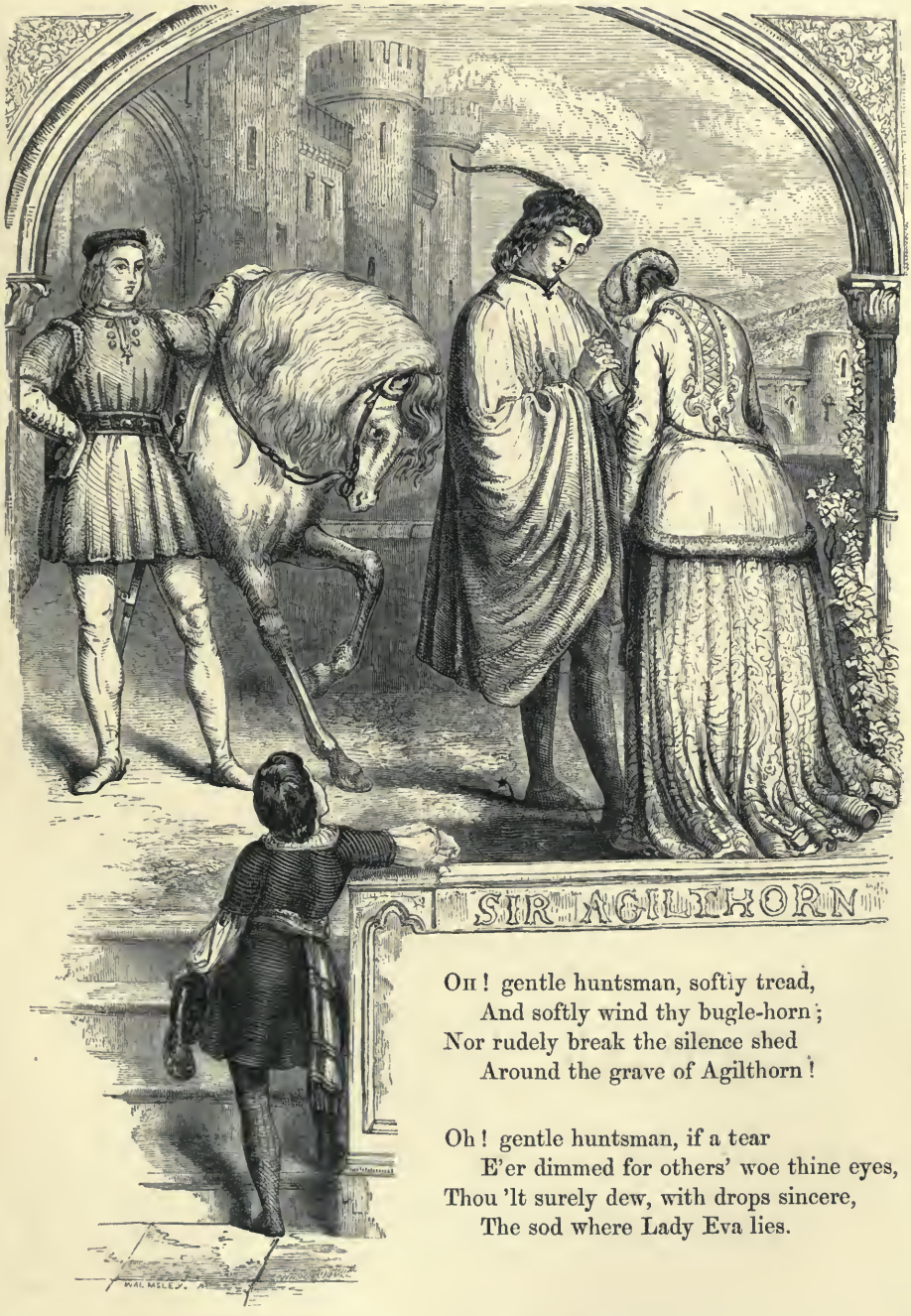
IR AGILTHORN. This ballad is the production of Matthew Gregory Lewis; and our principal motive in introducing it into this collection is to supply an example of his compositions, for its merits are not such as to warrant the selection upon other grounds. His writings, although now nearly forgotten, had, at one period, no inconsiderable influence upon the literature of the age; the success that attended his publications induced a host of imitators, and, for awhile, his "school" may be almost said to have formed the taste of the country. But the unnatural will be always the ephemeral; and that which is not based upon Truth, Time will be certain to destroy. With the exception of two or three of his more romantic ballads—"Alonzo the Brave and Fair Imogene," and, perhaps, "Osric the Lion"—the poems of Lewis are as completely consigned to oblivion as if they had never been printed; even his vain and useless "Romances," which have passed through numerous editions, are now seldom read; and are re-published only by caterers for the meretricious or the vicious. Merit of a particular order he undoubtedly had; public attention is never obtained, even for a season, without it; but his works possessed very little of real value, and the world has lost nothing by the obscurity into which they have sunk. He was "the first to introduce something like the German taste into English fictitious, dramatic, and poetical composition;" and no less an authority than Sir Walter Scott considers that he did service to our literature by shewing, that "the prevailing taste of Germany might be employed as a formidable auxiliary to renewing the spirit of our own, upon the same system as when medical persons attempt, by the transfusion of blood, to pass into the veins of an aged and exhausted patient, the vivacity of the circulation and liveliness of sensation which distinguish a young subject." It is certain, that at the period in which he "flourished," English literature had become sluggish, inert, and comparatively valueless; while "the realms of Parnassus," more especially, seemed to lie open to the first bold invader, whether he should be a daring usurper, or could shew a legitimate title of sovereignty.* Lewis was "born to fortune;" his father held the lucrative appointment of under-secretary at war; and he was himself a member of parliament as soon as his age permitted him to occupy a seat. During a residence in Germany, he had opportunities of indulging his inclination for the marvellous; and he and his imitators, towards the close of the last century, absolutely flooded the libraries of Great Britain with their tales of enchantment and diablerie, in poetry and prose. Lewis's publications are the romances of "The Monk," "Feudal Tyrants," and "Romantic Tales;" "Tales of Wonder" and "Tales of Terror," in verse; "The Castle Spectre" and "Adelmorn," romantic dramas; "Venoni," a tragedy; a volume

* "Lewis was a martinet, if I may so term him, in the accuracy of rhymes and of numbers; I may add he had a right to be so, for few persons have exhibited more mastery of rhyme, or greater command over the melody of verse." * * * "His works were admired, and the author became famous, not merely through is own merit, though that was of no mean quality, but because he had in some measure taken the public by surprise, by using a style of composition, which, like national melodies, is so congenial to the general taste, that though it palls by being much hackneyed, it has only to be for a short time forgotten in order to recover its original popularity."—Sir Walter Scott.

of miscellaneous poetry, and the "Bravo of Venice," a translation from the German. He died in 1818, while on his voyage home from a visit to his patrimonial property in Jamaica. An idle story has been circulated, that his death was occasioned by poison, administered to him by a negro whom he had incautiously acquainted with his intention to emancipate the whole of his slaves at his decease.

His volumes of ballads, "Tales of Wonder" and "Tales of Terror," were comparative failures; to the first, Sir Walter Scott, Southey, Leyden, and others, contributed, and their contributions sufficed to give value to the work. It was published in 1801, "for the author." Lewis, however, was tempted to "drive it out" into two volumes, royal 8vo., which were sold at a high price. "Purchasers murmured at finding this size had been attained by the insertion of some of the best known pieces of the English language, such as Dryden's 'Theodore and Honoria,' Parnell's 'Hermit,' Lisle's 'Porsenna, King of Russia,' and many other popular poems of old date, and generally known, which ought not in conscience to have made part of a set of tales, 'written and collected' by a modern author." The consequence was, that the costly and weighty volumes met with little or no public approval. What had been at first received as simple and natural, was now sneered at as puerile and extravagant. "Another objection was," adds Sir Walter Scott, "that my friend Lewis had a high but mistaken opinion of his own powers of humour. The truth was, that though he could throw some gaiety into his lighter pieces, after the manner of the French writers, his attempts at what it called pleasantry in English wholly wanted the quality of humour, and were generally failures. But this he would not allow; and the 'Tales of Wonder' were filled, in a sense, with attempts at comedy, which might be generally accounted abortive."

One important consequence, at least, followed this introduction of a new style into our literature; to his acquaintance with Lewis we are probably indebted for the vast store-house of wealth bequeathed to us by Sir Walter Scott. "Finding Lewis," he says, "in possession of so much reputation, and conceiving that if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style of poetry by which he had raised himself to fame;" and, he adds, "out of an accidental acquaintance" with the popular author, which "increased into a sort of intimacy, consequences arose which altered almost all the Scottish ballad-maker's future prospects in life." He was first stimulated to the translation of some German ballads; and soon acquired confidence to attempt "the imitation of what he admired." Lewis had, about this period, announced the publication of a work, the title of which sufficiently indicates its character—"Tales of Wonder,"—and to this work Scott readily agreed to contribute. It was published in two volumes, in the year 1801; and contained, among others, the ballads of "Glenfinlas" and the "Eve of Saint John," by Sir Walter—compositions which he can scarcely be said to have afterwards surpassed. The encouragement the young author here met with, led to the collection and subsequent publication of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," originally printed by James Ballantyne, at Kelso. What "great events from little causes flow!"—possibly if "Monk Lewis" had never existed as a versifier, the genius of Scott might have been directed into some less serviceable channel; for, mainly out of the trivial circumstances here briefly recorded, he "gradually, and almost insensibly, engaged himself in that species of literary employment"—"modern imitations of the ancient ballad."



Oh! gentle huntsman, softly tread,
And softly wind thy bugle-horn;
Nor rudely break the silence shed
Around the grave of Agilthorn!

Oh! gentle huntsman, if a tear
E'er dimmed for others' woe thine eyes,
Thou 'lt surely dew, with drops sincere,
The sod where Lady Eva lies.

Redgrave A.R.A. del. Walmsley sc.

LIBRARY OF THE



Yon crumbling chapel's sainted bound
Their hands and hearts beheld them plight;
Long held yon towers, with ivy crowned,
The beauteous dame and gallant knight.

Alas! the hour of bliss is past,
For hark! the din of discord rings:
War's clarion sounds, Joy hears the blast,
And trembling plies his radiant wings.

And must sad Eva lose her lord?
And must he seek the martial plain?
Oh! see she brings his casque and sword;
Oh! hark, she pours her plaintive strain!

'Blessed is the village damsel's fate,
Though poor and low her station be;
Safe from the cares which haunt the great,
Safe from the cares which torture me!

No doubting fear, no cruel pain,
No dread suspense her breast alarms;
No tyrant honour rules her swain,
And tears him from her folding arms.

She, careless wandering 'midst the rocks,
In pleasing toil consumes the day;
And tends her goats, or feeds her flocks,
Or joins her rustic lover's lay.

Though hard her couch each sorrow flies
The pillow which supports her head;
She sleeps, nor fears at morn her eyes
Shall wake, to mourn a husband dead.

Hush, impious fears! the good and brave,
Heaven's arm will guard from danger free;
When death with thousands gluts the grave,
His dart, my love, shall glance from thee;



While thine shall fly direct and sure,
This buckler every blow repel;
This casque from wounds that face secure,
Where all the loves and graces dwell.

This glittering scarf, with tenderest care,
My hands in happier moments wove;
Cursed be the wretch, whose sword shall tear
The spell-bound work of wedded love!

Lo! on thy falchion keen and bright,
I shed a trembling consort's tears;
Oh! when their traces meet thy sight,
Remember wretched Eva's fears!

Think how thy lips she fondly pressed,
Think how she wept—compelled to part;
Think, every wound which scars thy breast,
Is doubly marked on Eva's heart!'—

'O thou! my mistress, wife, and friend!'—
Thus Agilthorn with sighs began;
'Thy fond complaints my bosom rend,
Thy tears my fainting soul unman:

In pity cease, my gentle dame,
Such sweetness and such grief to join!
Lest I forget the voice of Fame,
And only list to Love's and thine.

Flow, flow, my tears, unbounded gush!
Rise, rise, my sobs, I set ye free:
Bleed, bleed, my heart! I need not blush
To own that life is dear to me.

The wretch whose lips have pressed the bowl,
The bitter bowl of pain and woe,
May careless reach his mortal goal,
May boldly meet the final blow:



His hopes destroyed, his comfort wrecked,
A happier life he hopes to find;
But what can I in heaven expect,
Beyond the bliss I leave behind?

Oh, no! the joys of yonder skies,
To prosperous love present no charms;
My heaven is placed in Eva's eyes,
My paradise in Eva's arms.

Yet mark me, sweet! if Heaven's command
Hath doomed my fall in martial strife,
Oh! let not anguish tempt thy hand
To rashly break the thread of life!

No! let our boy thy care engross,
Let him thy stay, thy comfort be;
Supply his luckless father's loss,
And love him for thyself and me.

So may oblivion soon efface
The grief which clouds this fatal morn;
And soon thy cheeks afford no trace
Of tears which fall for Agilthorn!'

He said; and couched his quivering lance:
He said; and braced his moony shield:—
Sealed a last kiss, threw a last glance,
Then spurred his steed to Flodden Field.

But Eva, of all joy bereft,
Stood rooted at the castle gate,
And viewed the prints his courser left,
While hurrying at the call of fate.

Forebodings sad her bosom told,
The steed which bore him thence so light,
Her longing eyes would ne'er behold
Again bring home her own true knight.



While many a sigh her bosom heaves,
She thus addressed her orphan page:—
'Dear youth, if e'er my love relieved
The sorrows of thy infant age:

If e'er I taught thy locks to play,
Luxuriant round thy blooming face;
If e'er I wiped thy tears away,
And bade them yield to smiles their place:

Oh! speed thee, swift as steed can bear,
Where Flodden groans with heaps of dead;
And, o'er the combat, home repair,
And tell me how my lord has sped.

Till thou return'st each hour 's an age,
An age employed in doubt and pain;
Oh! haste thee, haste, my little foot-page,
Oh! haste and soon return again.'

'Now lady dear, thy grief assuage,
Good tidings soon shall ease thy pain;
I 'll haste, I 'll haste, thy little foot-page,
I 'll haste, and soon return again.'

Then Osway bade his courser fly;
But still, while hapless Eva wept,
Time scarcely seemed his wings to ply,
So slow the tedious moments crept.

And oft she kissed her baby's cheek,
Who slumbered on her throbbing breast;
And now she bade the warder speak,
And now she lulled her child to rest.

'Good warder, say, what meets thy sight?
What see'st from the castle tower?'
'Nought but the rocks of Elginbright,
Nought but the shades of Forest-Bower.'



'Oh, pretty babe! thy mother's joy,
Pledge of the purest, fondest flame,
To-morrow's sun, dear helpless boy,
May see thee bear an orphan's name.

Perhaps, e'en now, some Scottish sword
The life-blood of thy father drains;
Perhaps, e'en now, that heart is gored,
Whose streams supplied thy little veins.

O warder, from the castle tower,
Now say what objects meet thy sight?'
'None but the shades of Forest-Bower,
None but the rocks of Elginbright.'

'Smil'st thou, my babe? so smiled thy sire,
When, gazing on his Eva's face,
His eyes shot beams of gentle fire,
And joyed such beams in mine to trace.

Sleep, sleep, my babe! of care devoid:
Thy mother breathes this fervent vow—
Oh, never be thy soul employed
On thoughts so sad as hers are now!

Now warder, warder, speak again!
What seest thou from the turret's height?'
'Oh, lady, speeding o'er the plain,
The little foot-page appears in sight!'

Quick beat her heart, short grew her breath;
Close to her breast the babe she drew—
'Now, heaven,' she cried, 'for life or death!'
And forth to meet the page she flew.

'And is thy lord from danger free?
And is the deadly combat o'er?'—
In silence Osway bent his knee,
And laid a scarf her feet before.



The well-known scarf with blood was stained,
And tears from Osway's eyelids fell;
Too truly Eva's heart explained,
What meant those silent tears to tell.

'Come, come, my babe!' she wildly cried,
'We needs must seek the field of woe:
Come, come, my babe! cast fear aside!
To dig thy father's grave we go.'

'Stay, lady, stay! a storm impends;
Lo! threatening clouds the sky o'erspread;
The thunder roars, the rain descends,
And lightning streaks the heavens with red.

Hark, hark, the winds tempestuous rave!
Oh! be thy dread intent resigned!
Or, if resolved the storm to brave,
Be this dear infant left behind!'

'No, no! with me my baby stays!
With me he lives; with me he dies!
Flash, lightnings, flash! your friendly blaze
Will shew me where my warrior lies.'

O see she roams the bloody field,
And wildly shrieks her husband's name:
O see she stops and eyes a shield,
A heart the symbol, wrapt in flame.

His armour broke in many a place,
A knight lay stretched that shield beside;
She raised his vizor, kissed his face,
Then on his bosom sunk and died.

Huntsman, their rustic grave behold:
'T is here, at night, the fairy king,
Where sleeps the fair, where sleeps the bold,
Oft forms his light fantastic ring.

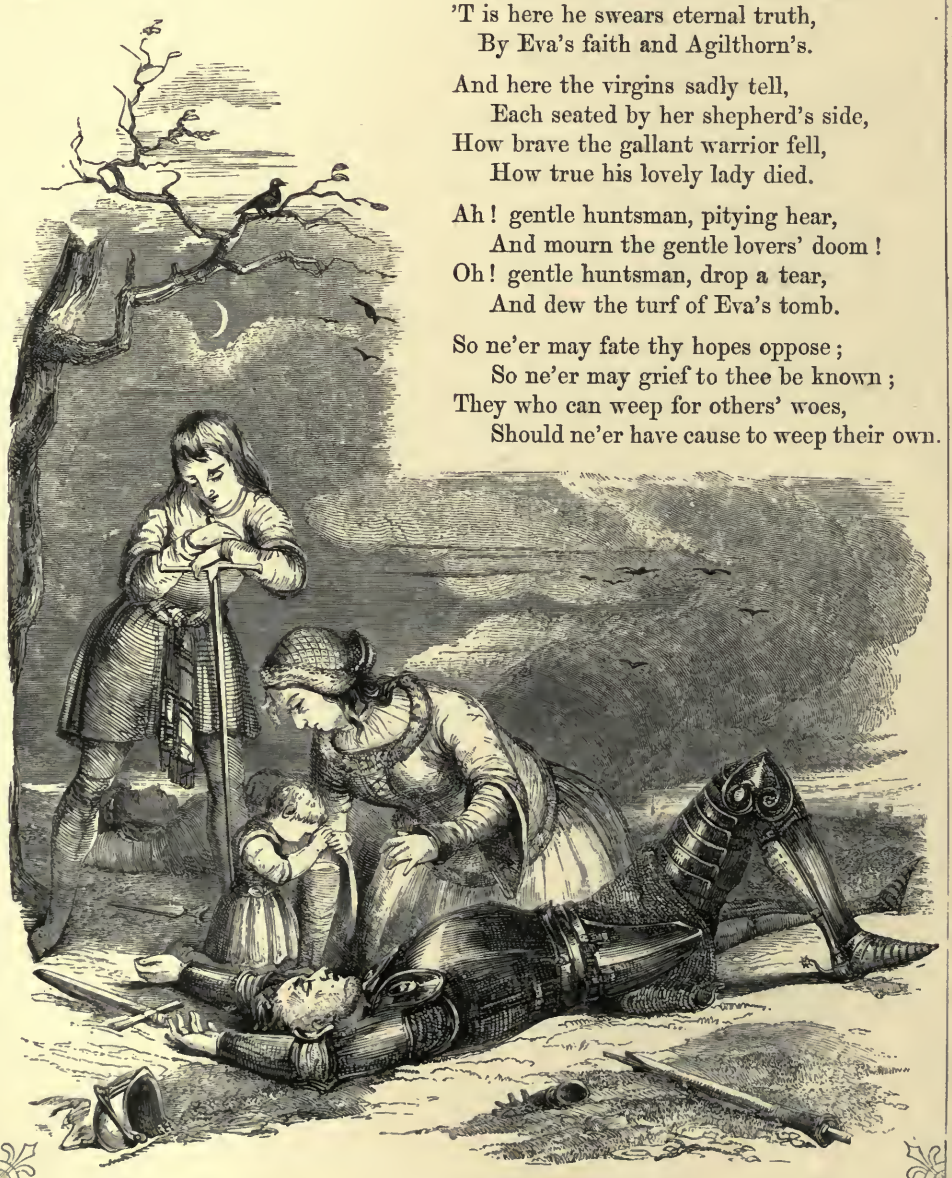
Sir Agilthorn.

'T is here, at eve, each village youth
With freshest flowers the turf adorns;
'T is here he swears eternal truth,
By Eva's faith and Agilthorn's.

And here the virgins sadly tell,
Each seated by her shepherd's side,
How brave the gallant warrior fell,
How true his lovely lady died.

Ah! gentle huntsman, pitying hear,
And mourn the gentle lovers' doom!
Oh! gentle huntsman, drop a tear,
And dew the turf of Eva's tomb.

So ne'er may fate thy hopes oppose;
So ne'er may grief to thee be known;
They who can weep for others' woes,
Should ne'er have cause to weep their own.



R. Redgrave A.R.A. del. H. Vizetelly sc.

JOHNIE OF BREADISLEE. This is styled by Sir Walter Scott "an ancient Nithsdale ballad," the hero of which appears to have been an outlaw and dear-stealer; probably one of the broken men residing upon the border. It is sometimes said that he possessed the old castle of Morton, in Dumfries-shire, now ruinous:—"Near to this castle there was a park, built by Sir Thomas Randolph, on the face of a very great and high hill; so artificially, that, by the advantage of the hill, all wild beasts, such as deers, harts, and roes, and hares, did easily leap in, but could not get out again; and if any other cattle, such as cows, sheep, or goats, did voluntarily leap in, or were forced to do it, *it is doubted* if their owners were permitted to get them out again." But the date of Johnie's history must be very remote, for the scene of his exploits has been reduced from the condition of a deer-forest to that of a cultivated domain from a time "beyond the memory of tradition."* There are several versions of the ballad; the one we have selected is that printed by Sir Walter Scott—"from the different copies." Mr. Motherwell reprints it, but gives also these fragments of a more ancient composition, entitled "Johnie of Braidisbank:"—

Johnie rose up on a May morning,
Called for water to wash his hands;
And he 's awa' to Braidisbanks,
To ding the dun deer down.

Johnie lookit east, and Johnie lookit west,
And it 's lang before the sun;
And there did he spy the dun deer lie,
Beneath a bush of brume.
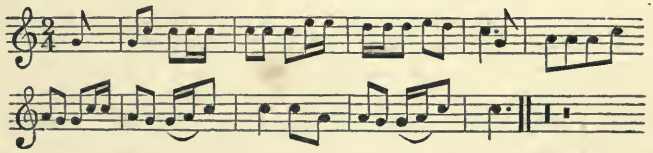
Johnie shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he 's wounded her in the side;
Out then spake his sister's son,
'And the neist will lay her pride.'

They 've eaten sae mickle o' the gude venison,
And they 've drunken sae muckle o' the blude;
That they 've fallen into as sound a sleep,
As gif that they were dead.

It 's doun, and it's doun, and it 's doun, doun,
And it 's doun amang the scroggs;
And there ye 'll espy twa bonny boys lie,
Asleep amang their dogs.

They 've waukened Johnie out o' his sleep,
And he 's drawn to him his coat;
'My fingers five save me alive,
And a stout heart fail me not!'

Mr. Motherwell gives also the music to which the old ballad was sung:—



And Mr. Motherwell suggests the introduction of the following beautiful stanza (preserved by Mr. Finlay), after the nineteenth stanza in the printed copy. It is, as

* Another tradition, according to Motherwell, assigns Braid, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, to have been the scene of the "woful hunting;"—"and," writes Mr. Cunningham, "Breadeslee, near Lochmaben, has been pointed out as the more probable residence of the hero of the song; and the scenery in the neighbourhood, and the traditions of the country, countenance the supposition."

he justly remarks, "so descriptive of the languor of approaching death," that it is surprising Sir Walter Scott should have omitted to adopt it:—

'There's no a bird in a' this forest
Will do as mickle for me,
As dip its wing in the wan water,
And straik it on my e'e bree.'

Another copy has been printed by Robert Chambers—Scottish Ballads—partly taken from the ballads of Scott and Motherwell, and partly from the "recitation of a lady resident at Peebles, and from a MS. copy submitted to him by Mr. Kinloch." He publishes, for the first time, no fewer than ten additional stanzas; we select three, as indicating that the hero held a higher station than that of a mere deer-stealer:—

His cheeks were like the roses red,
His neck was like the snaw:
He was the bonniest gentleman,
My eyes they ever saw.

His coat was o' the scarlet red,
His vest was o' the same;
His stockings were o' the worset lace,
And buckles tied to the same.

The shirt that was upon his back,
Was o' the holland fine;
The doublet that was over that,
Was o' the Lincoln twine.

These stanzas, however, may have been a modern interpolation. Mr. Cunningham, also, prints a version, into which he has evidently introduced some improvements of his own. We copy the concluding verse:—

'Oh lay my brown sword by my side,
And my bent bow at my feet;
And stay the howling o' my gray dogs,
That sound may be my sleep.'
His dogs are dead, his bent bow broke,
And his shafts that flew sae free;
And he lies dead near Durisdeer,
Fair Johnie of Breadislee.

The daring exploits of border outlaws are the themes of many ancient ballads; the reckless character of their lives, their indomitable courage, and continual escapes from their enemies and the law, suggested favorable topics to the old minstrels; several of them are singular for the adventures they describe, although few advance very high claims to poetic merit. One of the most striking is published by Ritson ("Ancient Songs"), and re-published, with "better readings," by Scott. It is entitled by Ritson "The Life and Death of Sir Hugh of the Grime;" and by Scott, "Hughie the Græme." The following are the introductory verses:—

Gude Lord Scroope's to the hunting gane,
He has ridden o'er moss and muir;
And he has grippit Hughie the Græme,
For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

'Now, good Lord Scroope, this may not be!
Here hangs a broadsword by my side;
And if that thou canst conquer me,
The matter it may soon be tryed.'

'I ne'er was afraid of a traitor thief;
Although thy name be Hughie the Græme,
I'll make thee repent thee of thy deeds,
If God but grant me life and time.'



JOHNIE OF BREADISLEE.

JOHNIE rose up in a May morning,
Called for water to wash his hands—
'Gar loose to me the gude graie dogs,
That are bound wi' iron bands.'

When Johnie's mother gat word o' that,
Her hands for dule she wrang—
'O Johnie! for my benison,
To the greenwood dinna gang!

Sibson del. 2 K Linton sc.



Eneugh ye hae o' gude wheat bread,
And eneugh o' the blude-red wine;
And, therefore, for nae venison, Johnie,
I pray ye, stir frae hame.'

But Johnie's busk't up his gude bend bow,
His arrows, ane by ane;
And he has gane to Durrisdeer,
To hunt the dun deer down.

As he came down by Merriemass,
And in by the benty line,
There has he espied a deer lying
Aneath a bush of ling.

Johnie he shot, and the dun deer lap,
And he wounded her on the side;
But, atween the water and the brae,
His hounds they laid her pride.

And Johnie has bryttled the deer sae weel,
That he's had out her liver and lungs;
And wi' these he has feasted his bluidy hounds,
As if they had been earl's sons.

They eat sae much o' the venison,
And drank sae much o' the blude,
That Johnie and a' his bluidy hounds,
Fell asleep as they had been dead,

And by there came a silly auld carle,
An ill death mote he die!
For he's awa' to Hislinton,
Where the seven foresters did lie.

'What news, what news, ye grayheaded carle,
What news bring ye to me?'
'I bring nae news,' said the grayheaded carle,
'Save what these eyes did see.

As I came down by Merriemass,
And down among the scroggs,

Johnie of Breadislee.



The bonniest childe that ever I saw
Lay sleeping amang his dogs.

The shirt that was upon his back
Was o' the holland fine;
The doublet which was over that
Was o' the lincome twine.

The buttons that were on his sleeve
Were o' the goud sae gude:
The gude graie hounds he lay amang,
Their mouths were dyed wi' blude.'

Then out and spak the first forester,
The heid man ower them a'—
'If this be Johnie o' Breadislee,
Nae nearer will we draw.'

But up and spak this sixth forester
(His sister's son was he),
'If this be Johnie o' Breadislee,
We soon shall gar him die!'

The first flight of arrows the foresters shot,
They wounded him on the knee;
And out and spak the seventh forester,
'The next will gar him die.'

Johnie's set his back against an aik,
His fute against a stane;
And he has slain the seven foresters,
He has slain them a' but ane.

He has broke three ribs in that ane's side,
But and his collar bane;
He's laid him twa-fald ower his steed,
Bade him carry the tidings hame.

'O is there nae a bonnie bird,
Can sing as I can say?—
Could flee away to my mother's bower,
And tell to fetch Johnie away?'

Johnie of Breadislee.



The starling flew to his mother's window
stane,
It whistled and it sang;
And aye the ower word o' the tune
Was—'Johnie tarries lang!'

They made a rod o' the hazel bush,
Another o' the slae-thorn tree,
And mony, mony were the men
At fetching o'er Johnie.

Then out and spak his auld mother,
And fast her tears did fa'—
'Ye wad nae be warned, my son Johnie,
Frae the hunting to bide awa'.

Aft hae I brought to Breadislee,
The less gear and the mair;
But I ne'er brought to Breadislee,
What grieved my heart sae sair.

But wae betyde that silly auld carle,
An ill death shall he die!
For the highest tree in Merriemass
Shall be his morning's fee.'

Now Johnie's gude bend bow is broke,
And his gude graie dogs are slain;
And his bodie lies dead in Durrisdeer,
And his hunting it is done.

Sibson del. Linton sc.

THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW. This ballad was first published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;" but other versions of it were, previously, in circulation, and it is stated by Sir Walter Scott to have been "a very great favourite among the inhabitants of Ettrick Forest," where it is universally believed to be founded on fact. Sir Walter, indeed, "found it easy to collect a variety of copies;" and from them he collated the present edition — avowedly for the purpose of "suiting the tastes of these more light and giddy-paced times." A copy is contained in Motherwell's "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern;" another, in Buchan's "Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland:" it, no doubt, originated the popular composition beginning—

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride,

by Hamilton, of Bangour, first published in Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany;" and suggested the ballad "The Braes of Yarrow," by the Rev. John Logan. In Herd's collection, in Ritson's "Scottish Songs," and in the "Tea Table Miscellany," are to be found fragments of another ballad, entitled "Willie's drowned in Yarrow, of which this is the concluding stanza:—

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig,
She found him drowned in Yarrow.

Indeed, "Yarrow stream" has been a fertile source of poetry, and seems to have inspired the poets; the very sound is seductive: and, as Mr. Buchan remarks, "all who have attempted to sing its praise, or celebrate the actions of those who have been its visitors, have almost universally succeeded in their attempts." The ballad he publishes, is entitled "The Braes of Yarrow;" it bears a close resemblance, in its more prominent features, to that collated by Sir Walter Scott, but is far more rugged and less poetic; take for example the opening verse:—

Ten lords sat drinking at the wine,
Intill a morning early;
There fell a combat them amang,
It must be fought—nae parly.

The version preserved by Mr. Motherwell was taken down "from the recitation of an old woman in Kilbarcan," and is chiefly valuable as shewing the state in which the song is preserved in the west of Scotland. It is entitled "The Dowie Downs of Yarrow." The main incidents are similar to those contained in the ballad of Scott; but the style is, as may be expected, much inferior. The two introductory verses may suffice as a sample of the whole:—

There were three lords birling at the wine,
On the Dowie Downs o' Yarrow;
They made a compact them between,
They would go fecht to-morrow.

'Thou took our sister to be thy wife,
And thou ne'er thocht her thy marrow;
Thou stealed her frae her daddie's back,
When she was the rose o' Yarrow.'

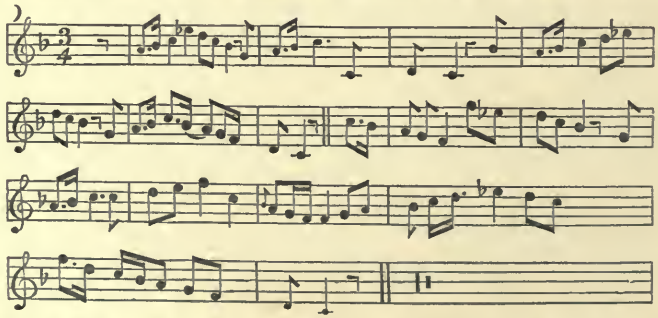
Another version was published by Robert Chambers, in his "Scottish Ballads,"—"chiefly taken from a fragment in Herd's collection (which we have introduced in a note), a few stanzas and lines from Buchan's copy, and part of a ballad printed by Jamieson, entitled 'Lizie Lindsay,'" which Jamieson gives in an imperfect, and Buchan in an entire, shape. Mr. Chambers, however, has been "under the necessity of altering several lines and verses, and re-writing others." Mr. Allen Cunningham, also, prints yet another version, principally copied from that of Sir Walter Scott, but omitting the three first verses, and reforming the remainder. Mr. Cunningham states, that "he had seen a fragment of the same song in the handwriting of Burns,"—of which he has given three verses; the first is as follows:—

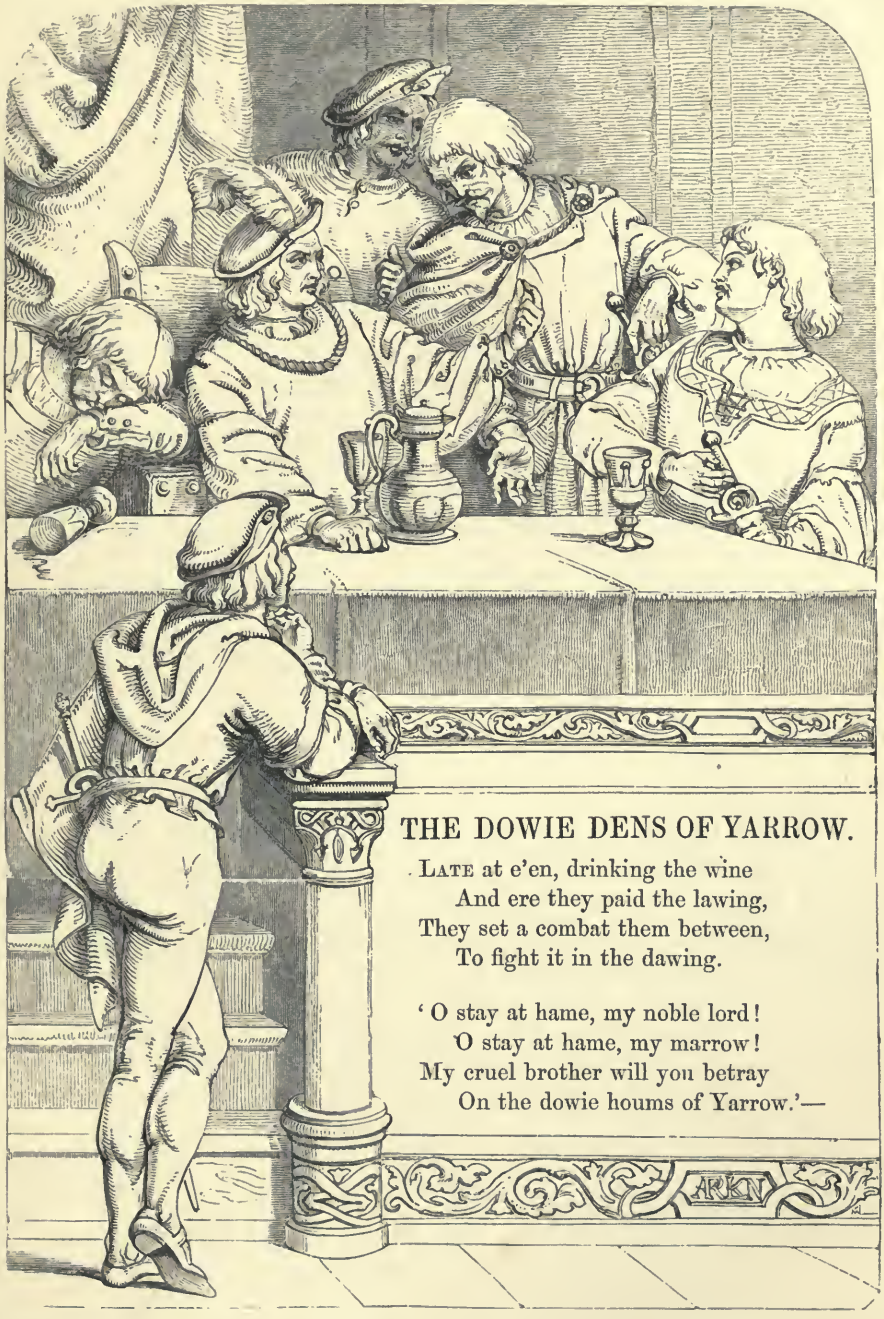
'Where shall I gang, my ain true love,
Where shall I gang to hide me?
For weel I ken, i' yere father's bower,
It wad be death to find me.'

'O go you to yon tavern house,
And there count o'er your lawin;
And if I be a woman true,
I'll meet you in the dawin.'

That the several versions of the story, scattered among the people, and preserved by them in some form or other, had one common origin there can be little doubt. "Tradition," according to Sir Walter Scott, "places the event recorded in the song very early, and it is probable the ballad was composed soon afterwards, although the language has been modernised in the course of its transmission to us, through the inaccurate channel of oral tradition." "The hero of the ballad," he adds, "was a knight of great bravery, called Scott;" and he believes it refers to a duel fought at Deucharswyre, of which Annan's Treat is a part, betwixt John Scott, of Tushielaw, and his brother-in-law, Walter Scott, third son of Robert of Thirlstane, in which the latter was slain. Annan's Treat is a low muir, on the banks of the Yarrow, lying to the west of Yarrow kirk. Two tall unhewn masses of stone are erected about eighty yards distant from each other, and the least child, that can herd a cow, will tell the passenger, that there lie "the two lords who were slain in single combat." Sir Walter also informs us that, according to tradition, the murderer was the brother of either the wife or the betrothed bride of the murdered; and that the alleged cause of quarrel was, the lady's father having proposed to endow her with half of his property upon her marriage with a warrior of such renown. The name of the murderer is said to have been Annan, hence the place of combat is still called Annan's Treat.

The music to which the ballad was sung has been given by Sir Walter Scott:—





THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

Late at e'en, drinking the wine
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawing.

'O stay at hame, my noble lord!
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.'—

Franklin del

Fred. Branston sc.



'O fare ye weel, my ladye gaye!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow.'

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she had done before, O;
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's away to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tennies bank,
I wot he gaed wi' sorrow,
Till, down in a den, he spied nine armed men,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

'O! come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand,
On the dowie houms of Yarrow?'—

'I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.'

'If I see all, ye're nine to ane,
And that's an unequal marrow;
Yet will I fight while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.'

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bonnie braes of Yarrow;
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

'Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah
To come and lift her leafu' lord;
He's sleeping sound on Yarrow.'—



'Yest'reen I dreamed a dolefu' dream;*
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dreamed I pu'd the heather green,
Wi' my true love, on Yarrow.

'O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he faireth!

'But in the glen strive armed men;
They 've wrought me dole and sorrow;
They 've slain—the comeliest knight they 've slain,
He bleeding lies on Yarrow.'

As she sped down yon high high hill,
She gaed wi' dole and sorrow;
And in the den spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

* The following is the fragment given by Mr. Herd, "to the tune of Leaderhaughs and Yarrow;"—

'I dream'd a dreary dream last night:
God keep us a' frae sorrow;
I dream'd I pu'd the birk sae green,
Wi' my true luve on Yarrow.'

'I 'll read your dream, my sister dear,
I 'll tell you a' your sorrow:
You pu'd the birk wi' your true luve;
He 's kill'd, he 's kill'd, on Yarrow.'

'O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
To where my luve repaireth,
Convey a kiss from his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth.

'But o'er yon glen run armed men,
Have wrought me dule and sorrow;
They 've slain, they 've slain, ta comeliest swain,
He bleeding lies on Yarrow.'

The Dowie Dens of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
 She searched his wounds all thorough;
She kissed them till her lips grew red,
 On the dowie houms of Yarrow.

'Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear!
 For a' this breeds but sorrow;
I'll wed ye to a better lord
 Than him ye lost on Yarrow.'

'O haud your tongue, my father dear;
 Ye mind me but of sorrow;
A fairer rose did never bloom
 Than now lies cropped on Yarrow.'



Franklin del. Evans sc.

THE BONNIE BAIRNS. This exquisitely touching ballad we take from the "Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern," edited by Allan Cunningham. The editor modestly states that he "has ventured to arrange and eke out these old and remarkable verses; but," he says, "I have no right to claim any more merit from their appearance than what arises from inducing the stream of the story to glide more smoothly away." He adds, "It is seldom, indeed, that song has chosen so singular a theme; but the superstition it involves is current in Scotland." The extent of the alterations to which the old "and remarkable verses" were subjected must now be left to conjecture; but it is probable that the original was really nothing more than the crude outline of a story referred to in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and printed entire in Motherwell's "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," and in Buchan's "Ancient Ballads." If so, the ballad we here publish must be considered as, in reality, the composition of Mr. Cunningham; for the leading incident is altogether different, and infinitely more pathetic as well as more natural, while it is superior in style and imagery to the rough old rhymes that occur in the collections referred to. One of them,—that which Motherwell prints,—we give in a note. Buchan, in his copy, prints other "burthens of no meaning and much childishness," and his version differs in several respects from that of Motherwell; but the variations are probably only those to which it had been subjected in its transfer "from mouth to mouth." A stanza or two of Buchan's ballad will content the reader:—

"She had her to her father's ha', Edinbro', Edinbro',
She had her to her father's ha', Stirling for aye;
She had her to her father's ha',
She was the meekest maid amang them a',
So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay.

"It fell ance upon a day, Edinbro', Edinbro',
It fell ance upon a day, Stirling for aye;
It fell ance upon a day
She saw twa babies at their play,
So proper Saint Johnston stands fair upon Tay."

Both the Ballads are called "The Cruel Mother;" but Mr. Buchan prints another entitled "The Minister's Daughter of New York," in which, also, occurs the incident of the mother meeting the spirits of her dead bairns. Here the mother asks what sort of death she must die, in atonement for her sin; to which the babes reply—

"Yes, cruel mother, we'll tell to thee,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O,
What sort of death for us you maun die,
Alone by the green burn sidie, O.

"Seven years a fool in the woods,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O;
Seven years a fish in the floods,
Alone by the green burn sidie, O.

"Seven years to be a church bell,
Hey wi' the rose and the lindie, O;
Seven years a porter in hell,
Alone by the green burn sidie, O."

The ballad of "Lady Anne," referred to as contained in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," is but a fragment. The story indicated is similar to that recorded in the poems we have quoted. The following are three of the stanzas, of which only nine have been preserved:—

"Out of the wood came three bonnie boys,
Upon the simmer's morn,
And they did sing and play at the ba',
As naked as they were born.

"'O seven lang years wad I sit here,
Amang the frost and snaw,
A' to hae but ane o' these bonnie boys,
A playing at the ba'.'

"Then up and spake the eldest boy,
'Now listen thou fair ladie,
And ponder well the rede that I tell,
Then make ye a choice of the three.'"

In the introduction, Sir Walter states it to correspond with a fragment, containing the following verses, which he "had often heard sung in his childhood:"—

"She set her back against a thorn,
And there she has her young son born:
'O smile nae sae, my bonny babe!
An ye smile sae sweet, ye'll smile me dead.'
* * * * * * * *
An' when that lady went to the church,
She spied a naked boy in the porch.

"'O bonny boy, an ye were mine,
I'd clead ye in the silks sae fine.'—
'O mother dear, when I was thine,
To me ye were na half sae kind.'"

All the ancient copies picture the bairns as consigning their wretched mother to eternal misery. Mr. Cunningham, it will be observed, gave the story a more natural and far more touching character—making the children intercede for the sinner at the throne of grace. In its present form it is an exquisite poem—one of the most beautiful and most valuable of the many relics left to us by Allan Cunningham; and which are often so completely allied to the spirit of the old minstrels, as to leave us uncertain whether the authorship really belongs to the modern poet, or to some rhymer of many centuries ago.

The poetical reputation of Allan Cunningham was made and is sustained by his ballads and lyrical pieces. They are exquisite in feeling and character, elegant in style, graceful in expression, and natural in conception. They seem, indeed, the mere unstudied outpourings of the heart; yet they bear the strictest and most critical inspection of those who consider elaborate finish to be at least the second requisite of writers of song. His own country supplied him with fertile themes; but the peculiar dialect of Scotland (in which he frequently wrote), his good taste prevented from rendering harsh or even inharmonious to southern ears.

When his compositions first found their way into Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song," where they were printed as ancient, they were received with an applause that at once startled and amused the writer. Dr. Percy boldly declared they were too good to be old; and Sir Walter Scott has more than once said that not even Burns himself had enriched Scottish song with more beautiful effusions.



THE BONNIE BAIRNS.

THE lady she walk'd in yon wild wood
Aneath the hollin tree,
And she was aware of two bonnie bairns
Were running at her knee.

E. Corbould del

J. Bastin sc.



The tane it pull'd a red, red rose,
With a hand as soft as silk;
The other, it pull'd the lily pale,
With a hand mair white than milk.

'Now, why pull ye the red rose, fair bairns?
And why the white lily?'
'O we sue wi' them at the seat of grace,
For the soul of thee, ladie!'

'O bide w' me, my twa bonnie bairns!
I'll cleid ye rich and fine;
And all for the blaeberries of the wood,
Yese hae white bread and wine.'

She heard a voice, a sweet low voice,
Say, 'Weans, ye tarry lang'—
She stretch'd her hand to the youngest bairn,
'Kiss me before ye gang.'

She sought to take a lily hand,
And kiss a rosie chin—
'O, nought sae pure can bide the touch
Of a hand red-wet wi' sin!'

The stars were shooting to and fro,
And wild fire fill'd the air,
As that lady follow'd thae bonnie bairns
For three lang hours and mair.

'O! where dwell ye, my ain sweet bairns?
I'm woe and weary grown!'
'O! lady, we live where woe never is,
In a land to flesh unknown.'

There came a shape which seem'd to her
As a rainbow 'mang the rain;
And sair these sweet babes pled for her,
And they pled and pled in vain.

The Bonnie Bairns.



'And O! and O!' said the youngest babe,
'My mother maun come in:'
'And O! and O!' said the eldest babe,
'Wash her twa hands frae sin.'

'And O! and O!' said the youngest babe,
'She nursed me on her knee:'
'And O! and O!' said the eldest babe,
'She 's a mither yet to me.' *

* The following is Motherwell's copy, referred to in the Introduction, and is thus prefaced:—"A small fragment of this ballad appeared in the introductory note to the ballad of Lady Anne, printed in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii. Through the kindness of a friend we are now enabled to give the ballad in a complete state. Like many other ancient pieces of a similar description, it has a burden of no meaning and much childishness; the repetition of which, at the end of the first and third lines of every stanza, has been omitted. The reader, however, has a right to have the ballad as we received it: and therefore he may, in the first of the places pointed out, insert, 'Three, three, and three by three; and in the second, 'Three, three, and thirty-three;' which will give him it entire and unmutilated."

She leaned her back unto a thorn,
And there she had her two babes born.

She took frae 'bout her ribbon-belt
And there she bound them hand and foot.

She has ta'en out her wee pen-knife
And there she ended baith their life.

She has howked a hole baith deep and wide,
She has put them in baith side by side.

She has cover'd them o'er wi a marble stone,
Thinking she would gang maiden hame.

As she was walking by her father's castle wa',
She saw twa pretty babes playing at the ba'.

"O bonny bairns gin ye were mine,
I would dress you up in satin fine!

O I would dress you in the silk
And wash you ay in morning milk!"

"O cruel mother! we were thine,
And thou made us to wear the twine.

O cursed mother! heaven is high,
And that 's where thou 'll ne'er win nigh.

O cursed mother! hell is deep,
And there thou 'll enter step by step."



E. Corbould del.

J. Bastin sc.



LENFINLAS. This ballad, the composition of Sir Walter Scott, first appeared in the "Tales of Wonder," edited by M. G. Lewis,* and published in 1801. Scott was then a young man, commencing the career in which he achieved so much glory, and Lewis had obtained a reputation destined to be very short-lived. The fame of the one will endure with his land's language; that of the other has already perished. Although, in the estimation of Lewis, "Glenfinlas was more like a protracted tale than an old ballad," it was so favourably received by the public as to originate the publication of the "Border Minstrelsy," a work of rare interest and valne, second only to the "Reliques" of Dr. Percy. Upon this subject Sir Walter has the following observations in his preface to "Imitations of the Ancient Ballad:"—

'I attempted, in my own name, a collection of ballads of various kinds, both ancient and modern, to be connected by the common tie of relation to the Border districts in which I had gathered the materials. The original preface explains my purpose, and the assistance of various kinds which I met with. The edition was curious, as being the first work printed by my friend and schoolfellow, Mr. James Ballantyne, who, at that period, was editor of a provincial newspaper, called "The Kelso Mail." When the book came out in 1802, the imprint, Kelso, was read with wonder by amateurs of typography, who had never heard of such a place, and were astonished at the example of handsome printing which so obscure a town produced. As for the editorial part of the task, my attempt to imitate the plan and style of Bishop Percy, observing only more strict fidelity concerning my originals, was favourably received by the public, and there was a demand within a short space for a second edition."

The publication of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" forms indeed an epoch in the history of ballad lore. We rejoice to adopt the sentiment expressed in strong and eloquent language by Mr. Motherwell in the introduction to his "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern." "Fortunate it was for the heroic and legendary song of Scotland that this work was undertaken, and still more fortunate that its execution devolved upon one so well qualified in every respect to do its subject the most ample justice. Long will it live a noble and interesting monument of the unwearied research, curious and minute learning, genius, and taste of its illustrious editor. It is truly a patriot's legacy to posterity; and much as it may now be esteemed, it is only in times yet gathering in the bosom of far futurity, when the interesting traditions, the chivalrous

* The criticism of Lewis upon this ballad has been preserved. In a letter to the accomplished author (dated 6th January, 1799) he acknowledged its receipt, and states that he exhibited it at Brocket Hall (Lord Melbourne's) "with great success." The observations that follow are curious, —"I must not, however, conceal from you, that nobody understood the *Lady* Flora of Glengyle to be a disguised demon till the catastrophe arrived; and that the opinion was universal, that some previous stanzas ought to be introduced descriptive of the nature and office of *the wayward ladies of the wood*. William Lambe, too (who writes good verses himself, and, therefore, may be allowed to judge those of other people), was decidedly for the omission of the last stanza but one.

and romantic legends, the wild superstitions, the tragic song of Scotland, have wholly faded from the living memory, that this gift can be duly appreciated. It is then that these volumes will be conned with feelings akin to religious enthusiasm—that their strange and mystic lore will be treasured up in the heart as the precious record of days for ever passed away—that their grand stern legends will be listened to with reverential awe, as if the voice of a remote ancestor, from the depths of the tomb, had woke the thrilling strains of martial antiquity."

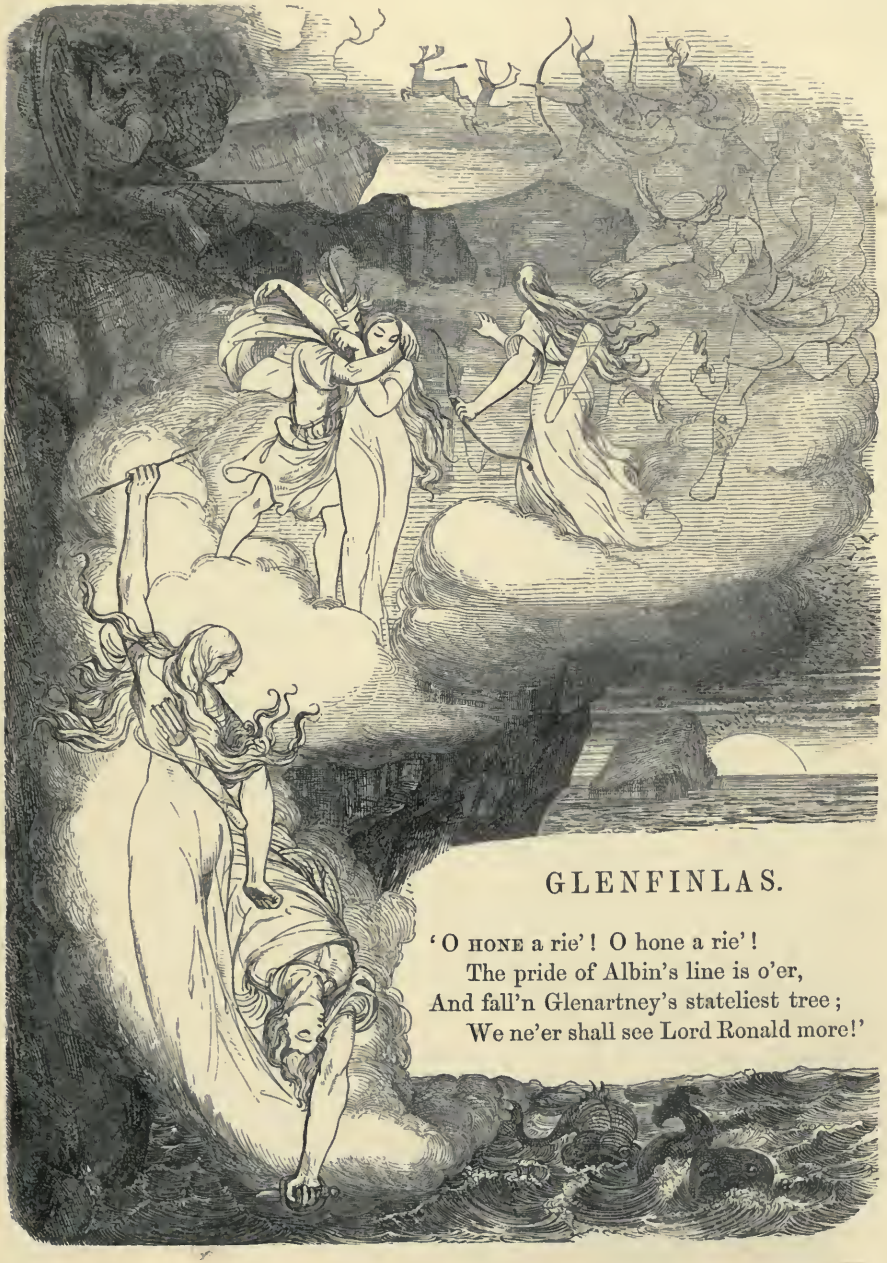
Glenfinlas acquires additional interest from the fact that it was "the first original poem" the accomplished author "ventured to compose." It was written with a design that it should be "supposed a translation from the Gaelic." Sir Walter thus "considered himself liberated from imitating the antiquated language and rude rhythm of the minstrel ballad;" and "was to pass for one who had used his best command of English to do the Gaelic model justice." The ballad was published under the title of "Glenfinlas, or Lord Ronald's Coronach"—coronach being "the lamentation for a deceased warrior, sung by the aged of the clan;" and it was introduced by this motto from Collins,—

> "For them the viewless forms of air obey,
> Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair;
> They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
> And heartless oft, like moody madness, stare
> To see the phantom-train their secret work prepare."

Sir Walter gives the tradition upon which the ballad was founded. It is this—

"While two Highland hunters were passing the night in a solitary *bothy* (a hut, built for the purpose of hunting), and making merry over their venison and whisky, one of them expressed a wish that they had pretty lasses to complete their party. The words were scarcely uttered, when two beautiful young women, habited in green, entered the hut, dancing and singing. One of the hunters was seduced by the siren who attached herself particularly to him, to leave the hut: the other remained, and, suspicious of the fair seducers, continued to play upon a trump, or Jew's harp, some strain, consecrated to the Virgin Mary. Day at length came, and the temptress vanished. Searching in the forest, he found the bones of his unfortunate friend, who had been torn to pieces and devoured by the fiend into whose toils he had fallen. The place was from thence called the Glen of the Green Women."

Glenfinlas is a tract of forest ground, lying in the Highlands of Perthshire, not far from Callender, in Menteith. It was formerly a royal forest, and now belongs to the Earl of Moray. This country, as well as the adjacent district of Balquidder, was, in times of yore, chiefly inhabited by the Macgregors. To the west of the Forest of Glenfinlas lies Loch Katrine, and its romantic avenue, called the Trosachs. Benledi, Benmore, and Benvoirlich, are mountains in the same district, and at no great distance from Glenfinlas. The river Teith passes Callender and the Castle of Doune, and joins the Forth near Stirling. The Pass of Lenny is immediately above Callender, and is the principal access to the Highlands from that town. Glenartney is a forest, near Benvoirlich. The whole forms a sublime tract of Alpine scenery.



GLENFINLAS.

'O HONE a rie'! O hone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er,
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!'

H. J. Townsend del. G. P. Nicholls sc.



O, sprung from great Macgillianore,
The chief that never fear'd a foe,
How matchless was thy broad claymore,
How deadly thine unerring bow!

Well can the Saxon widows tell,
How, on the Teith's resounding shore,
The boldest Lowland warriors fell,
As down from Lenny's pass you bore.

But o'er his hills, in festal day,
How blazed Lord Ronald's beltane-tree,
While youths and maids the light strathspey
So nimbly danced with Highland glee!

Cheer'd by the strength of Ronald's shell,
E'en age forgot his tresses hoar;
But now the loud lament we swell,
O ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!

From distant isles a chieftain came,
The joys of Ronald's halls to find,
And chase with him the dark-brown game,
That bounds o'er Albin's hills of wind.

'Twas Moy; whom in Columba's isle
The seer's prophetic spirit found,
As, with a minstrel's fire the while,
He waked his harp's harmonious sound.

Full many a spell to him was known,
Which wandering spirits shrink to hear;
And many a lay of potent tone,
Was never meant for mortal ear.

For there, 'tis said, in mystic mood,
High converse with the dead they hold,
And oft espy the fated shroud,
That shall the future corpse enfold.

Glenfinlas.



O so it fell, that on a day,
To rouse the red deer from their den,
The chiefs have ta'en their distant way,
And scour'd the deep Glenfinlas glen.

No vassals wait their sports to aid,
To watch their safety, deck their board;
Their simple dress, the Highland plaid,
Their trusty guard, the Highland sword.

Three summer days, through brake and dell,
Their whistling shafts successful flew;
And still, when dewy evening fell,
The quarry to their hut they drew.

In grey Glenfinlas' deepest nook
The solitary cabin stood,
Fast by Moneira's sullen brook,
Which murmurs through that lonely wood.

Soft fell the night, the sky was calm,
When three successive days had flown;
And summer mist in dewy balm
Steep'd heathy bank, and mossy stone.

The moon, half-hid in silvery flakes,
Afar her dubious radiance shed,
Quivering on Katrine's distant lakes,
And resting on Benledi's head.

Now in their hut, in social guise,
Their silvan fare the Chiefs enjoy;
And pleasure laughs in Ronald's eyes,
As many a pledge he quaffs to Moy.

'What lack we here to crown our bliss,
While thus the pulse of joy beats high?
What, but fair woman's yielding kiss,
Her panting breath and melting eye?

H. J. Townsend del. J. Walmsley sc.



'To chase the deer of yonder shades,
This morning left their father's pile
The fairest of our mountain maids,
The daughters of the proud Glengyle.

'Long have I sought sweet Mary's heart,
And dropp'd the tear, and heaved the sigh:
But vain the lover's wily art,
Beneath a sister's watchful eye.

'But thou may'st teach that guardian fair,
While far with Mary I am flown,
Of other hearts to cease her care,
And find it hard to guard her own,

'Touch but thy harp, thou soon shalt see
The lovely Flora of Glengyle,
Unmindful of her charge and me,
Hang on thy notes, 'twixt tear and smile.

'Or, if she choose a melting tale,
All underneath the greenwood bough,
Will good St. Oran's rule prevail,
Stern huntsman of the rigid brow?'—

'Since Enrick's fight, since Morna's death,
No more on me shall rapture rise,
Responsive to the panting breath,
Or yielding kiss, or melting eyes.

'E'en then, when o'er the heath of woe,
Where sunk my hopes of love and fame,
I bade my harp's wild wailings flow,
On me the Seer's sad spirit came.

'The last dread curse of angry heaven,
With ghastly sights and sounds of woe,
To dash each glimpse of joy was given—
The gift, the future ill to know.

H. J. Townsend del. G. P. Nichols sc.



'The bark thou saw'st, yon summer morn,
So gaily part from Oban's bay,
My eye beheld her dash'd and torn,
Far on the rocky Colonsay.

'Thy Fergus too—thy sister's son,
Thou saw'st, with pride, the gallant's power,
As marching 'gainst the Lord of Downe,
He left the skirts of huge Benmore.

'Thou only saw'st their tartans wave,
As down Benvoirlich's side they wound,
Heard'st but the pibroch, answering brave
To many a target clanking round.

'I heard the groans, I mark'd the tears,
I saw the wound his bosom bore,
When on the serried Saxon spears
He pour'd his clan's resistless roar.

'And thou, who bidst me think of bliss,
And bidst my heart awake to glee,
And court, like thee, the wanton kiss—
That heart, O Ronald, bleeds for thee!

'I see the death-damps chill thy brow;
I hear thy Warning Spirit cry;
The corpse-lights dance—they're gone and now...
No more is given to gifted eye!'——

'Alone enjoy thy dreary dreams,
Sad prophet of the evil hour!
Say, should we scorn joy's transient beams,
Because to-morrow's storm may lour?

'Or false, or sooth, thy words of woe,
Clangillian's Chieftain ne'er shall fear;
His blood shall bound at rapture's glow,
Though doom'd to stain the Saxon spear.



'E'en now, to meet me in yon dell,
My Mary's buskins brush the dew.'
He spoke, nor bade the Chief farewell,
But call'd his dogs, and gay withdrew.

Within an hour return'd each hound;
In rush'd the rousers of the deer;
They howl'd in melancholy sound,
Then closely couch'd beside the seer.

No Ronald yet; though midnight came,
And sad were Moy's prophetic dreams,
As, bending o'er the dying flame,
He fed the watch-fire's quivering gleams.

Sudden the hounds erect their ears,
And sudden cease their moaning howl;
Close press'd to Moy, they mark their fears
By shivering limbs, and stifled growl.

Untouch'd, the harp began to ring,
As softly, slowly, oped the door;
And shook responsive every string,
As light a footstep press'd the floor.

And by the watch-fire's glimmering light,
Close by the minstrel's side was seen
An huntress maid, in beauty bright,
All dropping wet her robes of green.

All dropping wet her garments seem;
Chill'd was her cheek, her bosom bare,
As, bending o'er the dying gleam,
She wrung the moisture from her hair.

With maiden blush she softly said,
'O gentle huntsman, hast thou seen,
In deep Glenfinlas' moonlight glade,
A lovely maid in vest of green:



'With her a Chief in Highland pride;
His shoulders bear the hunter's bow,
The mountain dirk adorns his side,
Far on the wind his tartans flow?'—

'And who art thou? and who are they?'
All ghastly gazing, Moy replied:
'And why, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Dare ye thus roam Glenfinlas' side?'—

'Where wild Loch Katrine pours her tide,
Blue, dark, and deep, round many an isle,
Our father's towers o'erhang her side,
The castle of the bold Glengyle.

'To chase the dun Glenfinlas deer,
Our woodland course this morn we bore,
And haply met, while wandering here,
The son of great Macgillianore.

'O aid me, then, to seek the pair,
Whom, loitering in the woods, I lost;
Alone, I dare not venture there,
Where walks, they say, the shrieking ghost.'—

'Yes, many a shrieking ghost walks there;
Then first, my own sad vow to keep,
Here will I pour my midnight prayer,
Which still must rise when mortals sleep.'—

'O first, for pity's gentle sake,
Guide a lone wanderer on her way!
For I must cross the haunted brake,
And reach my father's towers ere day.'—

'First, three times tell each Ave-bead,
And thrice a Pater-noster say;
Then kiss with me the holy rede;
So shall we safely wend our way.'—



'O shame to knighthood, strange and foul!
Go, doff the bonnet from thy brow,
And shroud thee in the monkish cowl,
Which best befits thy sullen vow.

'Not so, by high Dunlathmon's fire,
Thy heart was froze to love and joy,
When gaily rung thy raptured lyre,
To wanton Morna's melting eye.'

Wild stared the minstrel's eyes of flame,
And high his sable locks arose,
And quick his colour went and came,
As fear and rage alternate rose.

'And thou! when by the blazing oak
I lay, to her and love resign'd,
Say, rode ye on the eddying smoke,
Or sail'd ye on the midnight wind!

'Not thine a race of mortal blood,
Nor old Glengyle's pretended line;
Thy dame, the Lady of the Flood,
Thy sire, the Monarch of the Mine.'

He mutter'd thrice St. Oran's rhyme,
And thrice St. Fillan's* powerful prayer;
Then turn'd him to the eastern clime,
And sternly shook his coal-black hair.

And, bending o'er his harp, he flung
His wildest witch-notes on the wind;
And loud, and high, and strange, they rung,
As many a magic change they find.

* In a note to Marmion, we are told that St. Fillan was a Scottish saint of some reputation, whose wells and springs are still places of pilgrimage and offering;—

"St. Fillan's blessed well,
Whose spring can frenzied dreams dispel,
And the crazed brain restore."



Tall wax'd the Spirit's altering form,
Till to the roof her stature grew;
Then, mingling with the rising storm,
With one wild yell away she flew.

Rain beats, hail rattles, whirlwinds tear:
The slender hut in fragments flew;
But not a lock of Moy's loose hair
Was waved by wind, or wet by dew.

Wild mingling with the howling gale,
Loud bursts of ghastly laughter rise;
High o'er the minstrel's head they sail,
And die amid the northern skies.

The voice of thunder shook the wood,
As ceased the more than mortal yell;
And, spattering foul, a shower of blood
Upon the hissing firebrands fell.

Next dropp'd from high a mangled arm;
The fingers strain'd an half-drawn blade:
And last, the life-blood streaming warm,
Torn from the trunk, a gasping head.

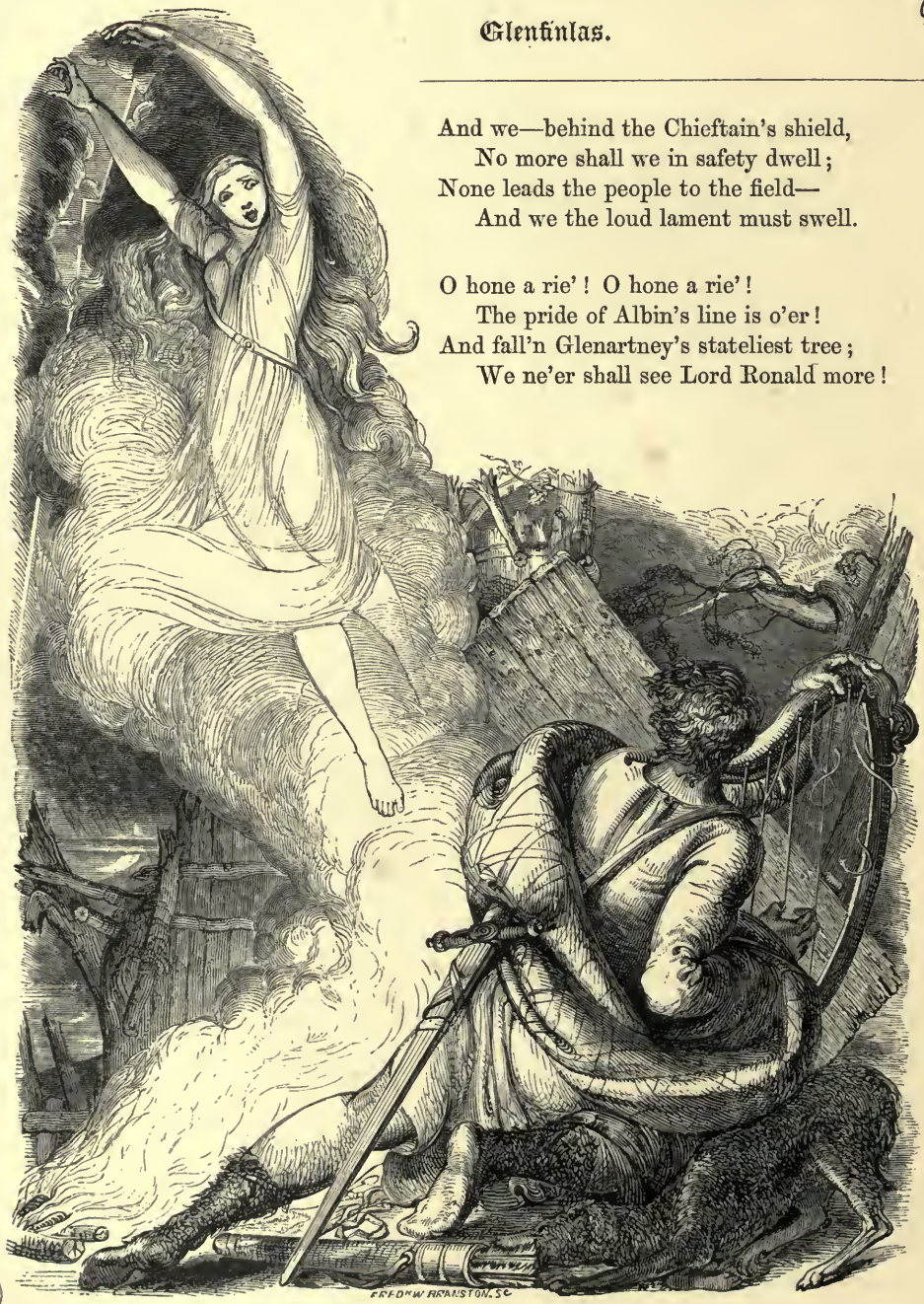
Oft o'er that head, in battling field,
Stream'd the proud crest of high Benmore;
That arm the broad claymore could wield,
Which dyed the Teith with Saxon gore.

Woe to Moneira's sullen rills!
Woe to Glenfinlas' dreary glen!
There never son of Albin's hills
Shall draw the hunter's shaft agen!

E'en the tired pilgrim's burning feet
At noon shall shun that sheltering den,
Lest, journeying in their rage, he meet
The wayward Ladies of the Glen.

And we—behind the Chieftain's shield,
No more shall we in safety dwell;
None leads the people to the field—
And we the loud lament must swell.

O hone a rie'! O hone a rie'!
The pride of Albin's line is o'er!
And fall'n Glenartney's stateliest tree;
We ne'er shall see Lord Ronald more!





HE GAY GOSS-HAWK. Of this ballad which we select from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," Sir Walter Scott informs us only that "it is published partly from one in Mrs. Brown's collection, and partly from a MS. of some antiquity *penes edit.*; the stanzas appearing to possess most merit have been selected from each copy." It is, therefore, composed from these two copies, and, no doubt, contains many emendations from the pen of the accomplished editor. Of its antiquity there can be no question; and it is not improbable that it relates some actual occurrence. The leading incident—the conveying a letter under the wing of a goss-hawk—is common enough; and may have been the prelude to some such arrangement as that which the ballad records. In allusion to the beautiful lines—

"The red that 's on my true love's cheek
In like blood drops on the snaw"—

Sir Walter Scott adds a note to the effect, that the simile resembles a passage in a MS. translation of an Irish fairy tale, called "The Adventures of Faravla, Princess of Scotland, and Carrol O'Daly, son of Donogho More O'Daly, chief bard of Ireland." "Faravla, as she entered the bower, cast her looks upon the earth, which was tinged with the blood of a bird which a raven had newly killed. 'Like that snow,' said Faravla, 'was the complexion of my beloved; his cheeks, like the sanguine traces thereon; whilst the raven recalls to my memory the colour of his beautiful locks." Sir Walter adds, "There is some resemblance in the conduct of the story betwixt the ballad and the tale quoted. The Princess Faravla, being desperately in love with Carrol O'Daly, despatches in search of him a faithful confidante, who, by her magical art, transforms herself into a hawk, and perching upon the windows of the bard, conveys to him information of the distress of the Princess of Scotland." In another ballad, "Earl Richard," published also in the Scottish Minstrelsy, a bird is made an important person of the drama. A lady has murdered her lover—

Then up and spake the popinjay
That flew aboun her head;
"Lady, keep weel your green claiding
Frae gude Erl Richard's bleid."

"Come down, come down, my bonny bird,
And sit upon my hand;
And thou sall hae a cage o' gowd,
Where thou hast but the wand."

"Awa, awa, ye ill woman!
Nae cage o' gowd for me;
As ye hae done to Erl Richard
Sae wad ye do to me."

Of the ballad of the "Gay Goss-Hawk" there exists two other and more original copies—one in "Motherwell's Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern," the other in Buchan's "Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland;" and out of the

three, Robert Chambers has composed a fourth, which he deems "considerably better than either, comprehending the best passages they contain, and being at the same time more copious in its details of the story." Mr. Buchan's copy was taken down from recitation; and the one printed in the "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," was sent by him to Mr. Motherwell, as he received it in MS. The one published by Buchan is called "The Scottish Squire," while that printed by Motherwell is named "The Jolly Gosshawk." They are of far ruder style than the ballad which occurs in the "Border Minstrelsy;" but the incidents are much the same; the only important addition, indeed, having reference to the suspicions that existed as to the real state of the case, when the "flower of fair England" so suddenly and unaccountably drooped and died. Our extract is from Motherwell:—

Then down as dead the lady drapp'd
Beside her mother's knee;
Then out it spak an auld witch wife,
By the fire-side sat she.
Says, "Drap the het lead on her cheek,
And drap it on her chin,
And drap it on her rose-red lips,
And she will speak again;
For much a lady younng will do,
To her true love to win."

The experiment failed, however; the "lady young breathed none again," and her bier was made of "ceder wood." The following stanzas conclude Motherwell's copy of the ballad; and those who will take the trouble to compare them with the close of Mr. Buchan's copy, will have little doubt that they received touches from the practised and accomplished hand of the editor of the "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern." The "corpse" of "the fairest lady in all England" having been laid in the "fourth kirk of fair Scotland," the lover—

He rent the sheet upon her face,
A little aboon her chin;
With lilly white cheek and lemin eyne,
She look'd and laugh'd to him.

"Give me a chive of your bread, my love,
A bottle of your wine;
For I have fasted for your love,
These weary lang days nine:
There's not a steed in your stable,
But would have been dead ere syne.

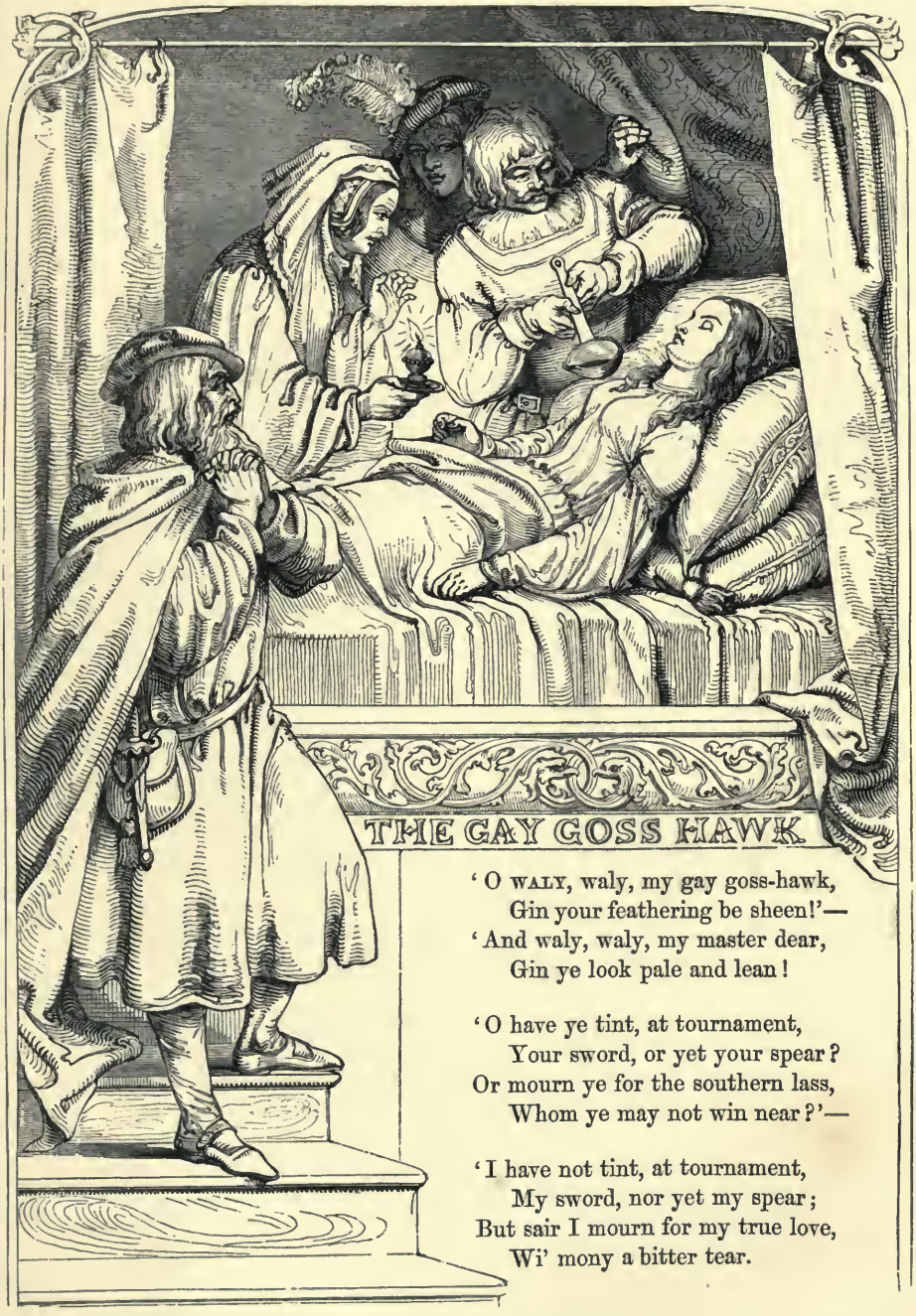
"Gae hame, gae hame, my seven brothers,
Gae hame and blaw the horn;
For you can say in the south of England,
Your sister gave yon a scorn.

"I came not here to fair Scotland,
To lye amang the meal;
Bnt I came here to fair Scotland
To wear the silks so well.

"I came not here to fair Scotland
To lie amang the dead;
But I came here to fair Scotland
To wear the gold so red."

In Mr. Buchan's ballad, a parrot takes the place of the "goss-hawk"—a "far more likely messenger," as he considers, "to carry a love-letter or deliver a *verbal* message:"

"And well fails me o' my parrot,
He can baith speak and gang;
And he will carry love letters,
To the maid in South England."



THE GAY GOSS HAWK

'O WALY, waly, my gay goss-hawk,
Gin your feathering be sheen!'—
'And waly, waly, my master dear,
Gin ye look pale and lean!

'O have ye tint, at tournament,
Your sword, or yet your spear?
Or mourn ye for the southern lass,
Whom ye may not win near?'—

'I have not tint, at tournament,
My sword, nor yet my spear;
But sair I mourn for my true love,
Wi' mony a bitter tear.

J. Franklin del. T. Armstrong sc. 255



'But weel's me on ye, my gay goss-hawk,
Ye can baith speak and flee;
Ye sall carry a letter to my love,
Bring an answer back to me.'—

'But how sall I your true love find,
Or how suld I her know?
I bear a tongue ne'er wi' her spake,
An eye that ne'er her saw.'—

'O weel sall ye my true love ken,
Sae sune as ye her see;
For, of a' the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

'The red, that's on my true love's cheek,
Is like blood-drops on the snaw;
The white, that is on her breast bare,
Like the down o' the white sea-maw.

'And even at my love's bour-door
There grows a flowering birk;
And ye maun sit and sing thereon
As she gangs to the kirk.

'And four-and-twenty fair ladyes
Will to the mass repair;
But weel may ye my ladye ken,
The fairest ladye there.'

Lord William has written a love-letter,
Put it under his pinion gray;
And he is awa to Southern land
As fast as wings can gae.

And even at the ladye's bour
There grew a flowering birk;
And he sat down and sung thereon
And she gaed to the kirk.



And weel he kent that ladye fair
Amang her maidens free;
For the flower, that springs in May morning,
Was not sae sweet as she.

He lighted at the ladye's yate,
And sate him on a pin;
And sang fu' sweet the notes o' love,
Till a' was cosh within.

And first he sang a low low note,
And syne he sang a clear;
And aye the o'erword o' the sang
Was—'Your love can no win here.'—

'Feast on, feast on, my maidens a',
The wine flows you amang,
While I gang to my shot-window,
And hear yon bonny bird's sang.

'Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The sang ye sung yestreen;
For weel I ken, by your sweet singing,
Ye are frae my true love sen.'

O first he sang a merry sang,
And syne he sang a grave;
And syne he pick'd his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

'Have there a letter from Lord William:
He says he's sent ye three;
He canna wait your love langer,
But for your sake he'll die.'—

'Gae bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale;
And I shall meet him at Mary's kirk,
Lang, lang ere it be stale.'



The lady's gane to her chamber,
And a moanfu' woman was she;
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash,
And were about to die.

'A boon, a boon, my father deir,
A boon I beg of thee!'—
'Ask not that paughty Scottish Lord,
For him you ne'er shall see.

'But, for you honest asking else,
Weel granted it shall be.'—
'Then, gin I die in Southern land,
In Scotland gar bury me.

'And the first kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the mass be sung;
And the next kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the bells be rung.

'And when ye come to St. Mary's kirk,
Ye's tarry there till night.'
And so her father pledg'd his word,
And so his promise plight.

She has ta'en her to her bigly bour
As fast as she could fare;
As she has drank a sleepy draught,
That she had mix'd wi' care.

And pale, pale grew her rosy cheek,
That was sae bright of blee,
And she seem'd to be as surely dead
As any one could be.

Then spake her cruel step-minnie,
'Tak ye the burning lead,
And drap a drap on her bosome,
To try if she be dead.'

They took a drap o' boiling lead,
They drapp'd it on her breast;



'Alas! alas!' her father cried,
'She's dead without the priest.'

She neither chatter'd with her teeth,
Nor shivered with her chin;
'Alas! alas!' her father cried,
'There is nae breath within.'

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hew'd to her a bier;
They hew'd it frae the solid aik,
Laid it o'er wi' silver clear.

Then up and gat her seven sisters,
And sewed to her a kell!
And every steek that they put in
Sewed to a siller bell.

The first Scots kirk that they cam to,
They garr'd the bells be rung;
The next Scots kirk that they cam to,
They garr'd the mass be sung.

But when they cam to St. Mary's kirk,
There stude spearmen all on a raw;
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftane amang the a'.

'Set down, set down the bier,' he said;
'Let me look her upon:'
But as soon as Lord William touch'd her [hand,
Her colour began to come.

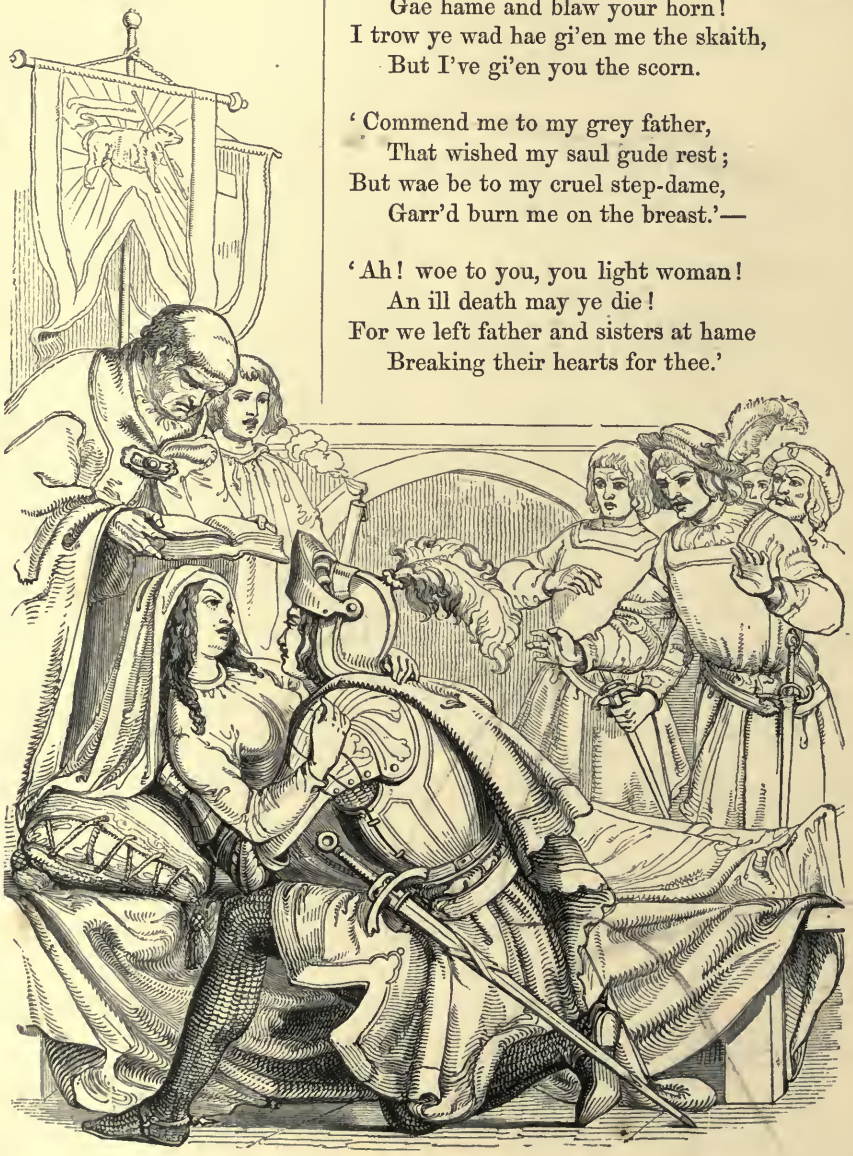
She brightened like the lily flower,
Till her pale colour was gone;
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
She smiled her love upon.

'A morsel of your bread, my lord,
And one glass of your wine;
For I hae fasted these three lang days,
All for your sake and mine.—

'Gae hame, gae hame, my seven bauld brothers!
Gae hame and blaw your horn!
I trow ye wad hae gi'en me the skaith,
But I've gi'en you the scorn.

'Commend me to my grey father,
That wished my saul gude rest;
But wae be to my cruel step-dame,
Garr'd burn me on the breast.'—

'Ah! woe to you, you light woman!
An ill death may ye die!
For we left father and sisters at hame
Breaking their hearts for thee.'



J. Franklin del. T. Armstrong sc.

COLIN AND LUCY. This ballad, the composition of Tickell, the friend of Addison, bears internal evidence of having been written in Ireland; but it is in no degree Irish, except in the reference it makes to "Leinster," and "Liffy's limpid stream." Bishop Percy, by whom it was printed in the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," states, "It is a tradition in Ireland, that this song was written at Castletown, in the county of Kildare, at the request of the then Mrs. Conolly — probably on some event recent in that neighbourhood." But, according to Dr. Walsh, "History of the City of Dublin," the ballad is said to have been composed at Glasnevin, now the famous Botanic Garden adjacent to that city. This conjecture is by no means improbable, for here Tickell resided; the plans, as they still exist, were formed under his directions; the trees are now flourishing which his own hand is said to have planted; and one of the walks (believed to be unchanged) bears to this day the name of his friend Addison. It is a straight avenue of yew trees crossing the walk which leads to the well. The garden originally formed part of Tickell's demesne, and was purchased from his representatives for a sum of 2000*l*. The neighbourhood of this garden is indeed classic ground: adjacent to it is Hampstead, formerly noted as the residence of Sir Richard Steele; in the contiguous parish lived Parnell, who was Vicar of Finglas; not far off was the mansion of Dr. Delaney, where the best days of Dean Swift were passed; and in the house of Tickell, Addison was a continual guest. It is, therefore, more than likely that here was written the ballad of Colin and Lucy—a ballad that has long been, and continues to be, in high favour with all who appreciate genuine and natural poetry. Tickell's residence in Ireland was, however, accidental. He was born, in 1686, at Bridekirk in Cumberland. A complimentary poem, addressed to Mr. Addison on his "Opera of Rosamond," attracted the notice of that distinguished man, and led to an intimacy very beneficial to the one and satisfactory to the other. Their friendship continued during the life of Addison, and was of value after his death. Tickell had the charge of publishing his works; and received from him a solemn recommendation to the patronage of Craggs—a recommendation which had the effect of continuing him in the office of under-secretary of state, to which Mr. Addison had appointed him. He afterwards became secretary to the lords justices of Ireland, a lucrative situation, which he held till his death in 1740.

He is said to have been a man of most pleasing manners, and of unquestioned honour and integrity; his conversation was gay and lively; and he was "at least a temperate lover of wine and conviviality." Literature was his relaxation, and not his business. Through all his poetry, according to the quaint expression of Goldsmith, "there is a strain of BALLAD-THINKING to be found:" and probably to this rare quality much of his popularity may be attributed; for in his own time it was by no means inconsiderable, although now, with the exception of his "Lines on the death of

Addison," and his pathetic tale of "Colin and Lucy," his works are altogether forgotten. The elegy addressed "to the Earl of Warwick on the death of Mr. Addison" is perhaps the finest and most vigorous of his compositions. "A more sublime or more elegant funeral poem," says Dr. Johnson, "is not to be found in the whole compass of English literature." It sufficiently negatived the assertion that he was indebted to the tasteful and judicious touches of his friend for much of the merit of his earlier productions. In this tribute to his memory, at least, he could have had no such assistance.

The incident which forms the subject of the ballad of Colin and Lucy probably occurred in Ireland, and under the observation of the poet; although, no doubt, fancy was called to the aid of fact, and the circumstance of the betrayer's meeting the funeral in the churchyard is an invention. It calls to mind, however, a passage in the ancient and long-favoured ballad of "Barbara Allen's Cruelty," published by Dr. Percy from an old black-letter copy. In this case it was the lady who was faithless, and the lover who was broken-hearted. He sends for the maiden:—

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she came nye him;
And all she sayd, when there she came,
Yong man, I think y'are dying.

He turned his face unto her strait,
With deadlye sorrow sighing;
O lovely maid, come pity mee,
Ime on my deth-bed lying.

If on your death-bed you doe lye,
What needs the tale you are tellin;
I cannot keep you from your death;
Farewell, said Barbara Allen.

He turned his face unto the wall,
As deadlye pangs he fell in:
Adieu! adieu! adieu to you all,
Adieu to Barbara Allen.

As she was walking ore the fields,
She heard the bell a knellin;
And every stroke did seem to saye,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

She turned her bodye round about,
And spied the corps a coming:
Laye down, laye down the corps, she say'd,
That I may look upon him.

With scornful eye she looked downe,
Her cheeke with laughter swellin:
Whilst all her friends cryd out amaine,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

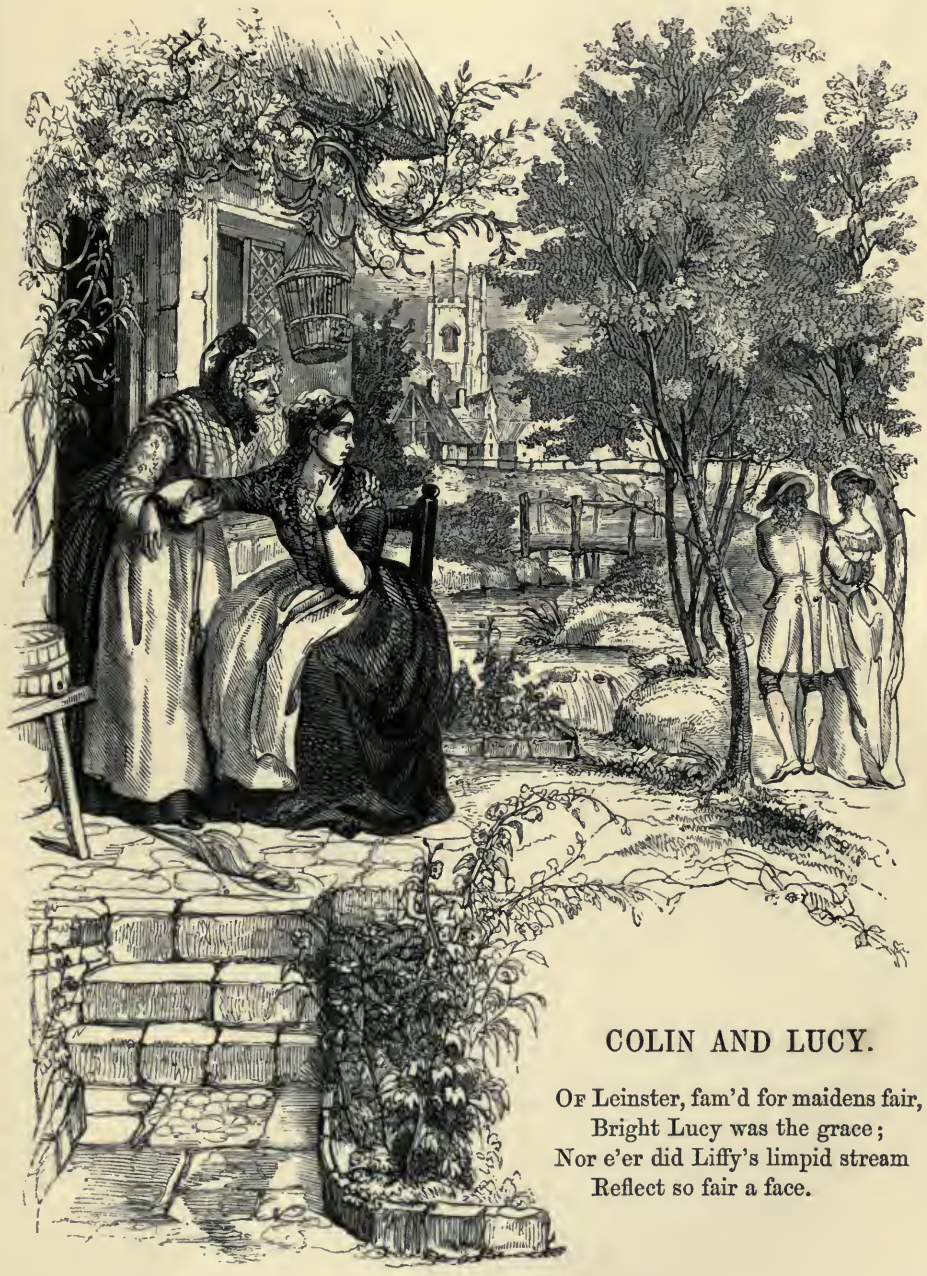
When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her harte was struck with sorrowe.
O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall dye to-morrowe.

Hard-harted creature him to slight,
Who loved me so dearlye:
O that I had beene more kind to him,
When he was alive and neare me!

She, on her death-bed as she laye,
Beg'd to be buried by him;
And sore repented of the daye,
That she did ere denye him.

Farewell, she sayd, ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in:
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen.

In the ballad of Colin and Lucy, however, there is more natural painting, and a higher poetic feeling. In its style and imagery, indeed, it is an exquisite example of the comparatively modern ballad; less simply and "naively" effective than the ancient method, but equally touching, pathetic, and true to nature.



COLIN AND LUCY.

Of Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face.

E. M. Ward del. F. Branston sc.



Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lip, and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid;
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring;
And at her window, shrieking thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound;
And thus, in dying words, bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

'I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says, I must not stay:
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

'By a false heart, and broken vows,
In early youth I die.
Am I to blame, because his bride
Is thrice as rich as I?

'Ah Colin! give not her thy vows;
Vows due to me alone:
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.



'To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient, both prepare;
But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
That Lucy will be there.

'Then, bear my corse, ye comrades, bear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.'

She spoke, she died;—her corse was borne,
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
How were those nuptials kept?
The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell:
The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah, bride no more!)
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
They deck the sacred green.

Colin and Lucy.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.



E. M. Ward del.

F. Branston sc.

KATHARINE JANFARIE. Of this ballad—first published in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border"—the editor informs us that it is "given from several recited copies." It has obviously undergone some alteration; yet much of the rugged character of the original has been retained. The scenery of the ballad is said, by tradition, to lie upon the banks of the Cadden-water, "a small rill which joins the Tweed (from the north) betwixt Inverleithen and Clovenford." It is also traditionally stated that Katharine Janfarie "lived high up in the glen"—a beautiful and sequestered vale, connected with Traquair, and situated about three miles above Traquair House. The recited copies, from which it is probable Sir Walter Scott collected the verses he has here brought together, exist in Buchan's "Ancient Ballads and Songs," and in Motherwell's "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern." It derives interest and importance, however, less from its intrinsic merit, than from the circumstance of its having given to Scott the hint upon which he founded one of the most brilliant and spirit-stirring of his compositions—the famous and favorite ballad of Young Lochinvar. It will gratify the curious to compare the passages in the two that most nearly resemble each other. We, therefore, print the following extracts from Young Lochinvar, taken from the notes to the modern edition of the "Minstrelsy":—

'Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word)
O, come ye in peace here or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?'

* * * * * *

'I long woo'd your daughter, my suit you denied,
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,—
And now I am come with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.'

* * * * * *

'The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.'

* * * * * *

'One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.'

* * * * * *

Gordon of Lochinvar was, we are told, the head of a powerful branch of that name, afterwards Viscounts of Lochinvar. Motherwell's version, entitled Catherine John-

stone, was "obtained from recitation in the West of Scotland," and shows the state in which the "popular ballad" is there preserved. The "Laird o' Lamington" here figures; and it is worthy of remark, as proving a common origin, that "the Laird of Lamington" was the title given to the ballad in the first edition of the Border Minstrelsy. A few stanzas from Motherwell's version will exhibit the variations between the two copies. The Lord of Lamington having received tidings that his lady-love was about to be wedded to an English gentleman, suddenly enters the wedding-house, where

'Four and twenty belted knights
Sat at a table round;'

who rose to honour and to welcome him; the ballad thus proceeds:—

O, meikle was the good red wine,
In silver cups did flow;
But aye she drank to Lamington,
For with him would she go.

O, meikle was the good red wine,
In silver cups gaed round;
At length they began to whisper words,
None could them understand.

'O came ye here for sport, young man,
Or came ye here for play?
Or came ye for our bonny bride,
On this her wedding day?'

'I came not here for sport,' he said,
'Neither did I for play;
But for one word o' your bonnie bride,
I 'll mount and go away.'

They set her maids behind her,
To hear what they would say;
But the first question he ask'd at her,
Was always answer'd nay;
The next question, he ask'd at her,
Was 'Mount and come away!'

It 's up the Couden bank,
And down the Couden brae:
And aye she made the trumpet sound,
It 's a weel won play.

O, meikle was the blood was shed,
Upon the Couden brae;
And aye she made the trumpet sound,
It 's a' fair play.

Of the two versions to which we have referred, and another published by Mr. Buchan, Mr. Robert Chambers has composed a fourth. Several stanzas, however, are obviously borrowed from other sources,—Gil Morrice especially. The following passages occur towards the conclusion:—

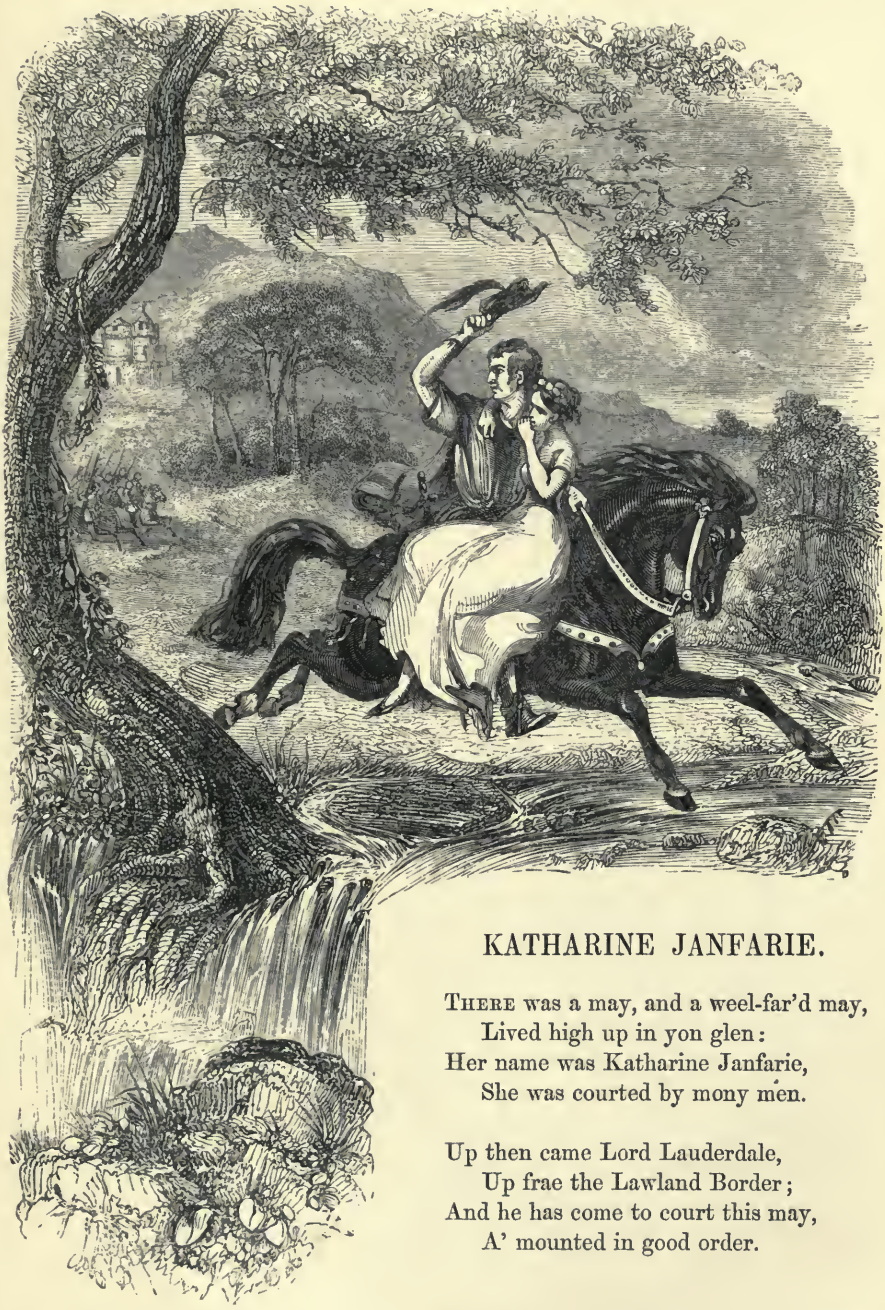
There were four and twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad in Johnstone-grey;
They said they would take the bride again,
By the strong hand, if they may.

Some o' them were right willing men,
But they were na willing a';
And four and twenty Leader lads
Bade them mount and ride awa'.

Then whingers flew frae gentles' sides,
And swords flew frae the sheas;
And red and rosy was the blude
Ran down the lilye braes.

The blood ran down by Cadden bank,
And down by Cadden brae;
And, sighing, said the bonnie bride,
'O, wae 's me for foul play!'

'My blessing on your heart, sweet thing!
Wae to your wilful will!
There 's mony a gallant gentleman
Whose blude ye hae garr'd spill.'



KATHARINE JANFARIE.

THERE was a may, and a weel-far'd may,
Lived high up in yon glen:
Her name was Katharine Janfarie,
She was courted by mony men.

Up then came Lord Lauderdale,
Up frae the Lawland Border;
And he has come to court this may,
A' mounted in good order.

C. H. Weigall del. E. Landells sc.



He told na her father, he told na her mother,
And he told na ane o' her kin;
But he whisper'd the bonnie lassie hersell,
And has her favour won.

But out then came Lord Lochinvar,
Out frae the English Border,
All for to court this bonny may,
Weel mounted, and in order.

He told her father, he told her mother,
And a' the lave o' her kin;
But he told na the bonny may hersell,
Till on her wedding e'en.

She sent to the Lord o' Lauderdale,
Gin he wad come and see;
And he has sent word back again,
Weel answer'd she suld be.

And he has sent a messenger
Right quickly through the land,
And raised mony an armed man
To be at his command.

The bride looked out at a high window,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And she was aware of her first true love,
With riders mony a one.

She scoffed him, and scorned him,
Upon her wedding day;
And said—"It was the Fairy court
To see him in array!

"O come ye here to fight, young lord,
Or come ye here to play?
Or come ye here to drink good wine
Upon the wedding day?"—



"I come na here to fight," he said,
"I come na here to play;
I'll but lead a dance wi' the bonny bride,
And mount, and go my way."

It is a glass of the blood-red wine
Was filled up them between,
And aye she drank to Lauderdale,
Wha her true love had been.

He 's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the grass-green sleeve;
He 's mounted her hie behind himsell,
At her kinsmen speir'd na leave.*

"Now take your bride, Lord Lochinvar!
Now take her if you may!
But, if you take your bride again,
We'll call it but foul play."

There were four-and-twenty bonnie boys,
A' clad in the Johnstone grey;
They said they would take the bride again,
By the strong hand, if they may.

Some o' them were right willing men,
But they were na willing a':
And four-and-twenty Leader lads
Bid them mount and ride awa'.

Then whingers flew frae gentles' sides,
And swords flew frae the shea's,
And red and rosy was the blood
Ran down the lily braes.

* ["One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
'She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur:
They 'll have fleet steeds that follow,' quoth young Lochinvar."
Marmion.]

Katharine Janfarie.



The blood ran down by Caddon bank,
And down by Caddon brae;
And, sighing, said the bonnie bride—
"O wae's me for foul play!"

My blessing on your heart, sweet thing!
Wae to your wilfu' will!
There's mony a gallant gentleman
Whae's bluid ye have garr'd to spill.

Now a' you lords of fair England,
And that dwell by the English Border,
Come never here to seek a wife,
For fear of sic disorder.

They'll haik ye up, and settle ye bye,
Till on your wedding day;
Then gie ye frogs instead of fish,
And play ye foul, foul play.

C. H. Weigall del. E. Landells sc.

RUDIGER.—The introduction of Southey's ballad of "Rudiger" into a collection of British Ballads would seem to require some explanation; for "British" it assuredly is not, either in character, construction, or reference to the scene in which it is laid. It is, however, an essential part of our plan to give, as far as possible, an example of each of our leading British poets; and this of Southey's appearing to be best suited to our purpose, we have adopted it. It was written so far back as the year 1796,—the year that gave birth to other ballads, fruits of the same powerful and fertile mind; they were originally printed among the "Tales of Wonder," collected and edited by M. G. Lewis. The poet thus prefaced this striking composition of "Rudiger:"—

"Divers princes and noblemen being assembled in a beautiful and fair palace, which was situate upon the river Rhine, they beheld a boat, or small barge, make towards the shore, drawn by a swan with a silver chain, the one end fastened about her neck, the other to the vessel; and in it an unknown soldier, a man of a comely personage and graceful presence, who stept upon the shore; which done, the boat, guided by the swan, left him, and floated down the river. This man fell afterward in league with a fair gentlewoman, married her, and by her had many children. After some years the same swan came with the same barge into the same place;—the soldier entering into it, was carried thence the way he came, left wife, children, and family, and was never seen amongst them after."

The few ballad productions of Southey were written when he was very young; and give no strong indications of the genius that subsequently placed him among the foremost men of his age and country.

Robert Southey was born in Bristol, on the 12th of August, 1774, and died at Keswick on the 21st of March, 1843. Having given early promise of ability, his friends resolved that the advantages of a liberal education should be added to those which nature had bestowed upon him, and sent him, in 1787, to Westminster School. In 1792 he was entered at Baliol College, Oxford. During his residence in the University he became infected with Jacobinical principles: but if some of his earlier productions contributed to disseminate pernicious doctrines, he amply compensated mankind by the labours of a long life in the cause of virtue. In 1796, his first great poem, "Joan of Arc," appeared; and his fame was completely established, when, in 1803, the romance of "Thalaba" issued from the press. Subsequently, until within a few years of his death, he was continually before the world; and there is scarcely a branch of literature to which he has not contributed. In 1813 he accepted the office of Poet Laureate, on the death of Pye:—for nearly the first time, during at least a century, the office, instead of conferring, received dignity; and in his successor we have an ample guarantee that it will not be again so used as to discredit the sacred calling of the Bard. In person, Southey was tall and handsome, with a clear and noble forehead, an aquiline nose, a profusion of hair, and uncommonly bright eyes: his voice was musical, full of gentleness and persuasion, and his smile was as winning as it was sweet:

his hair, once a curling and glossy black, retained the curls, but became as white as snow; but his eyes were as bright, and his smile as winning, as they had been in his youth, when, some ten or twelve years ago, he was seen, for a brief space, in the Metropolis. His appearance in the great world, of late, became very rare. His distaste to the turmoils of life induced him to decline the offer of a seat in the House of Commons, to which he had been elected: apart from the bustle and feverish excitement of a city, he pursued his gentle and useful course from year to year;

> "And to his mountains and his forests rude
> Chaunted in melody his classic song."

He led the life of a scholar with as much steadiness of purpose and devotion as if he had bound himself to his books by a religious vow. His works are sufficient to form a library; they are proofs of his amazing industry, no less than of his vast and comprehensive learning. His wonderful genius may excite our admiration; but the extent of his "profitable labour" is, indeed, prodigious. His character is as unspotted as that of any public man, living or dead. The world is aware that he had some enemies: no one ever deserved them less. His friends were numerous, devoted, and firm: no one ever earned them better, or merited them more:—

> "We soon live down
> Evil or good report, if undeserved."

His political opponents have tendered evidence to the estimable character of both his head and heart. For many years he was one of the leading critics of the age; and although there is abundant proof of his generous zeal in aiding young talent, there has never attached to him the suspicion of depressing it. The career of Southey supplies, indeed, the best answer to the absurd, but too generally received opinion, that a critic is of necessity acrimonious or unjust. For a considerable period before his death he had "quitted the society of the muses." His prose was very generally preferred to his poetry. It rarely happens that there is a preference without a disparagement. No poet of the past or present century has produced three such poems as "Thalaba," "Kehama," and "Roderick." Many have more excelled in delineating what they perceive in actual life, but none have given such astonishing proofs of power in *creating*. He has been called diffuse, by those who consider concentration the highest quality of a writer,—because there is a spaciousness and amplitude about his poetry. He lays all his thoughts before us; but they never rush forth tumultuously: there are none that we can imagine the author afterwards anxious to recall. He excels in unity of design and congruity of character: and never did poet more nobly or more adequately express heroic fortitude and generous affections. In brief, the legacy bequeathed to posterity by one of the most virtuous of men, conscientious of critics, eloquent of poets, and most essentially English of all English prose-writers who have drunk from "the pure well," is a legacy wonderful for its magnitude, and of as rare value as if every tithe of it had been the produce of a long, active, and honest life. Up to the present time, little or nothing has been done to honour his memory,—literally nothing by the country that owes to him a large debt.



RUDIGER.

Bright on the mountain's heathy slope
The day's last splendours shine,
And, rich with many a radiant hue,
Gleam gaily on the Rhine.

E. M. Ward del

Walmsley sc.



And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
Along the river stroll'd,
As ruffling o'er the pleasant stream
The ev'ning gales came cold.

So as they stray'd a swan they saw
Sail stately up and strong,
And by a silver chain he drew
A little boat along,—

Whose streamer to the gentle breeze
Long floating flutter'd light,
Beneath whose crimson canopy
There lay reclin'd a knight.

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sail'd the stately swan,
And lightly up the parting tide
The little boat came on.

And onward to the shore they drew,
Where having left the knight,
The little boat adown the stream
Fell soon beyond the sight.

Was never a knight in Waldhurst's walls
Could with this stranger vie;
Was never a youth at aught esteem'd
When Rudiger was by.

Was never a maid in Waldhurst's walls
Might match with Margaret;
Her cheek was fair, her eyes were dark,
Her silken locks like jet.

And many a rich and noble youth
Had strove to win the fair;
But never a rich and noble youth
Could rival Rudiger.



At every tilt and tourney he
Still bore away the prize;
For knightly feats superior still,
And knightly courtesies.

His gallant feats, his looks, his love,
Soon won the willing fair;
And soon did Margaret become
The wife of Rudiger.

Like morning dreams of happiness
Fast roll'd the months away;
For he was kind and she was kind,
And who so blest as they?

Yet Rudiger would sometimes sit
Absorb'd in silent thought,
And his dark downward eye would seem
With anxious meaning fraught:

But soon he rais'd his looks again,
And smil'd his cares away,
And mid the hall of gaiety
Was none like him so gay.

And onward roll'd the waning months—
The hour appointed came,
And Margaret her Rudiger
Hail'd with a father's name.

But silently did Rudiger
The little infant see;
And darkly on the babe he gaz'd,—
A gloomy man was he.

And when to bless the little babe
The holy Father came,
To cleanse the stains of sin away
In Christ's redeeming name,



Then did the cheek of Rudiger
Assume a death-pale hue,
And on his clammy forehead stood
The cold convulsive dew;

And falt'ring in his speech he bade
The Priest the rites delay,
Till he could, to right health restor'd,
Enjoy the festive day.

When o'er the many-tinted sky
He saw the day decline,
He called upon his Margaret
To walk beside the Rhine;

"And we will take the little babe,
For soft the breeze that blows,
And the wild murmurs of the stream
Will lull him to repose." *

And so together forth they went;
The ev'ning breeze was mild,
And Rudiger upon his arm
Pillow'd the little child.

* "Now who can judge this to be other than one of those spirits that are named incubi?" says Thomas Heywood, in his "Notes to the Hierarchies of the Blessed Angels," a poem printed by Adam Islip in 1635. "I have adopted his story," writes Southey, "but not his solution, making the unknown soldier not an evil spirit, but one who had purchased happiness of a malevolent being, by the promised sacrifice of his first-born child." Southey has borrowed themes of other ballads from this quaint old writer; one in particular, "Donica," who moved about the world many years after she was dead, eating and drinking, "although very sparingly," and indicating the absence of the soul only by "a deep paleness on her countenance." At length a magician coming by where she was, in the company of other virgins, as soon as he beheld her he said, "Fair maids, why keep you company with this dead virgin, whom you suppose to be alive?" when taking away the magic charm which was hid under her arm, the body fell down lifeless and without motion.



And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
Along the banks did roam;
But soon the evening wind came cold,
And all betook them home.

Yet Rudiger in silent mood
Along the banks would roam,
Nor aught could Margaret prevail
To turn his footsteps home.

"Oh turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger!
The rising mists behold,
The ev'ning wind is damp and chill,
The little babe is cold!"

"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
The mists will do no harm,
And from the wind the little babe
Lies shelter'd on my arm."

"Oh turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger!
Why onward wilt thou roam?
The moon is up, the night is cold,
And we are far from home."

He answer'd not, for now he saw
A swan come sailing strong,
And by a silver chain he drew
A little boat along.

To shore they came, and to the boat
Fast leapt he with the child,
And in leapt Margaret—breathless now,
And pale with fear and wild.

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sail'd the stately swan,
And lightly down the rapid tide
The little boat went on.



The full-orb'd moon, that beam'd around
Pale splendour through the night,
Cast through the crimson canopy
A dim discolour'd light;

And swiftly down the hurrying stream
In silence still they sail,
And the long streamer flutt'ring fast
Flapp'd to the heavy gale.

And he was mute in sullen thought,
And she was mute with fear;
Nor sound but of the parting tide
Broke on the list'ning ear.

The little babe began to cry,
Then Marg'ret rais'd her head,
And with a quick and hollow voice
"Give me the child!" she said.

"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
Nor my poor heart distress!
I do but pay perforce the price
Of former happiness.

"And hush thee, too, my little babe!
Thy cries so feeble cease:
Lie still, lie still;—a little while
And thou shalt be at peace."

So as he spake to land they drew,
And swift he stept on shore,
And him behind did Margaret
Close follow evermore.

It was a place all desolate,
Nor house nor tree was there;
And there a rocky mountain rose,
Barren, and bleak, and bare.



And at its base a cavern yawn'd,
No eye its depth might view,
For in the moonbeam shining round
That darkness darker grew.

Cold horror crept through Margaret's blood,
Her heart it paus'd with fear,
When Rudiger approach'd the cave,
And cried, "Lo, I am here!"

A deep sepulchral sound the cave
Return'd "Lo, I am here!"
And black from out the cavern gloom
Two giant arms appear.

And Rudiger approach'd, and held
The little infant nigh:
Then Margaret shriek'd, and gather'd then
New pow'rs from agony.

And round the baby fast and close
Her trembling arms she folds,
And with a strong convulsive grasp
The little infant holds.*

* Several of the translated ballads of Jamieson, Lewis, and others, record incidents of a similar character. When Southey borrowed the story, it was comparatively new to the English reader. It would be easy to quote many illustrative examples. Jamieson publishes one—from the Danish—entitled "The Merman and Marstig's Daughter," in which occurs the following stanza,—the wedlock being followed by the drowning of the fair May.

"The priest before the altar stood;
'O what for a good naight may this be?'
The May leugh till herself, and said,
'God gif that gude knight were for me!'"
* * * * * * * *

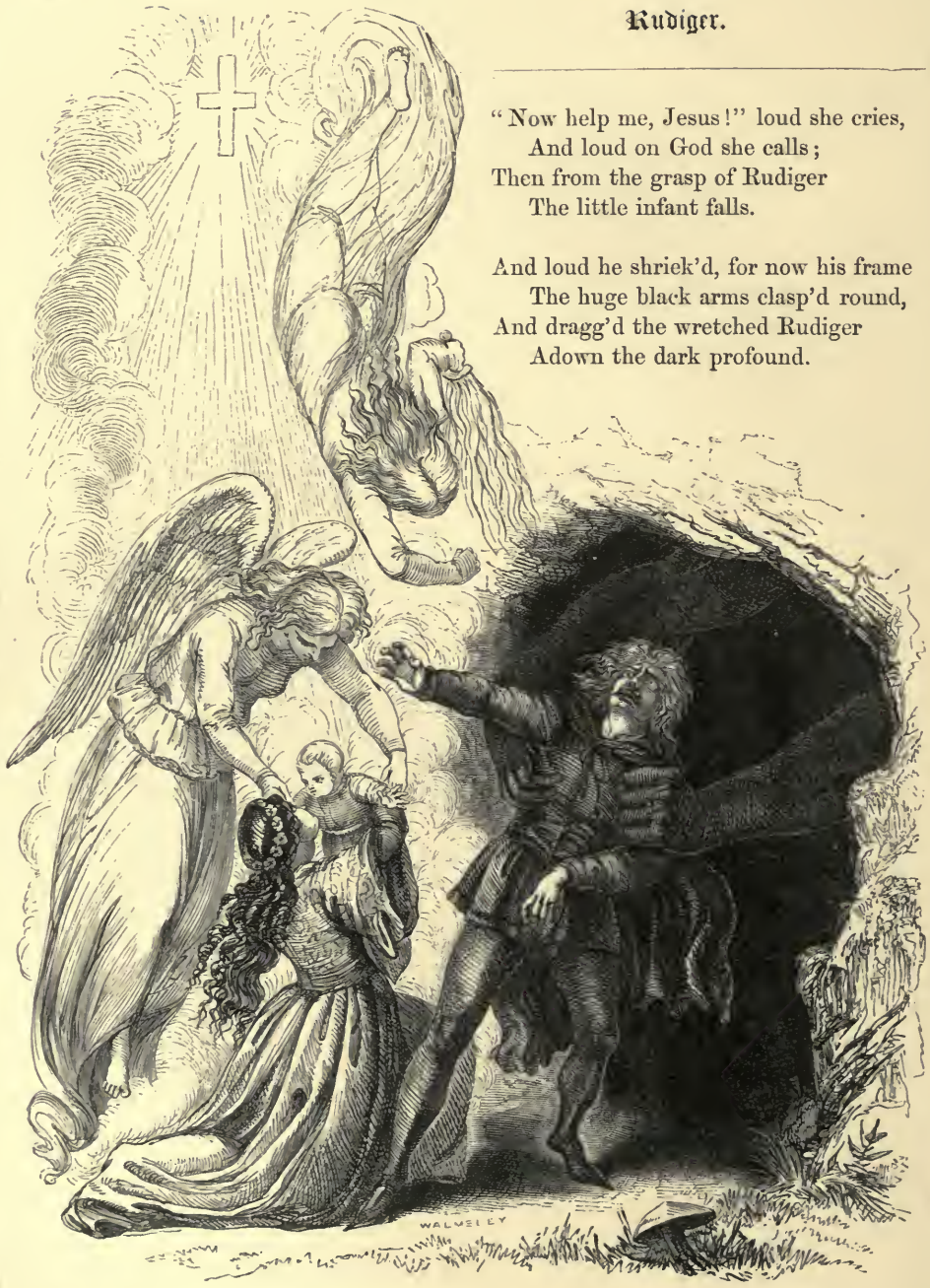
A translation, apparently of the same ballad, has been made by Mr. Charles Mackay; it is entitled "The Wild Water-man, or the Fate of the vain Maiden;" the following is the "moral:"

"I warn you maidens, whoever you be,
Beware, beware of vanity;
Maidens, I warn you all I can,
Beware of the wild, wild water-man."

Rudiger.

"Now help me, Jesus!" loud she cries,
And loud on God she calls;
Then from the grasp of Rudiger
The little infant falls.

And loud he shriek'd, for now his frame
The huge black arms clasp'd round,
And dragg'd the wretched Rudiger
Adown the dark profound.



E. M. Ward del

Walmsley sc

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN. This ballad—the composition of Sir Walter Scott—was originally published in the "Tales of Wonder," edited by M. G. Lewis. The scene of the tragedy, "Smaylho'me, or Smallholm Tower, is situated on the northern boundary of Roxburghshire, among a cluster of wild rocks, called Sandiknow Crags. The tower is a high square building, surrounded by an outer wall, now ruinous. The circuit of the outer court, being defended on three sides by a precipice and morass, is accessible only from the west by a steep and rocky path. The apartments, as usual in a Border keep, or fortress, are placed one above another, and communicate by a narrow stair; on the roof are two bartizans, or platforms, for defence or pleasure. The inner door of the tower is wood, the outer an iron gate; the distance between them being nine feet, the thickness, namely, of the wall. From the elevated situation of Smaylho'me Tower, it is seen many miles in every direction. Among the crags by which it is surrounded, one, more eminent, is called the *Watchfold*, and is said to have been the station of a beacon in the times of war with England. Without the tower-court is a ruined chapel. Brotherstone is a heath, in the neighbourhood of Smaylho'me Tower."*

When the ballad was republished in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," it was accompanied by some account of the battle of "Ancram Moor," to which reference is made in the poem, as "running red with English blood" from the fight between "keen Lord Evers" and

"The Douglas true and the bold Buccleuch,"

—a fight that was ever famous in the annals of Border warfare.† It took place in

* This Ballad derives additional interest from the fact that "the ancient fortress and its vicinity formed the scene of the Editor's infancy, and seemed to claim from him this attempt to celebrate them in a Border tale." References are made, in the introduction to the 3rd canto of "Marmion," to

"——— those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour."

"It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of softest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wallflower grew."

† In the 1st volume of "Border Minstrelsy" is printed a ballad which appears to have been written to commemorate the circumstance of Sir Ralph Evers being ennobled on account of the vigour with which he prosecuted the Border warfare:—

"And since he has kepte Berwick upon Tweed,
The town was never better kept I wot;
He maintain'd leal and order along the Border,
And still was ready to prick the Scot.

"With our Queen's brother he hath been,
And rode rough-shod thro' Scotland of late;
They have burn'd the Mers and Tiviotdale,
And knocked full loud at Edinburgh gate."

Lord Evers was slain at Ancram Moor; and "was buried in Melrose Abbey, where his stone coffin may still be seen—a little to the left of the Great Altar."

1546. Evers and his colleague, Sir Brian Latoun, having been promised by the English king a feudal grant of the country they had reduced to a desert, Archibald Douglas, the seventh Earl of Angus, is said to have sworn to write the deed of investiture upon their skins with sharp pens and bloody ink, in resentment for their having defaced the tombs of his ancestors at Melrose. He kept his word; at the head of one thousand men, aided by the famous Norman Lesley with a body of Fife-men, and "the bold Buccleuch" with a small but chosen body of his retainers, Evers and Latoun were met, at Ancram Moor,* with an army consisting of three thousand mercenaries, one thousand five hundred English Borderers, and seven hundred Scotchmen of "broken clans," who changed sides during the engagement, and, joining their countrymen, made a most merciless slaughter among the English fugitives. "In the battle fell Lord Evers and his son, together with Sir Brian Latoun, and eight hundred Englishmen, many of whom were persons of rank. A thousand prisoners were taken. Among these was a patriotic alderman of London, Read by name, who, having contumaciously refused to pay his portion of a benevolence demanded from the city by Henry VIII., was sent by royal authority to serve against the Scots. These, at settling his ransom, he found still more exorbitant in their exactions than the monarch."

Concerning the ballad of "The Eve of St. John," Sir Walter Scott gives us no information except in the notes—and they refer exclusively to the localities among which he has laid the scene of a romantic drama. He does not appear to have pointed the moral from any particular incident; yet the lesson conveyed by the story, that

"Lawless love is guilt above,"

is not the less forcible because it has reference to no express local tradition. The stanzas which close the tale are full of solemn grandeur; seldom has a more impressive picture been exhibited in lines so few:—

"There is a nun in Drybnrgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

"The nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk, who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That monk the bold Baron."

* The spot on which the battle was fought is called Lilyard's Edge, from an Amazonian Scottish woman of that name, who is reported, by tradition, to have distinguished herself in the same manner as Squire Witherington. The old people point out her monument, now broken and defaced. The inscription is said to have been legible within this century, and to have run thus:—

"Fair maiden Lylliard lies under this stane,
Little was her stature, but great was her fame;
Upon the English louns she laid mony thumps,
And when her legs were cutted off, she fought upon her stumps."



THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

The Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurr'd his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew,
To lift the Scottish spear.

J. N. Paton del. F. Branston sc.



Yet his plate-jack was brac'd, his helmet was lac'd,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore;
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour:
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor
Ran red with English blood;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood.

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,
His acton pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee;
Though thou art young, and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true!
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
What did thy lady do?"—

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,
That burns on the wild Watchfold;
For, from height to height, the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told.



"The bittern clamour'd from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross,
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

"I watch'd her steps, and silent came
Where she sat her on a stone;—
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,
It burned all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fire she came,
And, by Mary's might! an armed knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain-blast was still,
As again I watch'd the secret pair,
On the lonesome Beacon Hill.

"And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve;
And say, 'Come this night to thy lady's bower;
Ask no bold baron's leave.

"'He lifts his spear, with the bold Buccleuch;
His lady is all alone;
The door she'll undo to her knight so true,
On the eve of good St. John.'—

"'I cannot come; I must not come;
I dare not come to thee;
On the eve of St. John I must wander alone;
In thy bower I may not be.'—



"'Now, out on thee, faint-hearted knight!
Thou shouldst not say me nay;
For the eve is sweet, and, when lovers meet,
Is worth the whole summer's day.

"'And I'll chain the blood-hound,
And the warder shall not sound,
And rushes shall be strew'd on the stair;
So, by the black rood-stone, and by holy St. John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there!'—

"'Though the blood-hound be mute,
And the rush beneath my foot,
And the warder his bugle should not blow,
There sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
And my footstep he would know.'—

"'O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east!
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slayne."—

"He turn'd him round, and grimly he frown'd;
Then he laugh'd right scornfully—
'He who says mass-rite for the soul of that knight,
May as well say mass for me:

"'At the midnight hour,
When bad spirits have power,
In thy chamber will I be.'—
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see."

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high—
"Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die!"—

J. N. Paton del. F. Branston sc.



"His arms shone bright, in the beacon's red light!
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound,
In a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew."—

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold,
And low laid in the mould,
All under the Eildon-tree."—

"Yet hear but my word, my noble lord!
For I heard her name his name;
And that lady bright she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."—

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—
"The grave is deep and dark—
And the corpse is stiff and stark—
So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

"The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drown'd the name;
For the Dryburgh bells ring,
And the white monks do sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!"

He pass'd the court-gate,
And he oped the tower gate,
And he mounted the narrow stair,
To the bartizan seat,
Where with maids that on her wait,
He found his lady fair.

J. N. Paton del. F. Branston sc.



That lady sat in mournful mood;
Look'd over hill and vale;
Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood,
And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"—
"Now hail, thou Baron true!
What news, what news, from Ancram fight?
What news from the bold Buccleuch?"—

"The Ancram Moor is red with gore,
For many a southern fell;
And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,
To watch our beacons well."—

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said:
Nor added the Baron a word:
Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd,
And the Baron toss'd and turn'd,
And oft to himself he said,—
"The worms around him creep,
And his bloody grave is deep
It cannot give up the dead!"—

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was well nigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,
On the eve of good St. John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame;
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame!

"Alas! away, away!" she cried,
"For the holy Virgin's sake!"—
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake.

J. N. Paton del. F. Branston sc.



"By Eildon tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
Most foully slain, I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height,
For a space is doom'd to dwell.

"At our trysting-place, for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro;
But I had not power to come to thy bower,
Hadst thou not conjured me so."—

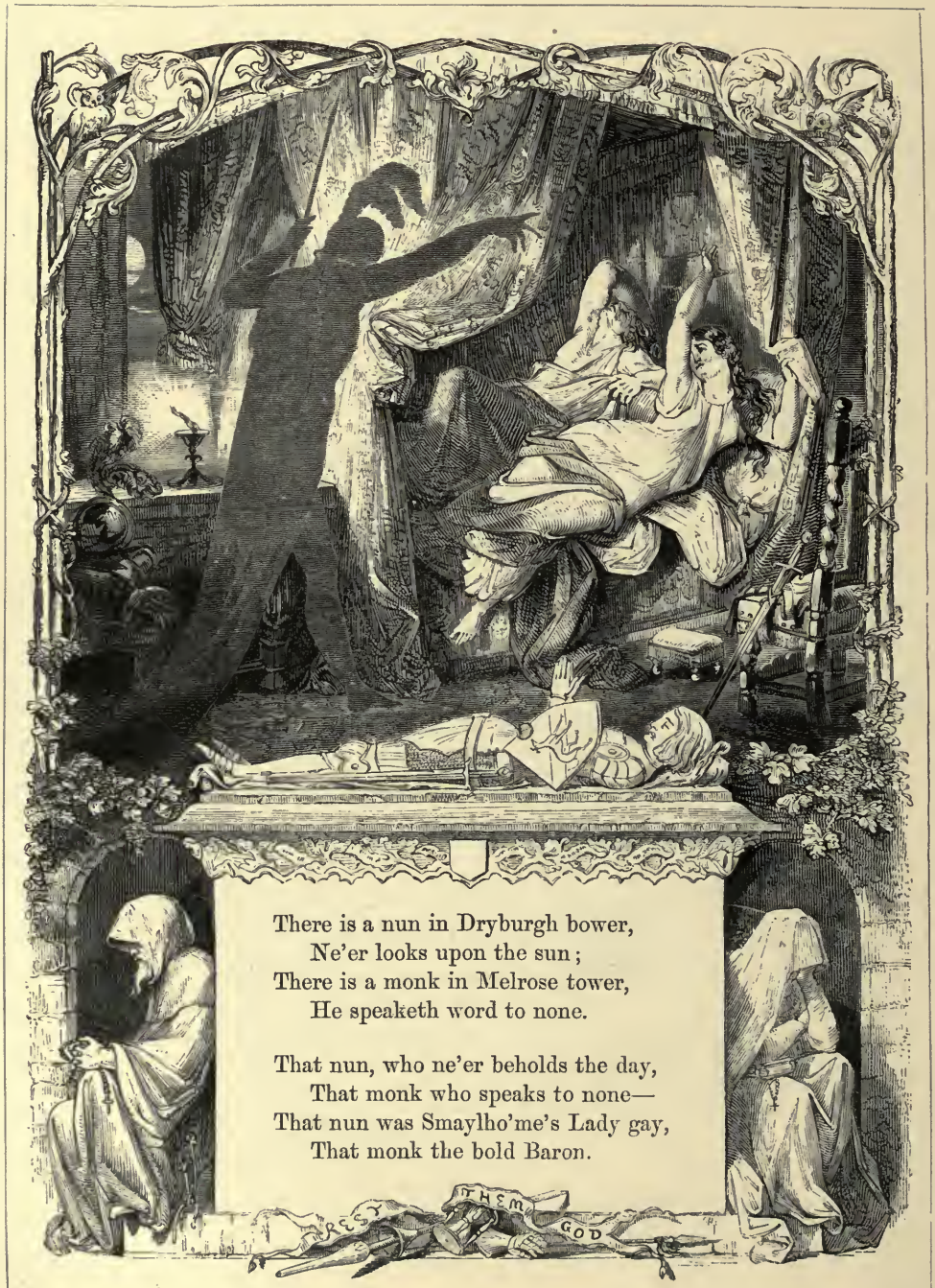
Love master'd fear—her brow she cross'd;
"How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"
The vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life shall forfeit life;
So bid thy lord believe:
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive."

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,
His right upon her hand;
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorch'd like a fiery brand.

The sable score of fingers four
Remains on that board impress'd;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.*

* The circumstance of the "nun who never saw the day" is not entirely imaginary. Neither is the incident of the lady wearing a covering on the wrist to conceal "the sable score of fingers four." Sir Walter says it is "founded on an Irish tradition." The circumstance referred to is not of a remote date. We have ourselves seen the bracelet said to have been thus used—and worn until death betrayed the secret of the wearer.



J. N. Paton del.

F. Branston sc.

BARTHRAM'S DIRGE. This beautiful and most touching fragment was originally published in the "Border Minstrelsy;" we know far too little concerning it to satisfy the interest it excites. According to Sir Walter Scott, it was "taken down by Mr. Surtees (the historian of Durham county) from the recitation of Anne Douglas, an old woman who weeded in his garden." Her memory, however, was defective, and she was enabled to preserve only snatches of the old song—the breaks thus left were filled up by Mr. Surtees; so that the appended copy is in reality made complete,—even so far as it exists,—by the aid of a modern pen. "The hero of the ditty," says Sir Walter, "if the reciter be correct, was shot to death by nine brothers, whose sister he had seduced, but was afterwards buried, at her request, near their usual place of meeting; which may account for his being laid, not in holy ground, but beside the burn. The name of Barthram, or Bertram, would argue a Northumbrian origin; and there is, or was, a Headless Cross, among many so named, near Elsdon in Northumberland. But the mention of the Nine-Stane Burn, and Nine-Stane Rig, seems to refer to those places in the vicinity of Hermitage Castle (the scene of the Ballad of Lord Soulis), which is countenanced by the mentioning our Lady's Chapel. Perhaps the hero may have been an Englishman, and the lady a native of Scotland, which renders the catastrophe even more probable. The style of the ballad is rather Scottish than Northumbrian. They certainly did bury in former days near the Nine-Stane Burn; for the Editor remembers finding a small monumental cross, with initials, lying among the heather. It was so small that, with the assistance of another gentleman, he easily placed it upright."

Upon one passage—

"A friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
While the headless cross shall bide"—

Mr. Surtees observes, that in the return made by the Commissioners on the Dissolution of Newminster Abbey, there is an item of a chauntery for one priest to sing daily *ad crucem lapideam*. Probably many of these crosses had the like expiatory solemnities for persons slain there.

The ballad is, no doubt, founded upon some actual occurrence; for the incident it relates must have been common enough in the old days of Border warfare—when to national animosity was frequently added the stimulus of personal wrong. Of the hapless Barthram, however, and the lady who "tore her ling long yellow hair," and

"Plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair,"

we know nothing, even from tradition.

But the composition carries with it a conviction that its foundation was in truth. The picture is at once so striking, so touching, and so impressive, as to leave no doubt that Barthram was left

"Lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss,"

and that the hand of a loving but unhappy woman

> "Cover'd him o'er with the heather flower,
> The moss and the lady-fern."

The fragment is classed by Sir Walter among Historical Border Ballads—the ballads that relate events which we either know "actually to have taken place, or which, at least, making due allowance for the exaggerations of poetical traditions, we may readily conceive to have had some foundation in history,"—such ballads as were current on the Border, and which, although now existing but in "scraps," were once universally chaunted,—

> "Young wemen, whan thai will play,
> Syng it among thaim ilk day."

"Who will not regret," exclaims Sir Walter Scott, "that compositions of such interest and antiquity should be now irrecoverable? But it is the nature of popular poetry, as of popular applause, perpetually to shift with the objects of the time; and it is the frail chance of recovering some old manuscript, which can alone gratify our curiosity regarding the earlier efforts of the Border Muse. Some of her later strains, composed during the sixteenth century, have survived even to the present day; but the recollection of them has, of late years, become like that of a 'tale which was told.'"

As to the mode in which some of these "old and antique songs" have been preserved, we have a few striking notes in the "Border Minstrelsy."—"Whether they were originally the composition of minstrels professing the joint arts of poetry and music, or whether they were the occasional effusions of some self-taught bard, is a question into which I do not mean to inquire. But it is certain that, till a very late period, the pipers, of whom there was one attached to each Border town of note, and whose office was often hereditary, were the great depositaries of oral, and particularly of poetical, tradition. About spring time, and after harvest, it was the custom of these musicians to make a progress through a particular district of the country. The music and the tale repaid their lodging, and they were usually gratified with a donation of seed corn. By means of these men much traditional poetry was preserved, which must otherwise have perished. Other itinerants, not professed musicians, found their welcome to their night's quarters readily ensured by their knowledge in legendary lore. The shepherds also, and aged persons, in the recesses of the Border mountains, frequently remember and repeat the warlike songs of their fathers. This is more especially the case in what are called the South Highlands, where, in many instances, the same families have occupied the same possessions for centuries."

It was from the latter source that Sir Walter chiefly drew the materials for his work;—they were, he states, "collected during his early youth;" and among the notes to the latest edition of the "Minstrelsy" is the following:—"There is in the library at Abbotsford a collection of ballads, partly printed broadsides, partly in MS., in six small volumes, which, from the handwriting, must have been formed by Sir Walter Scott while he was attending the earlier classes of Edinburgh College." Buchan's collection was gathered directly as they fell from the lips of old people. We rejoice to learn that his rugged, but primitive and interesting volumes, are about to be reprinted "by subscription"—they have been long out of print.

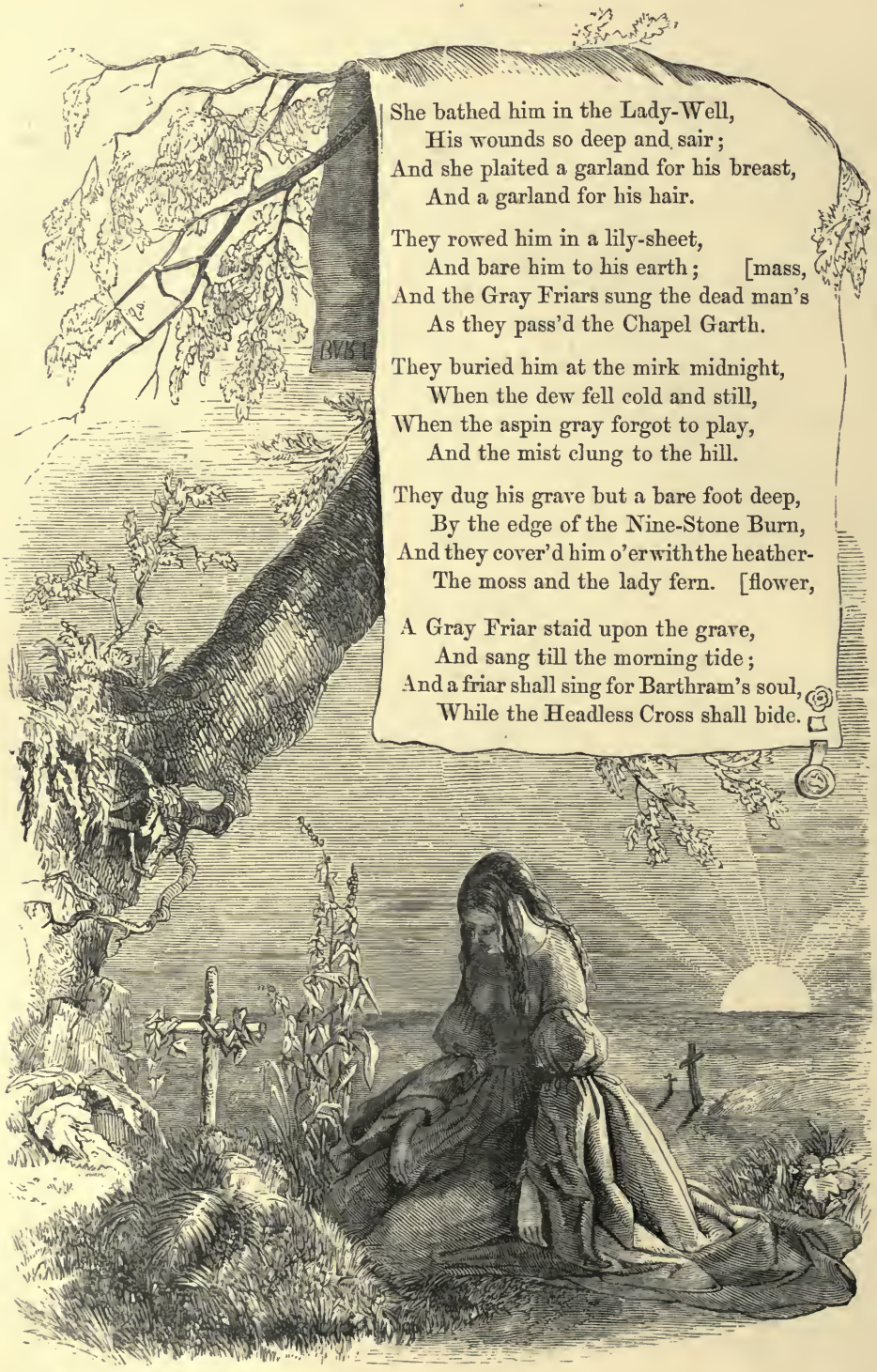


BARTHRAM'S DIRGE.

THEY shot him dead at the Nine-Stone Rig,
Beside the Headless Cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the moor and moss.

They made a bier of the broken bough,
The sauch and the aspin gray,
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
And waked him there all day.

A lady came to that lonely bower,
And threw her robes aside;
She tore her ling long yellow hair,
And knelt at Barthram's side.



She bathed him in the Lady-Well,
His wounds so deep and sair;
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair.

They rowed him in a lily-sheet,
And bare him to his earth; [mass,
And the Gray Friars sung the dead man's
As they pass'd the Chapel Garth.

They buried him at the mirk midnight,
When the dew fell cold and still,
When the aspin gray forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill.

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the Nine-Stone Burn,
And they cover'd him o'erwith the heather-
The moss and the lady fern. [flower,

A Gray Friar staid upon the grave,
And sang till the morning tide;
And a friar shall sing for Barthram's soul,
While the Headless Cross shall bide.

Fanny M'Ian del. Fred. Branston sc.

SIR CAULINE.—This beautiful, touching, and interesting ballad is extracted from the "RELIQUES" of Dr. Percy, who thus introduces it to the reader:—"The old romantic tale was preserved in the editor's folio MS., but in so very defective and mutilated a condition, (not from any chasm in the MS., but from great omission in the transcript, probably copied from the faulty recitation of some illiterate minstrel,) and the whole appeared so far short of the perfection it seemed to deserve, that the Editor was tempted to add several stanzas in the first part, and still more in the second, to connect and complete the story in the manner which appeared to him most interesting and affecting." Of the extent of Dr. Percy's additions we have no evidence. The poem, as here presented, is, no doubt, a recasting, rather than a restoration, of the ancient composition, the rude fragments of which, rent asunder by many a *hiatus valde deflendus*, lay scattered among the pages of the old folio manuscript. We are, however, entitled to assume, from what Percy intimates, that at least the course of the story has been adhered to, and even the expression preserved where it was not corrupted by "some illiterate minstrel"—excepting only that the mere rust and soil of antiquity have been rubbed off. No "original" English ballad, of which Sir Cauline may be accepted as an altered copy, has been ever published; but Mr. Buchan, in his "Ancient Ballads and Songs," prints, under the title of "King Malcolm and Sir Colvin," a curious version of the story as preserved by oral tradition in the north of Scotland. It bears a marked resemblance to the ballad in the "Reliques,"—with this difference, however, that such alterations as may have been made by "illiterate minstrels" are all faithfully preserved by Mr. Buchan, while Dr. Percy has introduced, in lieu of them, the produce of his own elegant mind and refined taste. Here is the commencement of Mr. Buchan's ballad:

"There once liv'd a king in fair Scotland,
King Malcolm call'd by name;
Whom ancient history gives record,
For valour, worth, and fame.

"And it fell once upon a day,
The king sat down to dine;
And then he miss'd a favourite knight,
Whose name was Sir Colvin.

"But ont it speeks another knight,
Ane o' Sir Colvin's kin;
'He's lyin' in bed right sick in love,
All for your daughter Jean.'

"'O waes me,' said the royal king,
'I'm sorry for the same;
She maun take bread and wine sae red,
Give it to Sir Colvin.'

"Then gently did she bear the bread,
Her page did carry the wine;
And set a table at his bed,—
'Sir Colvin, rise and dine.'"

The similarity of the story to that in the "Reliques," (except in the catastrophe, which is altogether different,) is singularly close. The knight, having declared his love to the king's daughter, is sent to walk at night,

"On the head o' Elrick's hill,
Near by yon sharp hawthorn;"

lines in which we have the Eldridge Hill, and the "broding" or pricking thorn of Percy's ballad. Another verse of the text will be recognised in the following:

"At midnight mark the meen upstarts,
The knight walked up and doun;
While loudest cracks o' thunder roar'd
Out ower the bent sae broun."

The appearance of the armed knight, and the attendant lady "bearing his brand," and the cause and issue of the combat, are precisely similar; so also is the incident which terminates the fight,—the "backward" stroke, by which "the Eldridge Knight" loses his right hand, covered with rings of gold—*five* rings in the one case, and "worth *five* hundred pounds" in the other. Buchan's ballad thus concludes:

"Sir Colvin being a book-learn'd man,
Sae gude in fencing tee;
He 's drawn a stroke behind his hand,
And followed in speedilie.

"Sae fierce a stroke Sir Colvin 's drawn,
And followed in speedilie;
The knight's brand, and sword hand,
In the air he gar'd them flee.

"It flew sae high into the sky,
And lighted on the ground;
The rings that were on these fingers
Were worth five hundred pound.

"Up he has ta'en that bluidy hand,
Set it before the king:
And the morn it was Wednesday,
When he married his daughter Jean."

It is worthy of remark, also, that one of the verses in Buchan's ballad consists of six lines. To the second part of Sir Cauline there is, however, no resemblance in the composition furnished by Mr. Buchan. Percy's ballad was reprinted, with the addition of a few notes by Finlay, in his "Historical and Romantic Ballads," and by Motherwell, in his "Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern." The former affects to discover a resemblance between it and the metrical romance of "Sir Tristrem;" but the likeness, if there be any, is so very small, as to remind one of the reasoning of Fluellen, "There is a river at Macedon; and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth."

The opening passage of Dr. Percy's ballad is very remarkable:

"In Ireland far over the sea."

Now the superstition on which the ballad is constructed—the Eldridge Knight—is unknown in Ireland; and in fact not one of the incidents or allusions bear the remotest affinity to Irish customs—ancient or modern. The concealed love of Sir Cauline for the Lady Christabelle will remind the reader of the gentle

"Squyer of lowe degrè
That lov'd the king's daughter of Hungrè."

But the progress of the story, and its ultimate issue, are altogether different. There are, indeed, many instances among old romances of daring deeds achieved by cavaliers to win lady-love by gaining fame;

("And be advis'd when thou shalt fight,
Look that ye stand aye in the right.")

But to none of them can be traced the origin of this fine and beautiful production—which must, therefore, be recorded as the composition of Dr. Percy,—based upon a "defective and mutilated" copy of a very ancient poem.



SIR CAULINE

THE FIRST PART.

In Ireland, ferr over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonnye kinge;
And with him a yong and comlye knighte,
Men call him Sir Cauline.

The kinge had a ladye to his daughter
In fashyon she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that ladye wooed
To be theyr wedded feere.

J. Franklin del.

T. Armstrong sc.



Sir Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he saye;
Ne descreeve his counsayl to no man,
But deerlye he lovde this may.

Till on a daye it so beffell,
Great dill to him was dight;
The maydens love removde his mynd,
To care-bed went the knighte.

One while he spred his armes him fro,
One while he spred them nye:
And aye, 'But I winne that ladye's love,
For dole now I mun dye.'

And whan our parish-masse was done,
Our kinge was bowne to dyne:
He sayes, 'Where is Sir Cauline,
That is wont to serve the wyne?'

Then aunswerde him a courteous knighte,
And fast his handes gan wringe:
'Sir Cauline is sicke, and like to dye
Without a good leechinge.'

'Fetche me downe my daughter deere,
She is a leeche fulle fine:
Goe take him doughe, and the baken bread,
And serve him with the wyne soe red;
Lothe I were him to tine.'

Fair Christabelle to his chaumber goes,
Her maydens followyng nye:
'O well,' she sayth, 'how doth my lord?'
'O sicke, thou fayr ladye.'

'Nowe ryse up wightlye, man for shame,
Never lye soe cowardlee;
For it is told in my father's halle,
You dye for love of mee.'

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



'Fayre ladye, it is for your love
That all this dill I drye:
For if you wold comfort me with a kisse,
Then were I brought from bale to blisse,
No lenger wold I lye.'

'Sir knighte, my father is a kinge,
I am his onlye heire;
Alas! and well you knowe, syr knighte,
I never can be youre fere.'

'O ladye, thou art a kinges daughter,
And I am not thy peere,
But let me doe some deedes of armes
To be your bacheleere.'

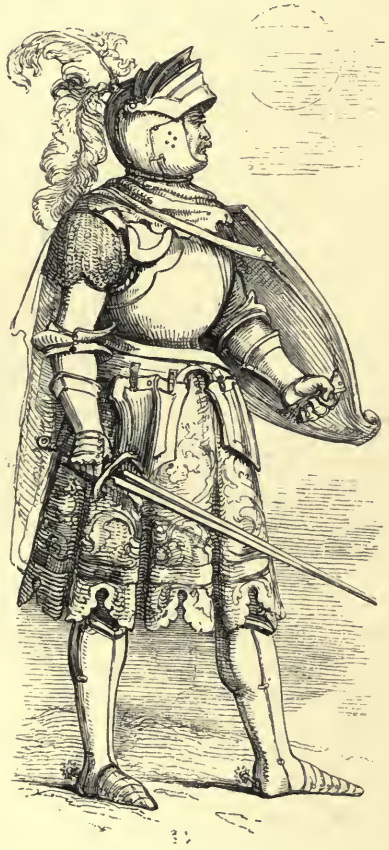
'Some deedes of arms if thou wilt doe,
My bacheleere to bee,
But ever and aye my heart wold rue,
Giff harm shold happe to thee.

'Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorne,
Upon the mores brodinge; [nighte,
And dare ye, syr knighte, wake there all
Untill the fayre morninge?

'For the Eldridge knighte, so mickle of
Will examine you beforne: [mighte,
And never man bare life awaye,
But he did him scath and scorne.

'That knighte he is a fond paynim,
And large of limb and bone;
And but if heaven may be thy speede,
Thy life it is but gone.'

'Nowe on the Eldridge hilles Ile walke,
For thy sake, faire ladye;
And Ile either bring you a ready token,
Or Ile never more you see.'



The lady is gone to her own chambere,
Her maydens following bright:
Sir Cauline lope from care-bed soone,
And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moone did rise,
He walked up and downe:
Then a lightsome bugle heard he blowe
Over the bents soe browne;
Quoth hee, 'If cryance come till my heart,
I am far from any good towne.'

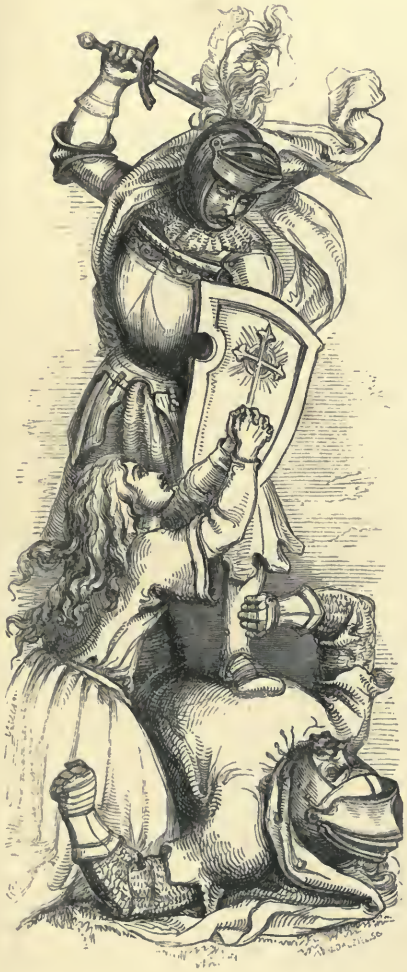
And soone he spyde on the mores so broad,
A furyous wight and fell;
A ladye bright his brydle led,
Clad in a fayre kyrtell;

And soe fast he called on Sir Cauline,
'O man, I rede thee flye,
For 'but' if cryance comes till my heart,
I weene but thou mun dye.'

He sayth, 'No cryance comes till my heart,
Nor in fayth, I wyll not flee;
For, cause thou minged not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee.'

The Eldridge knighte he pricked his steed;
Sir Cauline bold abode:
Then either shooke his trustye speare,
And the timber these two children bare
Soe soone in sunder slode.

Then tooke they out theyr two good swordes,
And layden on full faste,
Till helme and hawberke, mail and sheelde,
They all were well-nye brast.



The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiffe in stower did stande,
But Sir Cauline with a backward stroke
He smote off his right hand;
That soone he with paine and lacke of bloud
Fell downe on that lay-land.

Then up Sir Cauline lift his brande
All over his head so hye:
'And here I sweare by the holy roode
Nowe, caytiffe, thou shalt dye.'

Then up and came that ladye brighte,
Fast wringing of her hande:
'For the mayden's love, that most you love,
Withhold that deadlye brande:

'For the mayden's love, that most you love,
Now smyte no more I praye;
And aye whatever thou wilt, my lord,
He shall thy hests obaye.'

'Now sweare to mee, thou Eldridge knighte,
And here on this lay-land,
That thou wilt believe on Christ his laye,
And thereto plight thy hand:

'And that thou never on Eldridge come
To sporte, gamon, or playe;
And that thou here give up thy armes
Until thy dying daye.'

The Eldridge knighte gave up his armes
With many a sorrowfulle sighe;
And sware to obey Sir Cauline's hest,
Till the tyme that he shold dye.

And he then up, and the Eldridge knighte
Sett him in his saddle anone,
And the Eldridge knighte and his ladye
To theyr castle are they gone.



Then he tooke up the bloudy hand,
That was so large of bone,
And on it he founde five rings of gold
Of knightes that had be slone.

Then he tooke up the Eldridge sworde,
As hard as any flint;
And he tooke off those ringes five,
As bright as fyre and brent.

Home then pricked Sir Cauline
As light as leafe on tree:
I-wys he neither stint ne blanne,
Till he his ladye see.

Then downe he knelt upon his knee
Before that ladye gay:
'O ladye, I have bin on the Eldridge hills;
These tokens I bring away.'

'Now welcome, welcome, Sir Cauline,
Thrice welcome unto mee;
For now I perceive thou art a true knighte,
Of valour bolde and free.'

'O ladye, I am thy own true knighte,
Thy hests for to obaye;
And mought I hope to winne thy love!'—
Ne more his tonge colde say.

The ladye blushed scarlette redde,
And fette a gentill sighe;
'Alas! sir knight, how may this bee,
For my degree's soe highe?

'But sith thou hast hight, thou comely youth,
To be my batchilere,
Ile promise if thee I may not wedde
I will have none other fere.'



Then shee held forthe her lilly-white hand
Towards that knighte so free;
He gave to it one gentill kisse,—
His heart was brought from bale to bliss,
The teares sterte from his ee.

'But keep my counsayl, Sir Cauline,
Ne let no man it knowe;
For and ever my father sholde it ken,
I wot he wolde us sloe.'

From that day forthe that ladye fayre
Lovde Sir Cauline, the knighte:
From that day forthe he only joyde
When shee was in his sight.

Yea, and oftentimes they mette
Within a fayre arboure,
Where they in love and sweet daliaunce
Past manye a pleasaunt houre.

PART THE SECOND.

Everye white will have its blacke,
And everye sweete its sowre:
This founde the Ladye Christabelle
In an untimely howre.

For so it befelle, as Sir Cauline
Was with that ladye faire,
The kinge, her father, walked forthe
To take the evenyng aire:

And into the arboure as he went
To rest his wearye feet,
He found his daughter and Sir Cauline
There sette in daliaunce sweet.



The kinge hee sterted forthe, i-wys,
And an angrye man was hee:
'Nowe, traytoure, thou shalt hange or drawe,
And rewe shall thy ladye.'

Then forthe Sir Cauline he was ledde,
And throwne in dungeon deepe;
And the ladye into a towre so hye,
There left to wayle and weepe.

The queene she was Sir Cauline's friend,
And to the kinge sayd shee:
'I praye you save Sir Cauline's life,
And let him banisht bee.'

'Now, dame, that traytoure shall be sent
Across the salt sea fome:
But here I will make thee a band,
If ever he come within this land,
A foule deathe is his doome.'

All woebegone was that gentil knight
To parte from his ladye:
And many a time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistfulle eye:
'Faire Christabelle, from thee to parte,
Farre lever had I dye.'

Faire Christabelle, that ladye bright,
Was had forthe of the towre;
But ever shee droopeth in her minde,
As nipt by an ungentle winde
Doth some faire lillye flowre.

And ever shee doth lament and weepe
To tint her lover soe:
'Sir Cauline, thou little think'st on mee,
But I will still be true.'



Many a kinge, and manye a duke,
And lorde of high degree,
Did sue to that fayre ladye of love;
But never shee wolde them nee.

When manye a daye was past and gone,
Ne comfort she colde finde,
The kynge proclaimed a tourneament,
To cheere his daughter's mind:

And there came lords, and there came
Fro manye a farre countrye, [knights
To break a spere for theyr ladyes love
Before that faire ladye.

And many a ladye there was sette
In purple and in palle:
But fair Christabelle soe woe-begone
Was the fayrest of them all.

Then manye a knight was mickle of might
Before his ladye gaye;
But a stranger wight, whom no man knewe,
He wan the prize eche daye.*

* Sir Cauline is here made to act up to the genuine spirit of perfect chivalry. In old romances no incident is of more frequent occurrence than this, of knights already distinguished for feats of arms laying aside their wonted cognizances, and under the semblance of strange knights, manfully performing right valiant deeds. How often does the renowned Arthur, under such circumstances, exclaim, "O, Jesu! what knyte is that arrayed all in greene (or as the case may be)? He justeth myghtely!" The Emperor of Almaine, in like manner, after the timely succour afforded him by Syr Gowhter, is anxious to learn the name of his modest but unknown deliverer:—

'Now dere God, said the Emperor,
Whence com the knyght that is so styfe and stoure,
And al araide in red,
Both hors, armour, and his stede?
A thousand Sarezyns he hath made blede,
And beteen hem to dethe,
That heder is com to helpe me,
And yesterday in black was he.'



His acton it was all of blacke,
His hewberke, and his sheelde,
Ne noe man wist whence he did come,
Ne noe man knewe where he did gone,
When they came from the feelde.

And now three days were prestlye past
In feates of chivalrye,
When lo upon the fourth morninge
A sorrowfulle sight they see.

A hugye giaunt stiffe and starke,
All foule of limbe and lere;
Two goggling eyen like fire farden,
A mouthe from eare to eare.

Before him came a dwarfe full lowe,
That waited on his knee;
And at his backe five heads he bare,
All wan and pale of blee.

'Sir,' quoth the dwarffe, and louted lowe,
'Behold that hend Soldain!
Behold these heads I beare with me!
They are kings which he hath slain.

'The Eldridge knight is his own cousine,
Whom a knight of thine hath shent:
And hee is come to avenge his wrong,
And to thee, all thy knightes among,
Defiance here hath sent.

'But yette he will appease his wrath
Thy daughter's love to winne;
And but thou yeelde him that fayre mayd,
Thy halls and towers must brenne.

'Thy head, sir king, must goe with mee,
Or else thy daughter deere;
Or else within these lists soe broad
Thou must finde him a peere.'



The king he turned him round aboute,
And in his heart was woe:
'Is there never a knighte of my round table
This matter will undergoe?

'Is there never a knighte amongst yee all
Will fight for my daughter and mee?
Whoever will fight yon grimme soldan,
Right fair his meede shall bee.

'For hee shall have my broad lay-lands,
And of my crowne be heyre;
And he shall winne fayre Christabelle
To be his wedded fere.'

But every knighte of his round table
Did stand both still and pale:
For whenever they lookt on the grim soldan,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
When she sawe no helpe was nye:
She cast her thought on her owne true-love,
And the teares gusht from her eye.

Up then sterte the stranger knighte,
Sayd, 'Ladye, be not affrayd:
Ile fighte for thee with this grimme soldan,
Thoughe he be unmacklye made.

'And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sworde
That lyeth within thy bowre,
I trust in Christe for to slay this fiende,
Though he be stiffe and stowre.'

'Goe fetch him downe the Eldridge sworde,'
The king he cryde, 'with speede:
Nowe heaven assist thee, courteous knighte;
My daughter is thy meede.'



The gyaunt he stepped into the lists,
And sayd, 'Awaye, awaye:
I sweare, as I am the hend soldan,
Thou lettest me here all daye.'

Then forthe the stranger knight he came,
In his blacke armoure dight:
The ladye sighed a gentle sighe,
'That this were my true knighte!'

And nowe the gyaunt and knighte are mett
Within the lists soe broad;
And now with swordes soe sharpe of steele,
They gan to lay on load.

The soldan strucke the knighte a stroke,
That made him reele asyde;
Then woe-begone was that fayre ladye,
And thrice she deeply sighde.

The soldan strucke a second stroke,
And made the bloude to flowe:
All pale and wan was that ladye fayre,
And thrice she wept for woe.

The soldan strucke a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knighte on his knee:
Sad sorrow pierced that ladye's heart,
And she shriekt loud shriekings three.

The knighte he leapt upon his feete,
All recklesse of the pain:
Quoth hee, 'But heaven be now my speede,
Or else I shall be slaine.'

He grasped his sworde with mayne and mighte,
And spying a secrette part,
He drave it into the soldan's syde,
And pierced him to the heart.



Then all the people gave a shoute,
Whan they sawe the soldan falle:
The ladye wept, and thanked Christ,
That had reskewed her from thrall.

And nowe the kinge with all his barons
Rose uppe from offe his seate,
And downe he stepped into the listes,
That curteous knighte to grecte.

But he for payne and lack of bloude
Was fallen into a swounde,
And there all walteringe in his gore
Lay lifelesse on the grounde.

'Come downe, come downe, my daughter
Thou art a leeche of skille; [deare,
Farre lever had I lose halfe my landes,
Than this good knighte sholde spille.'

Downe then steppeth that fayre ladye,
To helpe him if she maye;
But when she did his beavere raise,
'It is my life, my lord,' she sayes,
And shriekte and swound awaye.

Sir Cauline juste lifte up his eyes
When he hearde his ladye crye,
'O ladye, I am thine owne true love;
For thee I wisht to dye.'

Then giving her one partinge looke,
He closed his eyes in death,
Ere Christabelle, that ladye milde,
Begane to draw her breath.

But when she found her comelye knighte
Indeed was dead and gone,
She layde her pale cold cheeke to his,
And thus she made her moane:

Sir Cauline.



'O staye, my deare and onlye lord,
For mee thy faithfulle fere;
'Tis meet that I shold followe thee,
Who hast bought my love soe deare.'

Then fayntinge in a deadlye swoune,
And with a deepe-fette sighe,
That burst her gentle hearte in twayne,
Fayre Christabelle did dye.

J. Franklin del.

G. Dalziel sc.

RUTH. One of the few ballad poems of the great Poet of his age and country—William Wordsworth. It is a composition of the rarest beauty, natural and true; and conveys a strong moral in language that renders it powerfully impressive.

The Poet descended from a family of high respectability in Cumberland. He was born at Cockermouth, on the 7th of April, 1770; he died April 23, 1850, in the eighty-first year of his age—the anniversary of Shakspeare's birth. William Wordsworth was educated at Hawkesworth School, in Lancashire; his fellow-pupil was his almost equally distinguished brother — Dr. Christopher Wordsworth. In 1787, he took his degree at St. John's College, Cambridge. Early in the year 1800, he settled in Westmoreland; and for nearly forty-three years his home was either at his residence, Rydal Mount, or within two miles of it. While a student at the university, he travelled on the Continent; and, it is understood, learned by experience, during a brief sojourn in France, the evil tendency of Republican Principles. Happily for society, he was a personal witness to the atrocities of the Reign of Terror; for to this circumstance we are no doubt indebted for some of the grandest, noblest, and most serviceable of his compositions. There is evidence in his writings that he subsequently visited the Continent; and we have abundant proof that frequent excursions into Scotland, and the several counties of England, produced the glorious fruitage we find in his great works. His departures from his own fireside, however, were only brief and occasional: his life was retired—uniformly calm, and invariably useful. Mingling but little in "society," his career was an almost uninterrupted continuance of philosophic repose. The possession of

"Health, peace, and competence,"

secured that tranquillity of mind and temper, out of which has proceeded the vast mine of intellectual wealth that will be exhausted only when Nature becomes untrue to herself. For many years Mr. Wordsworth held the post of "Distributor of Stamps" for the district in which he resided; and on the death of his friend Southey, he was appointed "Poet Laureate"—an appointment that conferred distinction upon, and elevated, the office. He outlived nearly all his contemporaries; having reached a venerable age, beloved, honoured, and respected;—still as capable of enjoying nature —and teaching others to enjoy it—as he was in the heyday of his youth. Though some of his admirers have perhaps carried their idolatry too far, there can be no doubt of the high position which Wordsworth must always hold among British poets. His style is simple, unaffected, and vigorous—his blank verse manly and idiomatic—his sentiments both noble and pathetic,—and his images poetic and appropriate. His Sonnets are among the finest in the language.

He has ever been a "Poet for Poets:" from the commencement of his career, he "fit audience found, though few." But his popularity—in the ordinary sense of the term—was long postponed. It is only of late years that his resolute energy in working on his own steady way—persevering almost in the teeth of despair—has received a portion of its recompense in the more general appeciation of mankind. But that he aimed at achieving a loftier purpose than temporary applause, he would long since have thrown aside the pen; for the fact will be classed hereafter among the marvels of this age, that the poetry of Wordsworth scarcely paid the cost of publication.

The style of Wordsworth is essentially vernacular;—at once vigorous and simple. He is ever true to Nature; and therefore, excepting only Shakespeare, no writer is so often quoted by writers. Passages from his Poems have become familiar as household words, and are perpetually called into use to give force and expression to the thoughts and feelings of others. This is, of itself, "an exceeding great reward"—perhaps the highest compliment a Poet can receive. With him the commonest objects,—

> "Bare trees and mountains bare,
> The grass and the green fields,"

are things sacred: he has an alchemy of his own, by which he draws from them "a kind of quintessence" entirely and altogether pure. "He sees nothing loftier than human hopes,—nothing deeper than the human heart." His purpose ever is so to picture NATURE, that he may succeed in

> "Linking to her fair works the human soul!"

His Poems are full of beauties peculiarly their own,—of original thoughts, of fine sympathies, and of grave yet cheerful wisdom. Virtue never had a firmer friend, or a more effective advocate. No Poet of his time has received worthier compliments from his contemporaries. One of the most impressive was paid to him by the Author of "Ion," in the House of Commons, where a shrivelled soul was sceptical concerning poetical "utilities."—"He has supplied the noblest antidote to the freezing effects of the scientific spirit of the age; and, while he has done justice to the poetry of greatness, has cast a glory around the lowest conditions of humanity, and traced out the subtle links by which they are connected with the highest." A kindred spirit—Felicia Hemans—laid this offering upon the shrine:—

> "True bard and holy! Thou art even as one
> Who, by some secret gift of soul, or eye,
> In every spot beneath the smiling sun,
> Sees where the springs of living waters lie!"

It is indeed impossible to exaggerate in praising the most eloquent and high-souled of all our British Poets—saving and excepting only one. His volumes will be—"for ever and for ever"—the text-books of those who love and reverence Nature, Virtue, and Eternal Truth.



RUTH.

When Ruth was left half desolate,
Her Father took another Mate;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted Child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill,
In thoughtless freedom bold.

And she had made a Pipe of straw,
And from that oaten Pipe could draw
All sounds of winds and floods;
Had built a Bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An Infant of the woods.



Beneath her Father's roof alone
She seem'd to live; her thoughts her own,
Herself her own delight;
Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay;
And, passing thus the livelong day,
She grew to Woman's height.

There came a Youth from Georgia's shore—
A military Casque he wore,
With splendid feathers drest;
He brought them from the Cherokees:
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:
Ah no! he spake the English tongue,
And bore a Soldier's name;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,
In finest tones the Youth could speak:
— While he was yet a Boy,
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely Youth! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he;
And, when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought;
And with him many tales he brought
Of pleasure and of fear;
Such tales as told to any Maid
By such a Youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear.



He told of Girls—a happy rout!
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
Their pleasant Indian Town,
To gather strawberries all day long;
Returning with a choral song
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants divine and strange
That every hour their blossoms change,
Ten thousand lovely hues!
With budding, fading, faded flowers,
They stand the wonder of the bowers
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the Magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high over head!
The Cypress and her spire;
—Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The Youth of green savannahs spake,
And many an endless, endless lake,
With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

And then he said, 'How sweet it were
A fisher or a hunter there,
A gardener in the shade
Still wandering with an easy mind,
To build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade!

'What days, and what sweet years! Ah me!
Our life were life indeed, with thee
So pass'd in quiet bliss;
And all the while,' said he, 'to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this!'



And then he sometimes interwove
Fond thoughts about a Father's love:
'For there,' said he, 'are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun.

'Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me,
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear;
Or run, my own adopted Bride,
A sylvan Huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer!

'Beloved Ruth!'—No more he said.
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
A solitary tear:
She thought again—and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

'And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the Church our faith will plight,
A Husband and a Wife.'
Even so they did; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think
That on those lonesome floods,
And green savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And with his dancing crest
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roam'd about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West.



The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky.
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a Youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of Heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those Climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seem'd allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and lovely flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those gorgeous bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent;
For passions link'd to forms so fair,
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known;
Deliberately, and undeceived,
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impar'd, and he became
The slave of low desires:
A Man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.



And yet he with no feign'd delight,
Had woo'd the Maiden, day and night,
Had loved her night and morn:
What could he less than love a Maid
Whose heart with so much nature play'd?
So kind and so forlorn.

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,
'O Ruth, I have been worse than dead:
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,
Encompassed me on every side
When first, in confidence and pride,
I crossed the Atlantic Main.

'It was a fresh and glorious world,
A banner bright that was unfurl'd
Before me suddenly:
I look'd upon those hills and plains,
And seem'd as if let loose from chains,
To live at liberty.

'But wherefore speak of this? For now,
Sweet Ruth! with thee, I know not how,
I feel my spirit burn—
Even as the east when day comes forth,
And to the west, and south, and north,
The morning doth return.'

Full soon that purer mind was gone;
No hope, no wish remained, not one,—
They stirr'd him now no more;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wish'd to live
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore;
But, when they thither came, the Youth
Deserted his poor Bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.



'God help thee, Ruth!'—Such pains she had,
That she in half a year was mad,
And in a prison housed;
And there she sang tumultuous songs,
By recollection of her wrongs
To fearful passion roused.

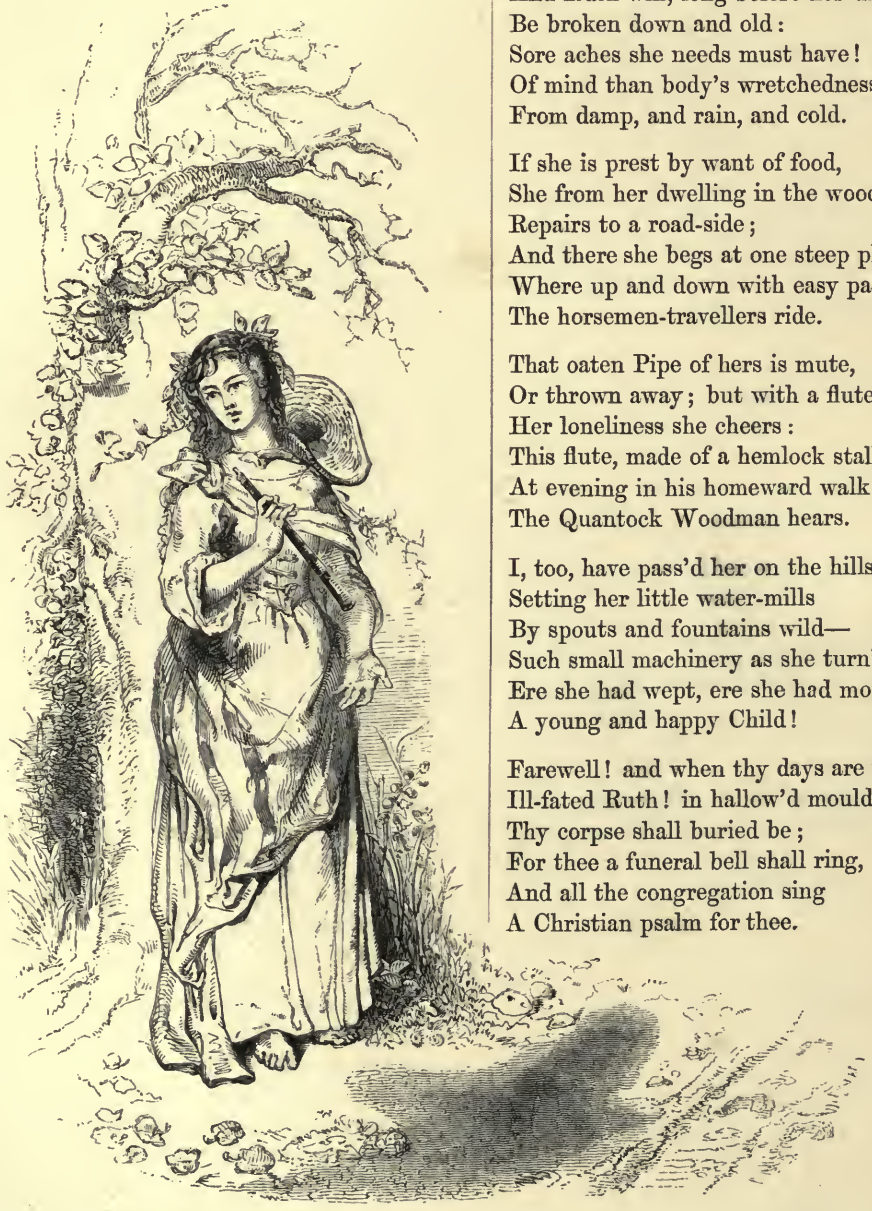
Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May,
—They all were with her in her cell;
And a wild brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
There came a respite to her pain;—
She from her prison fled;
But of the Vagrant none took thought;
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again:
The master-current of her brain
Ran permanent and free;
And, coming to the banks of Tone,
There did she rest, and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves, she loved them still,
Nor ever tax'd them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

A Barn her *winter* bed supplies;
But, till the warmth of summer skies
And summer days is gone,
(And all do in this tale agree)
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
And other home hath none.



An innocent life, yet far astray!
And Ruth will, long before her day,
Be broken down and old:
Sore aches she needs must have! but less
Of mind than body's wretchedness,
From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food,
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a road-side;
And there she begs at one steep place,
Where up and down with easy pace
The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten Pipe of hers is mute,
Or thrown away; but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers:
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk
The Quantock Woodman hears.

I, too, have pass'd her on the hills
Setting her little water-mills
By spouts and fountains wild—
Such small machinery as she turn'd
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourn'd,
A young and happy Child!

Farewell! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth! in hallow'd mould
Thy corpse shall buried be;
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE. There are few, in England, who have heard nothing of Robin Hood,

"The English yeoman's pride and joy."

His only history is to be found in ballads; barely sufficient is known of him to clothe him in romance: the period in which he flourished is five or six centuries removed, yet there is no name among the thousands sacred to British memories so completely "familiar" as a "household word." That a courageous and courteous outlaw called Robin Hood did exist, towards the close of the twelfth century, had a numerous band of brave and daring associates, for a very long period set the law at defiance, and haunted, chiefly, the forest of merrie Selwood, in Nottinghamshire, is proved upon safe testimony: but doubts may reasonably be entertained concerning his claim to the earldom of Huntingdon, accorded to him in songs comparatively modern; and equally as to the derivation of his surname, whether it came from his alleged ancestors, the Normans, Fitz Odoth or Fitz-ooth, or was merely a corruption of "O' th' Wood," in allusion to the scene of his principal exploits. It would appear, on comparing the several authorities, prosaic and poetic, that about the year 1190, in the reign of the first Richard, Robin Hood was a leader of renowned thieves, who infested forests in the shires of York, Cumberland, and Nottingham.

"In *Locksly town*, in merry *Nottinghamshire*
In merry sweet Locksly town,
There bold Robin Hood was *born* and was bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown."

He was probably outlawed, originally, for slaying the royal deer, a crime which subjected the offender to dreadful and repulsive penalties. His skill as an archer, combined with other advantages, natural and acquired, becoming famous, he was joined by many others equally impatient of restraint or reckless of character;

"Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of lawful men."

And it is easy to imagine that, in time, he succeeded in so disciplining his forces that they became a formidable band, whom, according to an early historian, "four times the number of the bolder fellows durst not attack." His mode of selecting his associates was calculated to create "a stout army;" for "whersoever he hard of any that were of unusual strength and hardiness, he would desgyse himselfe, and, rather than fayle, go lyke a beggar to become acquaynted with them; and, after he had tryed them with fyghting, never give them over tyl he had used means to drawe [them] to lyve after his fashion." The old ballads are full of these trials of strength; experiments to prove the mettle of the neophyte; and although Robin is described, in nearly all of them, as roundly and soundly beaten, he is always made to take a drubbing in good

part. The generosity of Robin is, indeed, an essential part of his character; we read in Stow that "he suffered no woman to be oppressed or otherwise molested; poore men's goods he spared; abundantlie relieving them with that which by theft he got from abbeys and the houses of rich carles." The historian Major pronounces him to have been "of all theeves the most gentle theefe;" even Fuller describes him as a merry rather than a mischievous rogue; and he is termed by Camden "prædonem mitissimum:" opinions echoed by the poet Drayton—

> "From wealthy abbots, cheats, and churls, abundant store,
> What oftentimes he took, he shared amongst the poor."

Thus he lived a merrie life, at least among his

> "Mates, who made their wills their law,
> Spending his dayes as pleasantlie as a king-a,
> In joyous skipping up and down the wodde."

And, in good truth,

> "The merry pranks he play'd would ask an age to tell."

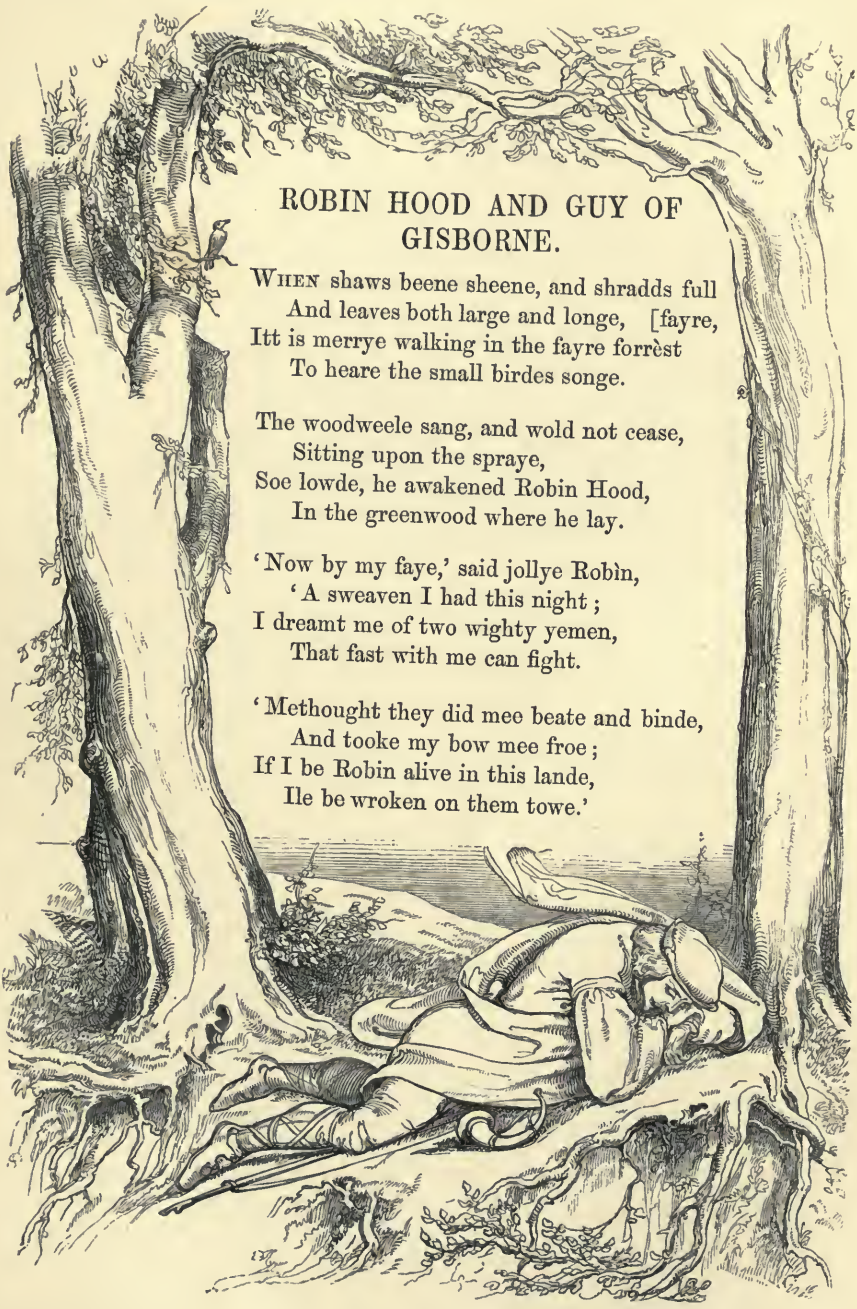
To his death, which forms the subject of another ballad, we shall refer presently.

The ballads which commemorate the career and adventures of the hero of the forests are very numerous; the indefatigable Ritson collected them into two volumes. The longest is "A lyttell Geste of Robyn Hode and his Meyne and of the proude Sheryfe of Nottingham." Others record his adventures with the Pinder of Wakefield, the Bishop, the Butcher, the Tanner, the Tinker, the Shepherd, the Friar, and so forth; persons on whom he either levied highway rates, or with whom he fought as a way of testing their prowess. In one of the stories he is made to meet a couple of priests, and on receiving their assurances that they had no money, he bade them go to prayer forthwith; and they did pray for a supply, "with mournful chear," so effectually, that Robin found in their pockets five hundred pieces of gold.

The ballad which follows is extracted from the "Reliques" of Dr. Percy, by whom it was coined from the folio MS. The Doctor acknowledges that he had "taken some liberties with it;" and that in the edition (the fourth) from which we print it, he had "brought it nearer" to the original. Although the changes are immaterial, the admission excited the ire of Ritson, who characterises them as "wanton," "arbitrary," and "even injudicious;" and asserts that to justify such a procedure is "beyond the conception of a person not habituated to liberties of this nature, nor destitute of all manner of regard to truth or probity."

The daring deeds and courteous gallantry of the famous outlaw have been a fertile theme with poets in all ages since he flourished. Thus sayeth Michael Drayton:—

> "In this our spacious isle I think there is not one,
> But he of 'Robin Hood hath heard' and Little John;
> And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done
> Of Scarlock, George a Green, and Much the miller's son;
> Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made,
> In praise of Robin Hood, his out-laws, and their trade."



ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.

When shaws beene sheene, and shradds full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt is merrye walking in the fayre forrèst
To heare the small birdes songe.

The woodweele sang, and wold not cease,
Sitting upon the spraye,
Soe lowde, he awakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

'Now by my faye,' said jollye Robìn,
'A sweaven I had this night;
I dreamt me of two wighty yemen,
That fast with me can fight.

'Methought they did mee beate and binde,
And tooke my bow mee froe;
If I be Robin alive in this lande,
Ile be wroken on them towe.'

J. Franklin del. G. P. Nicholls sc.



'Sweavens are swift, master,' quoth John,
'As the wind that blowes ore a hill;
For if itt be never so loude this night,
To morrow itt may be still.'

'Buske yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,
And John shall goe with mee,
For Ile goe seeke yond wight yoemen,
In greenwood where the bee.'

Then the cast on their gownes of grene,
And tooke theyr bowes each one;
And they away to the greene forrèst
A shooting forth are gone.

Until they came to the merry greenwood,
Where they had gladdest bee,
There were the ware of a wight yoemàn,
His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of manye a man the bane;
And he was clad in his capull hyde
Topp and tayll and mayne.

'Stand you still, master,' quoth Little John,
'Under this tree so grene;
And I will go to yond wight yoeman
To know what he doth meane.'

'Ah! John, by me thou settest noe store,
And that I farley finde:
How offt send I my men beffore,
And tarry my selfe behinde?

'It is no cunning a knave to ken,
And a man but heare him speake;
And itt were not for bursting of my bowe,
John, I thy head would breake.'

As often wordes they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John;



And John is gone to Barnesdale:
The gates he knoweth eche one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heaviness there hee hadd,
For he found tow of his owne fellowès
Were slaine both in a slade.

And Scarlette he was flyinge a-foote
Fast over stocke and stone,
For the sheriffe with seven score men
Fast after him is gone.

'One shoote now I will shoote,' quoth John,
With Christ his might and mayne;
'I le make yond fellow that flyes soe fast,
To stopp he shall be fayne.'

Then John bent up his long bende-bow,
And fetteled him to shoote:
The bow was made of a tender boughe,
And fell downe to his foote.

'Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That ere thou grew on a tree;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boote when thou shold bee.'

His shoote it was but loosely shott,
Yet flewe not the arrowe in vaine;
For itt mett one of the sheriffes men,
Good William a Trent was slaine.

It had bene better of William a Trent
To have bene abed with sorrowe,
Than to be that day in the green wood slade
To meet with Little John's arrowe.

But as it is said, when men be mett,
Fyve can doe more than three,
The sheriffe hath taken Little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.



'Thou shalt be drawen by dale and downe,
And hanged hye on a hill.' [John,
'But thou mayst fayle of thy purpose,' quoth
'If itt be Christ his will.'

Let us leave talking of Little John,
And thinke of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeomàn,
Where under the leaves he stood.
[fayre,
'Good morrowe, good fellowe,' said Robin so
'Good morrowe, good fellowe,' quoth he:
'Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande
A good archere thou sholdst bee.'

'I am wilfull of my waye,' quo' the yeman,
'And of my morning tyde.'
'Ile lead thee through the wood,' sayd Robin;
'Good fellow, Ile be thy guide.'

'I seeke an outlàwe,' the straunger sayd,
'Men call him Robin Hood;
Rather Ild meet with that proud outlàwe
Than fortye pound soe good.'

'Now come with me thou wighty yeman,
And Robin thou soone shalt see:
But first let us some pastime find
Under the greenwood tree.

'First let us some masterye make
Among the woods so even,
Wee may chance to meet with Robin Hood
Here att some unsett steven.'

They cutt them downe two summer shroggs,
That grew both under a breere,
And sett them threescore rood in twaine
To shoot the prickes y-fere.

'Leade on, good fellowe,' quoth Robin Hood,
'Leade on, I doe bidd thee.'



'Nay by my faith, good fellowe,' hee sayd,
'My leader thou shalt bee.'

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,
He mist but an inch it froe:
The yoeman he was an archer good,
But he cold never shoote soe.

The second shoote had the wightye yeman,
He shote within the garlànde:
But Robin he shott far better than hee,
For he clave the good pricke wande.

'A blessing upon thy heart,' he sayd;
'Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode!
For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better then Robin Hoode.'

'Now tell me thy name, good fellowe,' sayd [he,
'Under the leaves of lyne.'
'Nay by my faith,' quoth bolde Robìn,
'Till thou have told me thine.'

'I dwell by dale and downe,' quoth hee,
'And Robin to take Ime sworne;
And when I am called by my right name
I am Guye of good Gisbòrne.'

'My dwelling is in this wood,' sayes Robin,
'By thee I set right nought:
I am Robin Hood of Barnèsdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought.'

He that had neither beene kithe nor kin,
Might have seene a full fayre sight,
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they
Two howres of a summers day: [fought
Yett neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy
Them fettled to flye away.



Robin was reachles on a roote,
And stumbled at that tyde;
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,
And hitt him ore the left side.

'Ah, deare lady,' sayd Robin Hood, '"thou
That art both mother and may,"
I think it was never mans destinye
To dye before his day.'

Robin thought on our ladye deere,
And soone leapt up againe,
And strait he came with a backward stroke,
And he Sir Guy hath slayne.

He took Sir Guy's head by the hayre,
And sticked itt on his bowes end:
'Thou hast beene a traytor all thy liffe,
Which thing must have an ende.'

Robin pulled forth an Irish kniffe,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never on woman born,
Cold tell whose head it was.

Saies, 'Lye there, lye there, now Sir Guye,
And with me be not wrothe; [hand,
If thou have had the worse strokes at my
Thou shalt have the better clothe.'

Robin did off his gowne of greene,
And on Sir Guy did it throwe,
And hee put on that capull hyde,
That cladd him topp to toe.

'The bowe, the arrowes, and litle horne,
Now with me I will beare;
For I will away to Barnèsdale,
To see how my men doe fare.'

Robin Hood sett Guyes horne to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow,



That beheard the sheriffe of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.

'Hearken, hearken,' sayd the sheriffe,
'I heare nowe tydings good,
For yonder I heare Sir Guye's horne blowe,
And he hath slaine Robin Hoode.

'Yonder I heare Sir Guye's horne blowe,
Itt blowes soe well in tyde,
And yonder comes that wightye yoeman,
Cladd in his capull hyde.

'Come hyther, come hyther, thou good Sir Guy,
Aske what thou wilt of mee.'
'O, I will none of thy gold,' sayd Robin,
'Nor I will none of thy fee:

'But now I've slaine the master,' he sayes,
'Let me goe strike the knave;
This is all the rewarde I aske;
Nor noe other will I have.'

'Thou art a madman,' said the sheriffe,
'Thou sholdest have had a knight's fee:
But seeing thy asking hath beene soe bad,
Well granted it shale be.'

When Litle John heard his master speake,
Well knewe he it was his steven:
'Now shall I be looset,' quoth Litle John,
'With Christ his might in heaven.'

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,
He thought to loose him belive;
The sheriffe and all his companye
Fast after him did drive.

'Stand abacke, stand abacke,' sayd Robin;
'Why draw you mee soe neere?
Itt was never the use in our countryè,
One's shrift another shold heere.'

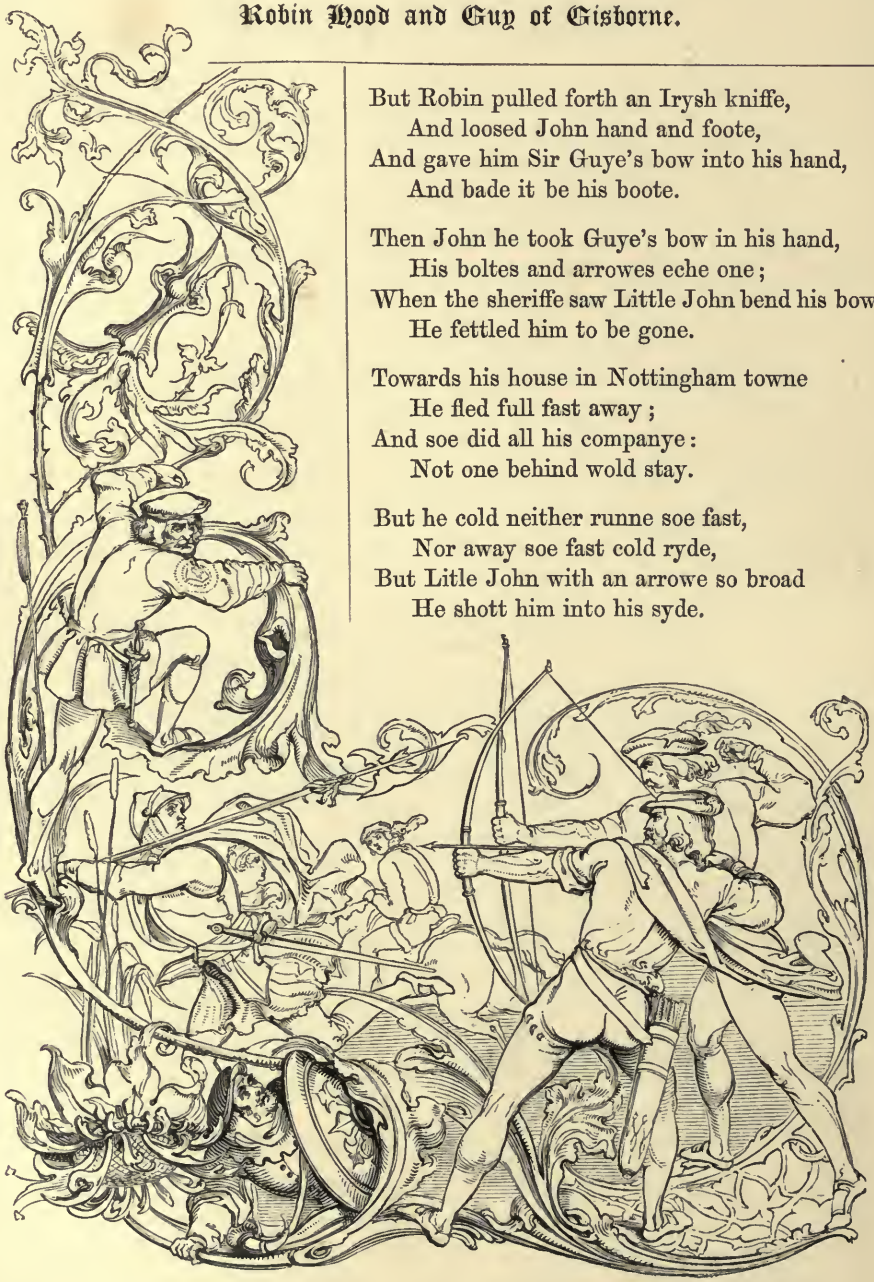
Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne.

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,
And loosed John hand and foote,
And gave him Sir Guye's bow into his hand,
And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guye's bow in his hand,
His boltes and arrowes eche one;
When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow,
He fettled him to be gone.

Towards his house in Nottingham towne
He fled full fast away;
And soe did all his companye:
Not one behind wold stay.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,
Nor away soe fast cold ryde,
But Litle John with an arrowe so broad
He shott him into his syde.



J. Franklin del. Fred. Branston sc.

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF ROBIN HOOD.

We copy this ballad from Ritson's "Collection of all the Ancient Poems, Songs, and Ballads, now extant, relative to that celebrated English Outlaw, Robin Hood." A brief outline of his life we have already given; the notes we here introduce concern exclusively his "Death and Burial:" for the "facts" concerning which we are indebted to the indefatigable collector, who seems to have gathered together, by immense labour, every item of information that exists upon the subject. The old chronicles are somewhat circumstantial touching the final exit of the hero. "The king att last," says the Harleian MS., "sett furth a proclamation to have him apprehended," &c. Grafton, after having told us that he "practised robberyes &c.," adds, "The which beyng certefyed to the king, and he, beyng greatly offended therewith, caused his proclamation to be made that whosoever would bryng him quicke or dead, the king would geve him a great summe of money, as by the recordes in the Exchequer is to be seene: But of this promise no man enjoyed any benefite;" for as long as he had his "bent bow in his hand," it was scarcely safe to meddle with the "archer good." Time, however, subdued his strength and spirit. Finding the infirmities of old age increase upon him, and being "troubled with a sicknesse," according to Grafton, he "came to a certain nonry in Yorkshire called Bircklies [Kircklies], where desiryng to be let blood, he was betrayed and bled to death." The Sloane MS. says, that "[being] dystempered with cowld and age, he had great payne in his lymmes, his bloud being corrupted; therefore, to be eased of his payne by letting blood, he repayred to the priores of Kyrkesly, which some say was his aunt, a woman very skylful in physique & surgery; who, perceyving him to be Robyn Hood, & waying howe fel an enimy he was to religious persons, toke reveng of him for her owne howse and all others by letting him bleed to death. It is also sayd that one sir Roger of Doncaster, bearing grudge to Robyn for some injury, incyted the priores, with whome he was very familiar, in such a maner to dispatch him." The Harleian MS., after mentioning the proclamation "set furth to have him apprehended," adds, "at which time it happened he fell sick at a nunnery in Yorkshire called Birkleys [Kirkleys]; & desiring there to be let blood, hee was beytrayed & made bleed to death."

According to the Sloane MS. the prioress, after "letting him bleed to death, buryed him under a great stone by the hywayes syde:" which is agreeable to the account in Grafton's Chronicle, where it is said that after his death, "the prioresse of the same place caused him to be buryed by the highway side, where he had used to rob and spoyle those that passed that way. And vpon his grave the sayde prioresse did lay a very fayre stone, wherein the names of *Robert Hood*, *William of Goldesborough*, and others were graven. And the cause why she buryed him there was, for that the common passengers and travailers, knowyng and seeyng him there buryed, might

morely safely and without feare take their jorneys that way, which they durst not do in the life of the sayd outlawes. And at eyther ende of the sayd tombe was erected a crosse of stone, which is to be seene there at this present."

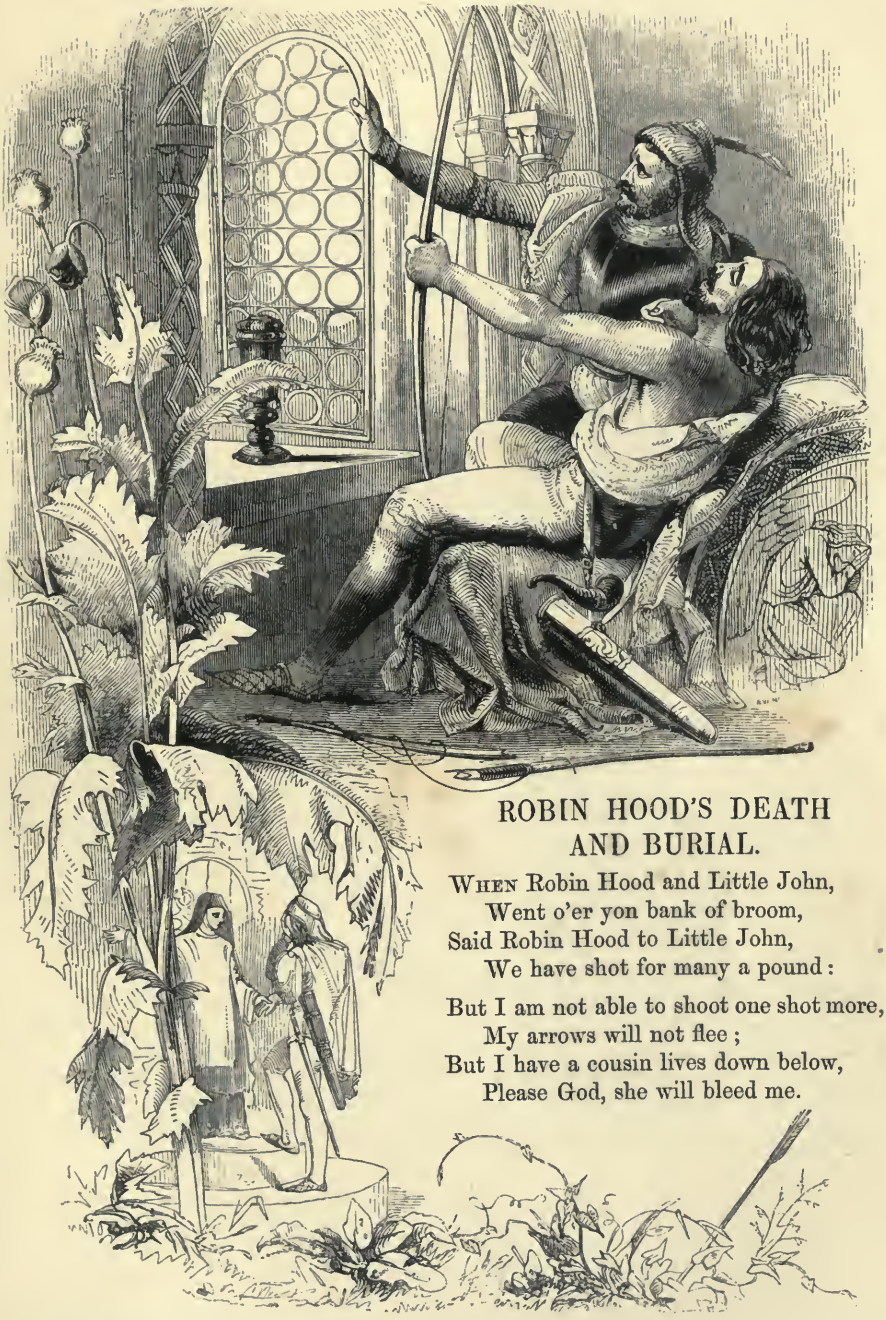
"Amongst the papers of the learned Dr. Gale, late Dean of York, was found this epitaph of Robin Hood:—

Hear underneath dis laitl stean
laiz robert earl of Huntingtun
near arcir ber az hie sa geud
an pipl kauld im robin heud
sick utlawz az hi an iz men
bil england nibr si agen.
obiit 24 [r. 14] kal dekembris 1247."

There appears to be reasonable ground for the belief that Robin Hood was thus treacherously dealt with. The circumstance is distinctly referred to in the ballad entitled "A Lytell Geste of Robine Hode,"—a long metrical narration, consisting of eight fyttes or cantos, and containing no fewer than four hundred and fifty stanzas. It bears conclusive evidence of antiquity, and may be considered at least as old as the time of Chaucer.

The ballad—"Robin Hood's Death and Burial"—although its style is comparatively modern, is clearly based upon one much older:—it contains passages of too "genuine" a character to have been the production of an age much later than that in which flourished the hero of the grene-wode.

The reader will, no doubt, desire to know something concerning the career of Robin's famous lieutenant, "Little John." "There standeth," as Stanihurst relates, "in Ostmantowne greene (now in the centre of the city of Dublin), an hillocke, named Little John his Shot. The occasion," he says, "proceeded of this. In the yeere one thousand one hundred foure score and nine, there ranged three robbers and outlaws in England, among which Robert Hood and Little John weere cheefeteins, of all theeves doubtlesse the most courteous. Robert Hood being betrayed at a nunrie in Scotland called Bricklies, the remnant of the crue was scattered, and everie man forced to shift for himselfe. Whereupon Little John was faine to flee the realme by sailing into Ireland, where he sojourned for a few daies at Dublin. The citizens being doone to understand the wandering outcast to be an excellent archer, requested him hartilie to trie how far he could shoot at random; who yeelding to their behest, stood on the bridge of Dublin, and shot to that mole hill, leaving behind him a monument, rather by his posteritie to be woondered, than possiblie by anie man living to be counterscored. But as the repaire of so notorious a champion to anie countrie would soone be published, so his abode could not be long concealed: and therefore to eschew the danger of [the] lawes, he fled into Scotland, where he died at a towne or village called Moravie."



ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH AND BURIAL.

When Robin Hood and Little John,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood to Little John,
We have shot for many a pound:

But I am not able to shoot one shot more,
My arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below,
Please God, she will bleed me.

H. Warren del. Evans sc.



Now Robin is to fair Kirkley gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall,
He knock'd all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

'Will you please to sit down, Cousin Robin,' she said,
'And drink some beer with me?'
'No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee.'

'Well, I have a room, cousin Robin,' she said,
Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be.'

She took him by the lilly-white hand,
And let him to a private room,
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
Whilst one drop of blood would run.

She blooded him in the vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
There did he bleed all the live-long day,
Until the next day at noon.*

* The following stanzas are from the poem referred to in the Introduction—"A Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode:"—

'Yet he was beguiled, I wys,
Through a wycked woman,
The pryoresse of Kyrkesly,
That nye was of his kynne.

'They toke togyder theyr counsell
Robyn Hode for to sle,
And how they myght best do that dede,
His banis for to be.'



He then bethought him of a casement door,
Thinking for to be gone,
He was so weak he could not leap,
Nor he could not get down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee,
He set his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under the tree,
'I fear my master is near dead,
He blows so wearily.'

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone,
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
He broke locks two or three:

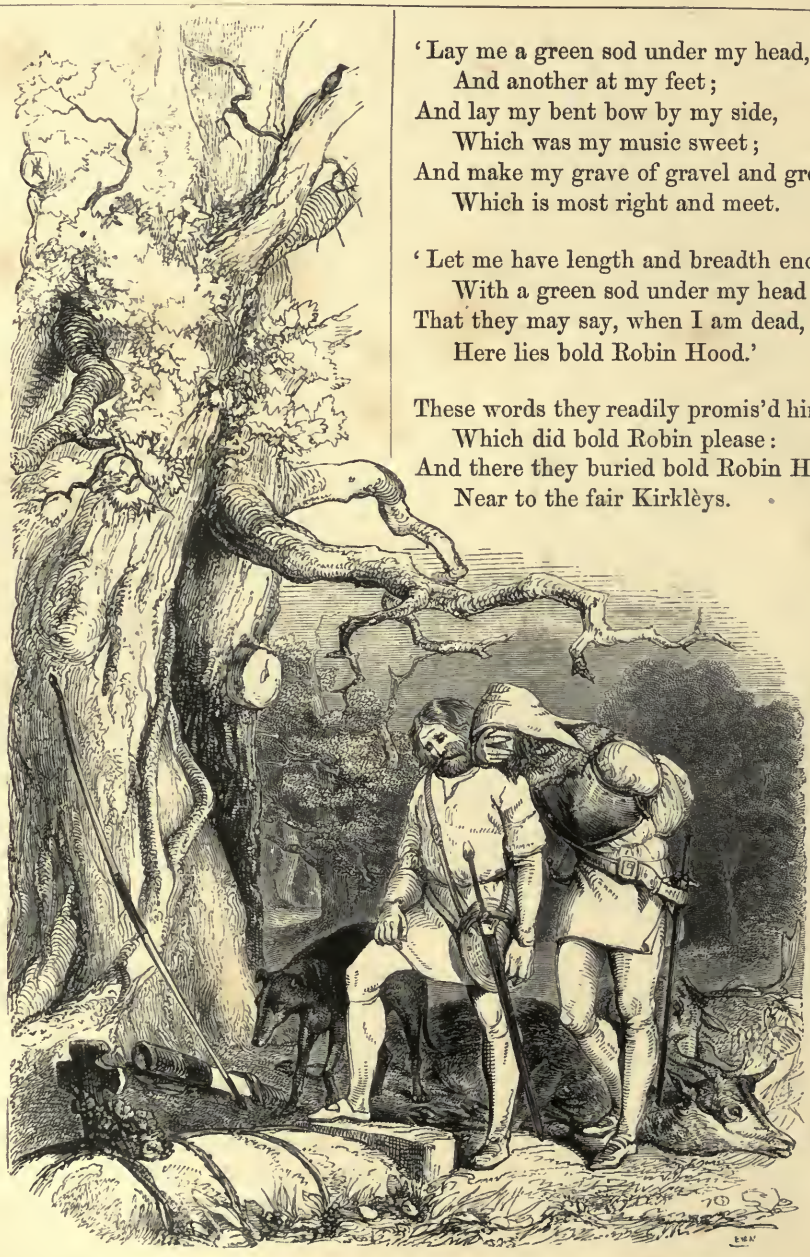
Untill he came bold Robin to,
Then he fell on his knee;
'A boon, a boon,' cries Little John,
Master, I beg of thee.'

'What is that boon,' quoth Robin Hood,
'Little John, thou begs of me?'
'It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
And all their nunnery.'

'Now nay, now nay,' quoth Robin Hood,
'That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never "hurt" woman in all my life,
Nor man in woman's company.

'I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digg'd be.

Robin Hood's Death and Burial.



'Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;
And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

'Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood.'

These words they readily promis'd him,
Which did bold Robin please:
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Near to the fair Kirklèys.

H. Warren del. Evans sc.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SIR JAMES THE ROSE. Of Michael Bruce, the author of this ballad, very little is known. Allan Cunningham, who prefaces his collection of "Scottish Songs" with brief memoirs of various writers, merely refers to him as "a young poet who, though he died in the blossom of his hope, has received some compensation by the general sympathy with which his name is regarded, and by the fame that his promise rather than his performance has obtained." He was born at Kinnaswood, in Scotland, in 1746; and — according to Campbell, in his "Specimens of British Poets" — "his friends being persons in low circumstances, he had to struggle with poverty, which, together with constitutional disease, gave a melancholy turn to his mind, and influenced the character of his writings." For a short time he was engaged in the occupation of a village schoolmaster, the fatigues of which probably shortened his life. He died of consumption in 1767. His poems were printed at Edinburgh, in 1770, by the Rev. John Logan — himself a poet, whose lines on "the Cuckoo" are classed among the most beautiful compositions in the language. In the ballad written by Bruce, although the story is dramatically constructed and skilfully worked out, there is little originality. Many ancient compositions record similar incidents; and Pinkerton and Motherwell have both preserved copies of a very early ballad, from which it is more than probable the ideas of Bruce were borrowed. They have the same title; Motherwell states that his version, "given as it occurs in common stall-prints, and is to be obtained from the recitations of elderly people," does not exactly correspond with that of Pinkerton, which, no doubt, received "a few conjectural emendations from his own pen." In a note to his version Pinkerton describes it as given "from a modern edition, in one sheet, 12mo., after the old copy." Both he and Motherwell are highly wroth with the modern imitator, Bruce, and the perpetrator of a still more palpable theft, entitled "Elfrida and Sir James of Perth," printed in the fourth volume of Evans's Collection. "It might be curious," writes Motherwell, "to ascertain which of these mournful ditties is the senior, were it for nothing else than perfectly to enjoy the cool impudence with which the graceless youngster has appropriated to itself, without thanks or acknowledgment, all the best things which occur in the other." These battlers for the veritable antique, in their anger against the plagiarist, overlook the greater ease and elegance of the modern composition; and especially the fact, that in changing the current of the story it is made more conformable with truth; for the reader turns with disgust from the records of the old chronicler, who makes of the fair Matilda a foul betrayer. The following verses will sufficiently exhibit the style and character of the story: we commence after Sir John the Graeme has made due inquiries of the lady as to what had become of Sir James the Rose, —

"The young heir o' Buleighan."

'But as we speid they rade awa,
She leudly cry'd behind them;
'Gin ye 'll gie me a worthy meid,
I 'll tell ye whar to find him.'

'O tell, fair maid, and in our band
Ye 'se get his purse and brechan;'
'He's on the bank aboon the mill,
In the lawlands o' Buleighan.'

Then out and spak Sir John the Graeme,
Who had the charge a keiping,
It 's neir be said, my stalwart feres,
We kill'd him whan a sleiping.

They seiz'd his braid sword and his targe,
And closely him surrounded;
'O pardon, mercy, gentlemen,'
He then fu' loudly sounded.

'Sic as ye gave sic ye shall hae,
Nae grace we shaw to thee can.'
'Donald my man wait till I fa',
And ye sall hae my brechan;
Ye'll get my purse, thouch fou o' gowd,
To tak me to Loch Lagan.'

Syne they took out his bleeding heart,
And set it on a speir;
Then hike it to the house o' Mar,
And shaw'd it to his deir.

'We cold nae gie Sir James's purse,
We cold nae gie his brechan;
But ye sall hae his bleiding heart,
Bot and his bleiding tartan.'

* * * * *

Then up she raise and furth she gaes;
And, in that hour o' tein,
She wander'd to the dowie glen,
And never mair was seen.

Our extract is made from the copy as printed by Pinkerton; that which Motherwell publishes is manifestly inferior: take as a specimen the concluding stanzas: —

Then up she rose and forth she goes,
And in that fatal hour
She bodily was borne away,
And never was seen more.

But where she went was never kent;
And so to end the matter,
A traitor's end you may depend
Can never be no better.

Neither of the copies printed by Pinkerton and Motherwell, however, bear so close a resemblance to Bruce's ballad as to justify the severe censure of the two critics — both of whom, beyond all controversy, lived themselves in houses of glass; and are liable to the charge of having continually and unscrupulously borrowed the thoughts and language of the old ballad-makers.

The ballad of "Elfrida and Sir James of Perth" is a very inferior composition. The story is similar to that of Sir James the Rose; and some lines are precisely the same in both. There can be little doubt that the composition of Michael Bruce was imitated; and there is ample evidence that the act was not perpetrated by a Scottishman. A stanza or two from "Elfrida and Sir James of Perth" will no doubt satisfy the reader: it is a poor sample of a worthless whole: —

For long he woo'd a tender lass,
Elfrida of the Vale;
An equal flame the lass betray'd,
And heard his amorous tale.

A piercing glance her eyes did shoot;
And every heart engross;
Full many a lover hopeless sigh'd,
And eike Sir John of Ross.

In some copies the ballad is entitled "Sir James the Ross." Mr. Pinkerton informs us that "Rose is an ancient and honourable name in Scotland. Johannes de Rose is a witness to the famous Charter of Robert the Second, testifying his marriage with Elizabeth More, as appears in the rare edition of it printed at Paris in 1695."



SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs,
Of high and warlike name,
The bravest was Sir James the Rose,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir,
That crowns the mountain's brow;
And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

J. Brine del. W. J. Linton sc.

Sir James the Rose.



The chieftain of the brave clan Ross,
A firm undaunted band;
Five hundred warriors drew the sword,
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood,
Against the English keen,
Ere two and twenty opening springs
This blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he loved,
A maid of beauty rare;
Ev'n Margaret on the Scottish throne
Was never half so fair.

Lang had he wooed, lang she refused,
With seeming scorn and pride;
Yet aft her eyes confessed the love
Her fearful words denied.

At last she blessed his well-tried faith,
Allowed his tender claim:
She vowed to him her virgin heart,
And owned an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their passion disapproved;
And bade her wed Sir John the Graeme,
And leave the youth she loved.

At nicht they met, as they were wont,
Deep in a shady wood,
Where, on a bank beside the burn,
A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Concealed among the underwood,
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Graeme,
To hear what they would say.



When thus the maid began: 'My sire
Your passion disapproves,
And bids me wed Sir John the Graeme;
So here must end our loves.

'My father's will must be obeyed;
Nocht boots me to withstand;
Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom,
Must bless thee with her hand.

'Matilda soon shall be forgot,
And from thy mind effaced:
But may that happiness be thine,
Which I can never taste.'

'What do I hear? Is this thy vow?'
Sir James the Rose replied:
'And will Matilda wed the Graeme,
Though sworn to be my bride?

'His sword shall sooner pierce my heart
Than reave me of thy charms!'
Then clasped her to his beating breast,
Fast locked into his arms.

'I spake to try thy love,' she said;
'I'll ne'er wed man but thee:
My grave shall be my bridal bed,
Ere Graeme my husband be.

'Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,
In witness of my troth:
And every plague become my lot,
That day I break my oath!'

They parted thus: the sun was set:
Up hasty Donald flies; [youth!'
And, 'Turn thee, turn thee, beardless
He loud insulting cries.



Soon turned about the fearless chief,
And soon his sword he drew;
For Donald's blade, before his breast,
Had pierced his tartans through.

'This for my brother's slighted love;
His wrongs sit on my arm.'
Three paces back the youth retired,
And saved himself frae harm.

Returning swift, his hand he reared
Frae Donald's head above,
And through the brain and crashing bones
His sharp-edged weapon drove.

He staggering reeled, then tumbled down,
A lump of breathless clay:
'So fall my foes!' quoth valiant Rose,
And stately strode away.

Through the green-wood he quickly hied,
Unto Lord Buchan's hall;
And at Matilda's window stood,
And thus began to call:

'Art thou asleep, Matilda dear?
Awake, my love, awake!
Thy luckless lover on thee calls,
A long farewell to take.

'For I have slain fierce Donald Graeme;
His blood is on my sword:
And distant are my faithful men,
Nor can assist their lord.

'To Skye I'll now direct my way,
Where my two brothers bide,
And raise the valiant of the Isles,
To combat on my side.'



'O do not so,' the maid replies;
'With me till morning stay;
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous the way.

'All night I'll watch you in the park:
My faithful page I'll send,
To run and raise the Ross's clan,
Their master to defend.'

Beneath a bush he laid him down,
And wrapped him in his plaid;
While, trembling for her lover's fate,
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
Till, in a lowly glen,
He met the furious Sir John Graeme,
With twenty of his men.

'Where go'st thou, little page?' he said;
'So late who did thee send?'
'I go to raise the Ross's clan,
Their master to defend:

'For he hath slain Sir Donald Graeme;
His blood is on his sword:
And far, far distant are his men,
That should assist their lord.'

'And has he slain my brother dear?'
The furious Graeme replies:
'Dishonour blast my name, but he
By me, ere morning, dies!

'Tell me where is Sir James the Rose;
I will thee well reward.'
'He sleeps within Lord Buchan's park;
Matilda is his guard.'



They spurred their steeds in furious mood,
And scoured along the lee;
They reached Lord Buchan's lofty towers
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate;
To whom the Graeme did say,
'Saw ye Sir James the Rose last night?
Or did he pass this way?'

'Last day, at noon,' Matilda said,
'Sir James the Rose passed by:
He furious pricked his sweaty steed,
And onward fast did hye.

'By this he is at Edinburgh,
If horse and man hold good.'
'Your page, then, lied, who said he was
Now sleeping in the wood.'

She wrung her hands, and tore her hair:
'Brave Rose, thou art betrayed;
And ruined by those means,' she cried,
'From whence I hoped thine aid!'

By this the valiant knight awoke;
The virgin's shrieks he heard;
And up he rose, and drew his sword,
When the fierce band appeared.

'Your sword last night my brother slew;
His blood yet dims its shine:
And, ere the setting of the sun,
Your blood shall reek on mine.'

'You word it well,' the chief replied;
'But deeds approve the man:
Set by your band, and, hand to hand,
We 'll try what valour can.



'Oft boasting hides a coward's heart;
My weighty sword you fear,
Which shone in front of Flodden-field,
When you kept in the rear.'

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dared him to the fight:
Then Graeme gave back, and feared his arm;
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword:
But still he scorned the poor revenge,
And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Graeme,
And pierced him in the side:
Out spurting came the purple tide,
And all his tartans dyed.

But yet his sword quat not the grip,
Nor dropt he to the ground,
Till through his enemy's heart his steel
Had forced a mortal wound.

Graeme, like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay;
And down beside him sank the Rose,
And faint and dying lay.

The sad Matilda saw him fall:
'Oh, spare his life!' she cried;
'Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life;
Let her not be denied!'

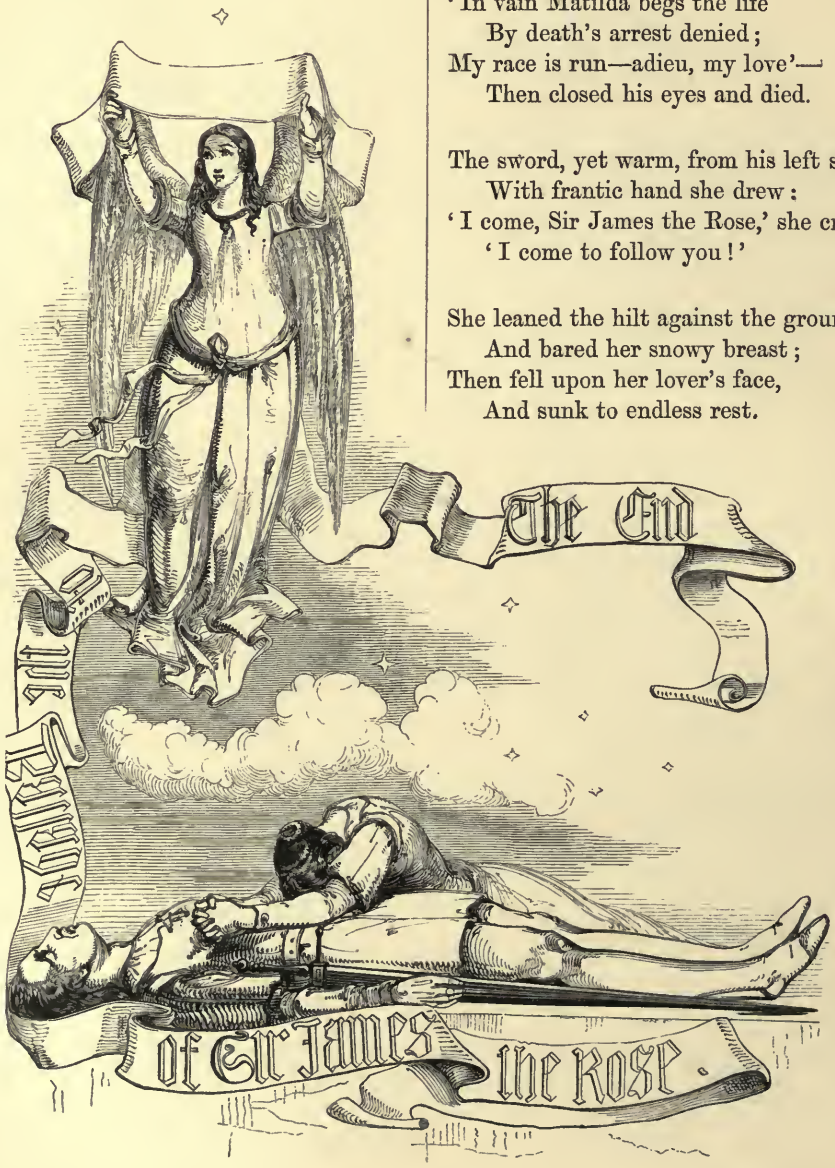
Her well-known voice the hero heard;
He raised his death-closed eyes,
And fixed them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies:

Sir James the Rose.

'In vain Matilda begs the life
By death's arrest denied;
My race is run—adieu, my love'—
Then closed his eyes and died.

The sword, yet warm, from his left side
With frantic hand she drew:
'I come, Sir James the Rose,' she cried;
'I come to follow you!'

She leaned the hilt against the ground,
And bared her snowy breast;
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And sunk to endless rest.



J. G. Brine del.

T. Armstrong sc.

THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O' OWSENFORD. We copy this most exquisitely touching composition from the volume of "Scottish Ballads, collected and illustrated by Robert Chambers," by whom it is thus introduced:—"This singularly wild and beautiful old ballad is chiefly taken from the recitation of the Editor's grandmother, (who learned it, when a girl, nearly seventy years ago, from a Miss Anne Gray, resident at Neidpath Castle, Peebles-shire); some additional stanzas, and a few various readings being adopted from a less perfect, and far less poetical copy, published in Mr. Buchan's 'Ancient and Modern Ballads,' and from a fragment in the 'Border Minstrelsy,' entitled, 'The Wife of Usher's Well,' but which is evidently the same narrative." Mr. Chambers divides the ballad into two parts—the second part beginning with the twenty-fifth stanza—"on account of the great superiority of that which follows over that which goes before, and because the latter portion is in a great measure independent of the other as far as sense is concerned." He adds, that "the first part is composed of the Peebles-shire version mingled with that of the northern editor; the second is formed of the Peebles-shire version, mingled with the fragment called 'The Wife of Usher's Well.' Here, as in almost all other cases, the south country copies greatly exceed that of the northern province in poetical merit. There are few tales, indeed, which possess the dramatic effect and deep pathos of the second part of this ballad." This information, scanty as it is, is all that has been supplied to us concerning one of the most interesting of the very ancient ballads of Scotland;—a ballad which, as it hints at more than one custom of a remote age, might have been subjected with advantage to a minute scrutiny and a detailed criticism. Sir Walter Scott introduced his fragment—"never before published"—without any reference to its probable history; and Mr. Buchan's note—informing us that "the young gentlemen were the sons of the Laird of Oxenford, who had given them a part of all the education that place of the country could boast, and afterwards sent them to Billsbury, a town at that time celebrated for its seminaries of learning,"—amounts to nothing. Allan Cunningham, who prints the ballad, with some alterations, from Scott's version, merely offers some remarks on the popular superstition of "the dead returning to dine and dance with the living." By Buchan the scene of the tragedy is made to lie in Billsbury—"at that time a famous town,"—while the scene is laid by Mr. Chambers in Paris—"fair Parish." Mr. Buchan's version omits all reference to the subsequent appearance of the youths after death; while the versions of Scott and Cunningham make no allusion to the offence for which they died; or, rather, their deaths are described as the results of accident; the Wife of Usher's Well having sent her stout and stalwart sons "o'er the sea," from which at length they came home—the birk in their hats,—

"It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheuch;
But at the gates o' Paradise,
That birk grew fair eneuch."

Mr. Chambers has been fortunate in procuring materials for so combining both incidents as to produce one of the most beautiful and touching ballads in the language; a ballad that, for natural vigour and deep pathos, has rarely been surpassed. Mr. Chambers admits that he has subjected it to alterations; but he has skilfully and judiciously effected his purpose—of restoration to what was probably its original form. The following stanzas will serve as sufficient examples of the composition preserved by Buchan:—

"Then hes gane to the wicked Mayor,
And hailed him courteouslie;
Good day, good day, oh Billsbury,
God make you safe and free;
Come, sit you down, brave Oxenford,
What are your wills with me?"

"Will ye gie me my sons again,
For gold nor yet for fee?
Will ye gie me my sons again,
For 's sake that died on tree?"

"I winna gie you your sons again,
For gold nor yet for fee;
But if ye 'll stay a little while
Ye 'll see them hanged hie."

* * * * * *

The bonny clerks they died that morn,
Their loves died lang ere noon;
Their father and mother for sorrow died,—
They all died very soon.

"These six souls went up to heaven,
(I wish sae may we a'!)
The mighty mayor went down to hell,
For wrong justice and law."

The Wife of Usher's Well,—"a fragment never before published,"—as we have intimated, describes "three stout and stalwart sons" as drowned at sea. When word came to their mother, she wished the wind might never cease till her sons came home to her in earthly flesh and blood; and "about Martinmas" they did come:—

"And she has made to them a bed,
She 's made it large and wide;
And she 's taen her mantel her about,
Sat down at the bed side.

"Up then crew the red red cock,
And up and crew the gray;
The eldest to the youngest said,
'Tis time we were away.'

"The cock he hadna craw'd but once,
And clapp'd his wings at a',
Whan the youngest to the eldest said,
'Brother, we must awa.—

"'The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin' worm doth chide;
Gin we be mist out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.

"'Fare-ye-weel, my mother dear!
Fareweel to barn and byre!
And fare-ye-weel, the bonny lass,
That kindles my mother's fire!'"

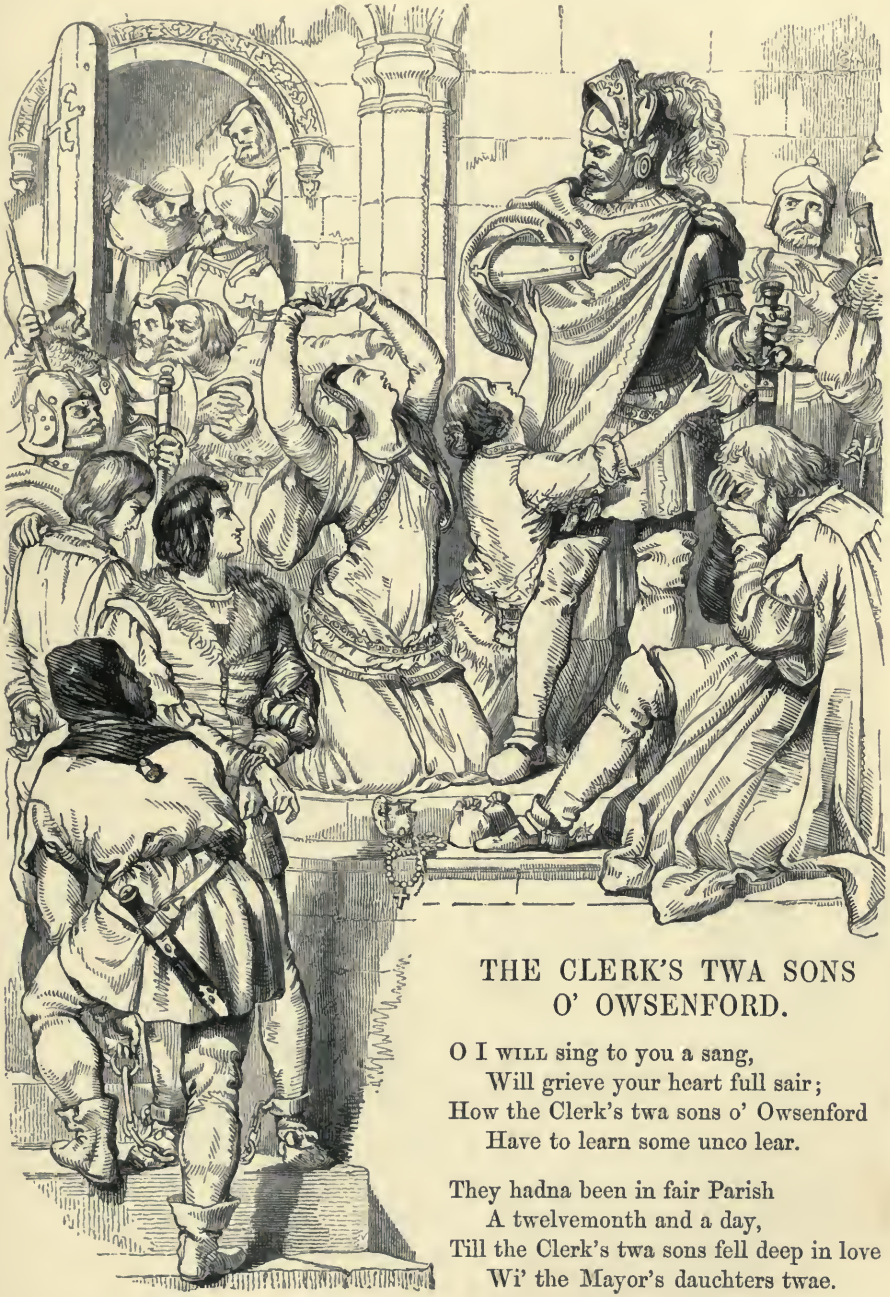
A brief extract from Cunningham's version will exhibit the changes to which the old ballad was subjected in passing through his hands:—

And merrily danced the maidens a',
Aneath the torches glowing;
Why smile ye not my own sweet bairns?
Ye see the red wine flowing.

"And she has made to them a bed,
And spread it lang and wide,
And folded her mantle bout her waist
And sat down by their side.

* * * * * *

"Sae fare-ye-weel, my mother dear,
And fare-ye-weel my sister Jean;
And fare-ye-weel, my bouny lass,
That danced wi the dead yestreen."



THE CLERK'S TWA SONS O' OWSENFORD.

O I WILL sing to you a sang,
Will grieve your heart full sair;
How the Clerk's twa sons o' Owsenford
Have to learn some unco lear.

They hadna been in fair Parish
A twelvemonth and a day,
Till the Clerk's twa sons fell deep in love
Wi' the Mayor's dauchters twae.

H. C. Selous del. 3 E J. Bastin sc.



And aye as the twa clerks sat and wrote,
The ladies sewed and sang;
There was mair mirth in that chamber,
Than in a' fair Ferrol's land.

But word 's gane to the michty Mayor,
As he sailed on the sea,
That the Clerk's twa sons made licht lemans
O' his fair dauchters twae.

'If they hae wranged my twa dauchters,
Janet and Marjorie,
The morn, ere I taste meat or drink,
Hie hangit they shall be.'

And word 's gane to the Clerk himself,
As he was drinking wine,
That his twa sons at fair Parish
Were bound in prison strang.

Then up and spak the Clerk's ladye,
And she spak tenderlie:
'O tak wi' ye a purse o' gowd,
Or even tak ye three;
And if ye canna get William,
Bring Henry hame to me.'

O sweetly sang the nightingale,
As she sat on the wand;
But sair, sair mourned Owsenford,
As he gaed in the strand.

When he came to their prison strang,
He rade it round about,
And at a little shot-window,
His sons were looking out.

'O lie ye there, my sons,' he said,
'For owsen or for kye?
Or what is it that ye lie for,
Sae sair bound as ye lie?'



'We lie not here for owsen, father;
Nor yet do we for kye;
But it's for a little o' dear-boucht love,
Sae sair bound as we lie.

'Oh, borrow us, borrow us, father,' they said,
'For the luve we bear to thee!'
'O never fear, my pretty sons,
Weel borrowed ye sall be.'

Then he 's gane to the michty Mayor,
And he spak courteouslie:
'Will ye grant my twa sons' lives,
Either for gold or fee?
Or will ye be sae gude a man,
As grant them baith to me?

'I 'll no grant ye your twa sons' lives,
Neither for gold nor fee;
Nor will I be sae gude a man,
As gie them baith to thee;
But before the morn at twal o'clock,
Ye 'll see them hangit hie!'

Ben it came the Mayor's dauchters,
Wi' kirtle coat, alone;
Their eyes did sparkle like the gold,
As they tripped on the stone.

'Will ye gie us our loves, father,
For gold, or yet for fee?
Or will ye take our own sweet lives,
And let our true loves be?'

He's taen a whip into his hand,
And lashed them wondrous sair:
'Gae to your bowers, ye vile limmers;
Ye 'se never see them mair.'



Then out it speaks auld Owsenford,
A sorry man was he:
'Gang to your bouirs, ye lilye flouirs;
For a' this maunna be.'

Then out it speaks him Hynde Henry:
'Come here, Janet, to me;
Will ye gie me my faith and troth,
And love, as I gae thee?'

'Ye sall hae your faith and troth,
Wi' God's blessing and mine.'
And twenty times she kissed his mouth,
Her father looking on.

Then out it speaks him gay William:
'Come here, sweet Marjorie;
Will ye gie me my faith and troth,
And love, as I gae thee?'

'Yes, ye sall hae your faith and troth,
Wi' God's blessing and mine.'
And twenty times she kissed his mouth,
Her father looking on.

'O ye 'll tak aff your twa black hats,
Lay them down on a stone,
That nane may ken that ye are clerks,
Till ye are putten doun.'

The bonnie clerks they died that morn:
Their loves died lang ere noon;
And the waefu' Clerk o' Owsenford
To his lady has gane hame.

His lady sat on her castle wa',
Beholding dale and doun;
And there she saw her ain gude lord
Come walking to the toun.



'Ye 're welcome hame, my ain gude lord,
Ye 're welcome hame to mee;
But where-away are my twa sons?
Ye suld hae brought them wi' ye.'

'O they are putten to a deeper lear,
And to a higher scule:
Your ain twa sons will no be hame
Till the hallow days o' Yule.'

'Oh sorrow, sorrow, come mak my bed;
And, dule, come lay me doun;
For I will neither eat nor drink,
Nor set a fit on groun'!'

The hallow days o' Yule were come,
And the nights were lang and mirk,
When in and cam her ain twa sons,
And their hats made o' the birk.

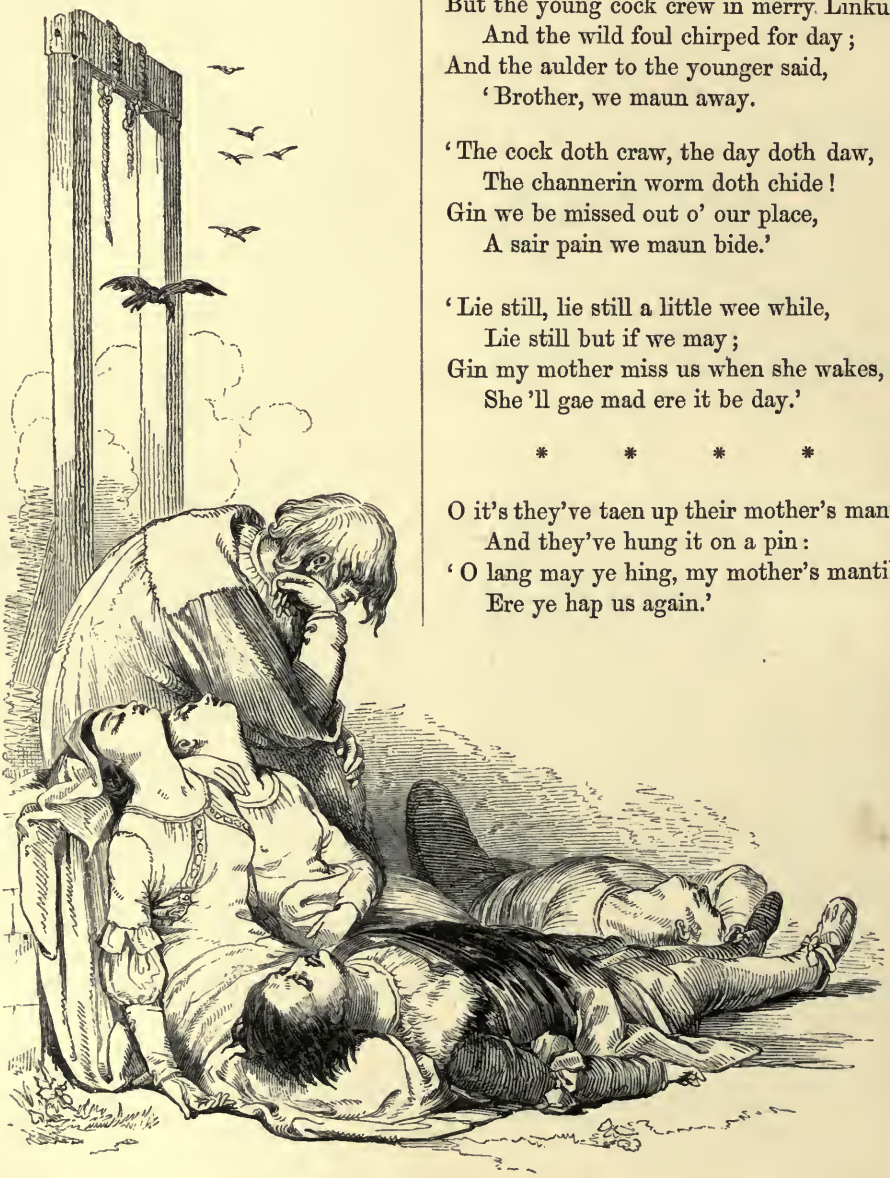
It neither grew in syke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony sheuch;
But at the gates o' Paradise
That birk grew fair eneuch.

'Blow up the fire, now, maidens mine,
Bring water from the well;
For a' my house shall feast this night,
Since my twa sons are well.

'O eat and drink, my merry-men a',
The better shall ye fare;
For my two sons they are come hame
To me for evermair.'

And she has gane and made their bed,
She's made it saft and fine;
And she's happit them wi' her gay mantil,
Because they were her ain.

The Clerk's Twa Sons o' Owsenford.



But the young cock crew in merry Linkum,
And the wild foul chirped for day;
And the aulder to the younger said,
'Brother, we maun away.

'The cock doth craw, the day doth daw,
The channerin worm doth chide!
Gin we be missed out o' our place,
A sair pain we maun bide.'

'Lie still, lie still a little wee while,
Lie still but if we may;
Gin my mother miss us when she wakes,
She 'll gae mad ere it be day.'

* * * *

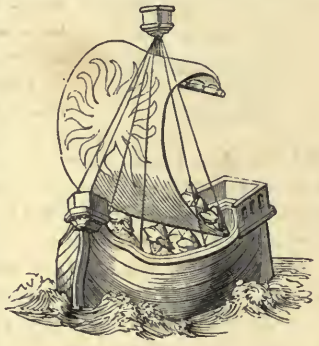
O it's they've taen up their mother's mantil,
And they've hung it on a pin:
'O lang may ye hing, my mother's mantil,
Ere ye hap us again.'

H. C. Selous del. J. Bastin sc.

SIR ANDREW BARTON. In the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" this fine old Ballad is thus prefaced: "It appears to have been written in the reign of Elizabeth, and has received great improvements from the Editor's folio MS. wherein was an ancient copy, which, though very incorrect, seemed in many respects superior to the common ballad; the latter being evidently modernised and abridged from it. The following text is, however, in some places amended and improved by the latter (chiefly from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection), as also by conjecture." The variations may be ascertained by comparing the version as given by Dr. Percy with that which Ritson printed. They are extensive and essential. Ritson merely states, in introducing it, that "the story is to be found in most of the English Chronicles, under the year 1511. But the ballad, in all probability, is nearly a century more modern." The story is this:—A certain Scottish captain, by name Barton, greatly worried the English sailors and merchants. "The Earl of Surrey could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested. Barton had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea officers of his time. Two ships were immediately fitted out and put to sea with letters of marque, under the Earl's two sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the Lion, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the Union, Barton's other ship (called by Hall, the Bark of Scotland). The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed fighting bravely and encouraging his men with his whistle to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships, with their crews, were carried into the river Thames." [Aug. 2, 1511.]

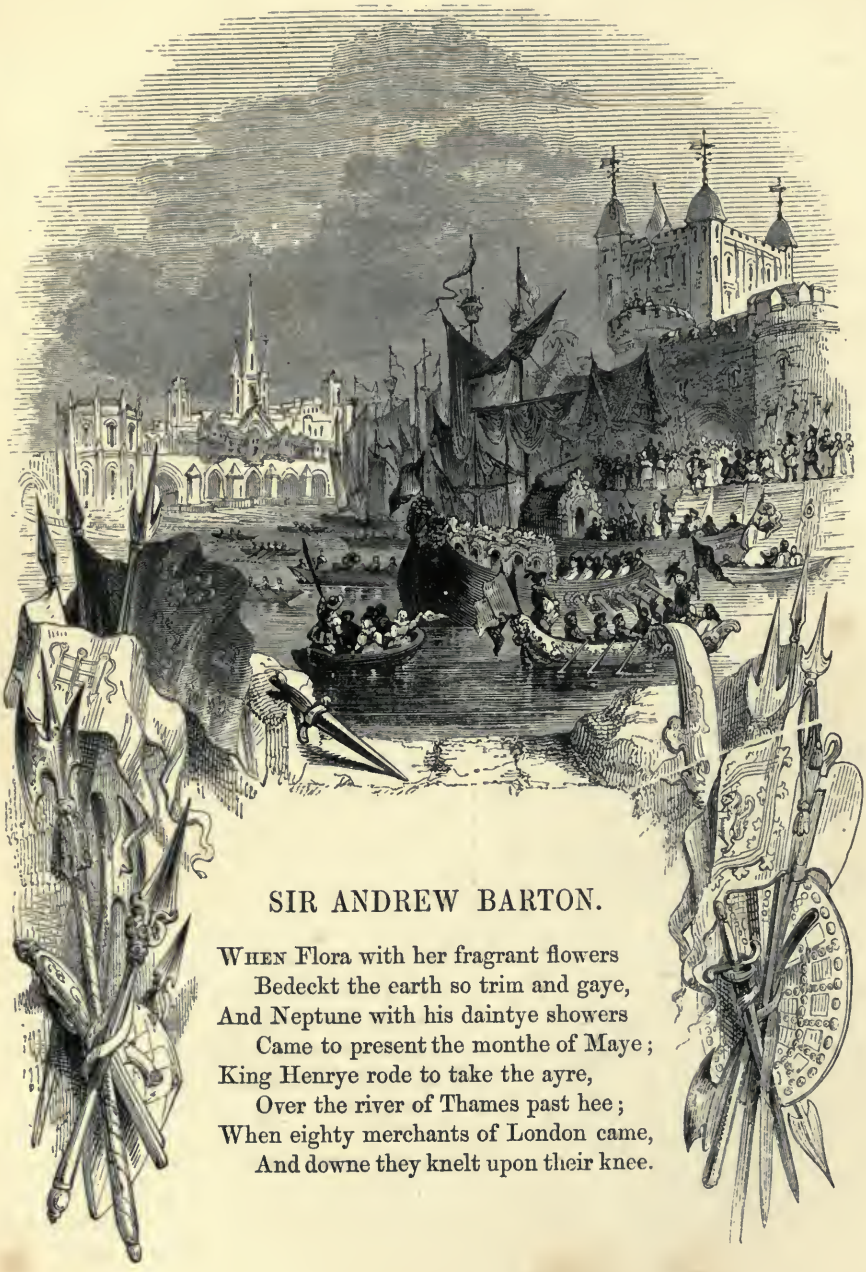
The designs that illustrate this ballad have been made in strict accordance with ancient authorities in all instances. The first, the embarkation of Henry VIII. at the Tower stairs, has been composed from the very curious illumination in the Poems of the Duke of Orleans, now preserved among the Royal MSS. in the British Museum, believed to have been executed for Henry VIII. when Prince of Wales, and is the earliest known view of London from the Thames. The drawings that decorate the sides of the ballad are designed to furnish a progressive series of ancient ships, thus forming a pictorial history of the British Navy. The first contains representations of Anglo-Saxon ships, from manuscripts of the period in the Cottonian collection; it is surrounded by the arms and seals of the three Cinque Ports, Hastings, Dover, and Hythe. The second design depicts the ship of William Duke of Normandy, in which he sailed to invade England, having at the top of the mast the banner consecrated by the Pope; it is copied from the celebrated Bayeux tapestry. The arms of the port of London are above, and beneath are the arms of Romney and Sandwich, completing those of

the Cinque Ports. Before the reign of Henry III. the sea-ports of Winchelsea and Rye were added to the original five by royal charter, and allowed equal privileges; their great seals are represented at the bottom of the next design, which represents a vessel of the time of Henry VI., copied from a manuscript of that period in the Harleian collection. The ships in use between the Norman times and this period were of very small build, being little larger than our modern sailing boats, and having but one mast, the sail of which was regulated by the man at the helm, as we see it in the ship of William the Conqueror. William is said to have brought over his troops in 700 vessels of considerable size, besides more than three times that number of smaller dimensions—a proof of their inability to hold many persons. The fleet of Richard I. assembled in the harbour of Messina, to the number of thirteen large vessels, fifty-three armed galleys, and a hundred carricks. Ancient representations of these ships generally show them very small; and, as a connecting link between the series engraved in the ballad, one is here given of the time of Richard II. (Harleian MS. No. 1319.) The fourth design is of a ship of the time of Henry VI., from Harleian MS. No. 4374. Galleys and ships of the time of Edward IV. form the subject of the fifth design, and are copied from a MS. in the same collection, numbered 4379; a peculiarity of these ancient ships being the top-castles, one of which is here engraved on a larger scale, and which generally contained archers, or javelin men; and it appears from the ballad that here the "beames" were kept which Dr. Percy considers to have resembled the ancient dolphins of lead or iron used by the ancient Greeks, which they suspended from beams or yards fastened to the mast, and precipitately let fall on the enemy's ships, in order to sink them, by beating holes through the bottoms or otherwise damaging them. The prows of the vessels also were of singular construction, being generally shaped like a bird's head or that of some fabulous monster,—a fashion which went out during the reign of Henry VII., but which had continued in vogue from the earliest times, for the most ancient delineations of ships we meet with are so decorated. The three concluding side-pieces, and the tail-piece representing Lord Howard sailing into the mouth of the Thames with the Scottish pirate vessel, will serve to give an idea of the Navy during the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII., as they are copied from paintings and prints of the period.





The useful and interesting series of illustrations is from the pencil of Mr. F. W. Fairholt—an artist, to whose industry, ability, and extensive information, we have been frequently indebted.



SIR ANDREW BARTON.

When Flora with her fragrant flowers
Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,
And Neptune with his daintye showers
Came to present the monthe of Maye;
King Henrye rode to take the ayre,
Over the river of Thames past hee;
When eighty merchants of London came,
And downe they knelt upon their knee.

Sir Andrew Barton.



'O yee are welcome, rich merchànts;
Good saylors, welcome unto mee.'
They swore by the rood, they were saylors good,
But rich merchànts they cold not bee:
'To France nor Flanders dare we pass;
Nor Bordeaux voyage dare we fare;
And all for a rover that lyes on the seas,
Who robbs us of our merchant ware.'

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,
And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of might,
'I thought he had not beene in the world,
Durst have wrought England such unright.'
The merchants sighed, and said, 'Alas!'
And thus they did their answer frame,
'He is a proud Scott, that robbs on the seas,
And Sir Andrew Barton is his name.'

The king lookt over his left shouldèr,
And an angrye look then looked hee:
'Have I never a lorde in all my realme,
Will feitch yond traytor unto mee?'
'Yea, that dare I;' Lord Howard sayes;
'Yea, that dare I with heart and hand;
If it please you grace to give me leave,
Myselfe wil be the only man.'

'Thou art but yong;' the kyng replyed:
'Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare.'
'Trust me, my liege, Ile make him quail,
Or before my prince I will never appeare.'
'Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,
And chuse them over my realme so free;
Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,
To guide the great shipp on the sea.'

The first man, that Lord Howard chose,
Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,
Thoughe he was threescore yeeres and ten;
Good Peter Simon was his name.



'Peter,' sais hee,' 'I must to the sea,
To bring home a traytor live or dead:
Before all others I have chosen thee;
Of a hundred gunners to be the head.'

'If you, my lord, have chosen mee
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,
If I misse my marke one shilling bread.'
My lord then chose a boweman rare,
Whose active hands had gained fame;
In Yorkshire was this gentleman borne,
And William Horseley was his name.

'Horseley,' sayd he, 'I must with speede
Go seeke a traytor on the sea;
And now of a hundred bowemen brave,
To be the head I have chosen thee.'
'If you,' quoth hee, 'have chosen mee
Of a hundred bowemen to be the head;
On your main-mast Ile hanged bee,
If I miss twelvescore one penny bread.'

With pikes and gunnes, and bowemen bold,
This noble Howard is gone to the sea;
With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,
Out at Thames mouth sayled he.
And days he scant had sayled three,
Upon the 'voyage,' he tooke in hand,
But there he mett with a noble shipp,
And stoutely made itt stay and stand.

'Thou must tell me,' Lord Howard said,
'Now who thou art, and what's thy name;
And shewe me where thy dwelling is:
And whither bound, and whence thou came.'
'My name is Henry Hunt,' quoth hee,
With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;
'I and my shipp doe both belong
To the Newcastle, that stands upon Tyne.'

Sir Andrew Barton.



'Hast thou not heard, nowe, Henry Hunt,
As thou hast sayled by daye and by night,
Of a Scottish rover on the seas;
Men call him Sir Andrew Barton, knight?'
Then ever he sighed, and sayd, 'Alas!
With a grieved mind, and well away!
But over-well I knowe that wight,
I was his prisoner yesterday.'

'As I was sayling upon the sea,
A Burdeaux voyage for to fare;
To his hachborde he clasped me,
And robd me of all my merchant ware:
And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
And every man will have his owne;
And I am nowe to London bounde,
Of our gracious king to beg a boone.'

'That shall not need,' Lord Howard sais;
'Lett me but once that robber see,
For every penny tane thee froe
It shall be doubled shillings three.'
'Nowe God forefend,' the merchant said
'That you shold seek soe far amisse!
God keepe you out of that traitor's hands!
Full litle ye wott what a man hee is.

'He is brasse within, and steele without,
With beames on his topcastle stronge;
And eighteen pieces of ordinance
He carries on each side along:
And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,
St. Andrew's crosse that is his guide;
His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
And fifteen canons on each side.

'Were ye twentye shippes, and he but one;
I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall;
He wold overcome them everye one,
If once his beames they doe downe fall.'



'This is cold comfort, sais my lord,
'To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea:
Yet Ile bring him and his shipp to shore,
Or to Scottland hee shall carrye mee.'

'Then a noble gunner you must have,
And he must aim well with his ee,
And sinke his pinnace into the sea,
Or else hee never orecome will bee:
And if you chance his shipp to borde,
This counsel I must give withall,
Let no man to his topcastle goe
To strive to let his beams downe fall.

'And seven pieces of ordinance,
I pray your honour lend to mee,
On each side of my shipp along,
And I will lead you on the sea.
A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,
Whether you sayle by day or night;
And to-morrow, I sweare, by nine of the clocke,
You shall meet with Sir Andrew Barton, knight.'

The merchant sett my lorde a glasse
Soe well apparent in his sight,
And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
He shewed him Sir Andrew Barton, knight.
His hacheborde it was 'gilt' with gold,
Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee;
'Nowe by my faith,' Lord Howard sais,
'This is a gallant sight to see.

'Take in your ancyents, standards eke,
So close that no man may them see;
And put me forth a white willowe wand,
As merchants used to sayle the sea.'
But they stirred neither top, nor mast;
Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.
'What English churles are yonder,' he sayd,
'That can soe little curtesye?'



'Nowe by the roode, three yeares and more
I have beene admirall over the sea;
And never an English nor Portingall
Without my leave can passe this way.'
Then called he forth his stout pinnàce;
'Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee:
I sweare by the masse, yon English churles
Shall all hang att my maine-mast tree.'

With that the pinnace itt shott off,
Full well Lord Howard might it ken;
For itt stroke down my lord's fore mast,
And killed fourteen of his men.
'Come hither, Simon,' sayes my lord,
'Looke that thy word be true, thou said;
For at my maine-mast thou shall hang,
If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread.'

Simon was old, but his heart itt was bold,
His ordinance he laid right lowe;
He put in chaine full nine yardes long,
With other great shott lesse, and moe;
And he lette goe his great gunnes shott:
Soe well he settled itt with his ee,
The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe,
He see his pinnace sunke in the sea.

And when he saw his pinnace sunke,
Lord, how his heart with rage did swell!
'Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon;
Ile fetch yond pedlars backe mysell.'
When my Lord sawe Sir Andrew loose,
Within his heart hee was full faine:
'Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up drummes,
Sound all your trumpetts out amaine.'

'Fight on, my men,' Sir Andrew sais,
'Weale howsoever this geere will sway;
Itt is my lord admirall of Englànd,
Is come to seek mee on the sea.'

F. W. Fairholt del. T. Armstrong sc.



Simon had a sonne, who shott right well,
That did Sir Andrew mickle scare;
In att his decke he gave a shott,
Killed threescore of his men of warre.

Then Henry Hunt with rigour hott
Came bravely on the other side,
Soone he drove down his fore-mast tree,
And killed fourscore men beside.
'Nowe, out alas!' Sir Andrew cryed,
'What may a man now thinke, or say?
Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,
He was my prisoner yesterday.'

'Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,
That aye wast readye att my call;
I will give thee three hundred marks,
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.'
Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,
'Horseley, see thou be true in stead;
For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,
If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread.'

Then Gordon swarved the maine-mast tree,
He swarved it with might and maine;
But Horseley with a bearing arrowe,
Stroke the Gordon through the braine;
And he fell unto the haches again,
And sore his deadlye wounde did bleede:
Then word went through Sir Andrew's men,
How that the Gordon hee was dead.

'Come hither to mee, James Hambilton,
Thou art my only sister's sonne,
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,
Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne.'
With that he swarved the maine-mast tree,
He swarved it with nimble art;
But Horseley with a broad arrôwe
Pierced the Hambilton thorough the heart:



And downe he fell upon the deck,
That with his blood did streame amaine:
That every Scott cryed, 'Well-away!
Alas, a comelye youth is slaine!'
All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,
With griefe and rage his heart did swell:
'Go fetch me forth my armour of proofe,
For I will to the topcastle mysell.

'Go fetch me forth my armour of proofe;
That gilded is with gold soe cleare:
God be with my brother John of Barton!
Against the Portingalls hee it ware:
And when he had on this armour of proofe,
He was a gallant sight to see:
Ah! nere didst thou meet with living wight,
My deere brother, could cope with thee.'

'Come hither, Horseley,' sayes my lord,
'And looke your shaft that itt goe right,
Shoot a good shoote in time of need,
And for it thou shalt be made a knight.'
'Ile shoot my best,' quoth Horseley then,
'Your honour shall see, with might and maine;
But if I were hanged at your maine-mast,
I have now left but arrowes twaine.'

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
With right good will he swarved then:
Upon his breast did Horseley hitt,
But the arrow bounded back agen.
Then Horseley spyed a privye place
With a perfect eye in a secrette part;
Under the spole of his right arme
He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

'Fight on, my men,' Sir Andrew sayes,
'A little Ime hurt, but yett not slaine;
Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,
And then Ile rise and fight againe.



Fight on, my men,' Sir Andrew sayes,
'And never flinche before the foe;
And stand fast by St. Andrew's crosse
Until you heare my whistle blowe.'

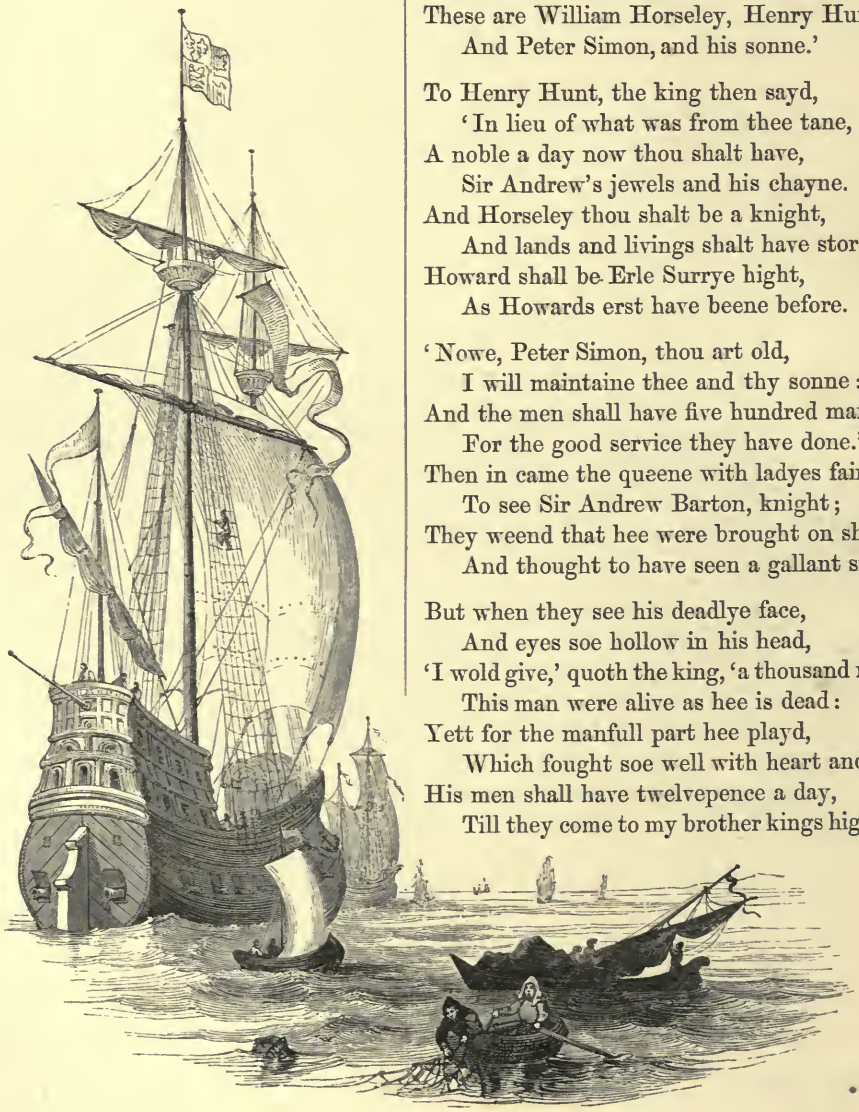
They never heard his whistle blow,
Which made their hearts waxe sore adread:
Then Horseley sayd, 'Aboard, my lord,
For well I wott Sir Andrew 's dead.'
They boarded then his noble shipp,
They boarded it with might and maine;
Eighteen score Scots alive they found,
The rest were either maim'd or slaine.

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,
And off he smote Sir Andrew's head,
'I must have left England many a daye,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead.'
He caused his body to be cast
Over the hatchbord into the sea,
And about his middle three hundred crownes:
'Wherever thou land this will bury thee.'

Thus from the warres Lord Howard came,
And backe he sayled ore the maine,
With mickle joy and triumphing
Into Thames mouth he came againe.
Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
And sealed it with seale and ring;
'Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace
As never did subject to a king:

'Sir Andrew's shipp I bring with mee;
A braver shipp was never none;
Nowe hath your grace two shipps of warr,
Before in England was but one.'
King Henryes grace with royall cheere
Welcomed the noble Howard home,
'And where,' said he, 'is the rover stout,
That I myselfe may give the doome?'

Sir Andrew Barton.



'The rover, he is safe, my leige,
Full many a fadom in the sea;
If he were alive as he is dead,
I must have left England many a day:
And your grace may thank four men i' the ship
For the victory wee have wonne,
These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,
And Peter Simon, and his sonne.'

To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,
'In lieu of what was from thee tane,
A noble a day now thou shalt have,
Sir Andrew's jewels and his chayne.
And Horseley thou shalt be a knight,
And lands and livings shalt have store;
Howard shall be Erle Surrye hight,
As Howards erst have beene before.

'Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
I will maintaine thee and thy sonne:
And the men shall have five hundred markes
For the good service they have done.'
Then in came the queene with ladyes fair
To see Sir Andrew Barton, knight;
They weend that hee were brought on shore,
And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadlye face,
And eyes soe hollow in his head,
'I wold give,' quoth the king, 'a thousand markes,
This man were alive as hee is dead:
Yett for the manfull part hee playd,
Which fought soe well with heart and hand,
His men shall have twelvepence a day,
Till they come to my brother kings high land.'

F. W. Fairholt del

T. Armstrong sc.

FRENNET HALL. We copy this ballad from Herd's collection of "Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c.," where it first appeared, unaccompanied, however, by note or comment, and leaving little room for doubt that it was the production of a modern pen,—"written belike (we quote from Motherwell) by the ingenious hand to whom we are indebted for the Ballads of 'Duncan' and 'Kenneth,' which appear in the same work, and which, by the way, we may be pardoned for saying, are but indifferent imitations of the Ancient Ballad style."*

It was reprinted by Ritson, who considered it to have been "suggested by one composed at the time, a few stanzas of which were fortunately remembered by the Rev. Mr. Boyd, translator of 'Dante,' and were obligingly communicated to the Editor by his very ingenious and valuable friend, J. C. Walker, Esq." These stanzas we have introduced in a note. The ballad of which Ritson gave a fragment has, however, been since rescued entire. It is entitled the "Fire of Frendraught," and its history is thus given by Motherwell. "For the recovery of this interesting ballad hitherto supposed to have been lost, the public is indebted to the industrious research of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., of Edinburgh, by whom it was obligingly communicated for insertion in the present collection. It has already appeared in a smaller volume of exceeding rarity, printed at Edinburgh, in the beginning of 1824, under the title of 'A North Country Garland,' but with the disadvantage of containing a very considerable number of slight verbal and literal inaccuracies,"—which in Motherwell's version are removed. The ballad has a high degree of poetic merit, and probably was written at the time by an eye-witness of the event which it records; for there is "a horrid vivacity of colouring and circumstantial minuteness in the description of the agonies of the unhappy sufferers, which none but a spectator could have given."

The old ballad thus begins:

"The eighteenth of October,
A dismal tale to hear,
How good Lord John and Rothiemay
Were both burnt in the fire."

The Scottish Historians detail the appalling circumstances commemorated in the ballad. The Viscount Aboyn, son to the Marquis of Huntley, and the young laird of

* "In 1769, Mr. Herd published his Ancient and Modern Songs, Heroic Ballads, &c., and again, in 1776, in two volumes,—a collection of much merit, and one wherein many curious lyrical pieces have found a sanctuary. The principal faults of this compilation consist in its ancient and modern pieces being indiscriminately mingled together; and that no reference is even made to the authorities from which they are derived, except what this slight announcement contains: 'It is divided into three parts. The first is composed of all the Scottish Ancient and Modern Heroic Ballads, or Epic Tales, together with some beautiful fragments of this kind. Many of these are recovered from tradition, or old MSS., and never before printed. The second part consists of sentimental, pastoral, and love songs; and the third is a collection of comic, humorous, and jovial songs.'"—Motherwell, "Introduction to Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern."

Rothiemay, were guests in the castle of the Laird of Frendraught. "All being at rest, about midnight that dolorous tower took fire. * * * Aboyn ran up stairs to Rothiemay's chamber and wakened him to rise; and as he is awakening him, the timber passage and lofting of the chamber hastily take fire, so that none of them could run down stairs again; so they turned to a window looking to the close, where they piteously cried many times, 'Help, help, for God's cause. The laird and lady, with their servants, all seeing and hearing the woful crying, made no help or manner of helping*; which they perceiving, cried oftentimes mercy at God's hands for their sins; syne clasped in each others arms, and cheerfully suffered their martyrdom." The Ballad-maker thus describes the horrible catastrophe:—Aboyn is answering to his servant, who entreats him to 'loup down;'—

"O loup, O loup, my dear master,
O loup and come to me;
I'll catch you in my arms two,
One foot I will not flee!"

"But I cannot loup, I cannot come,
I cannot win to thee;
My head 's fast in the wire window,
My feet burning from me.

"My eyes are seething in my head,
My flesh roasting also,
My bowels are boiling with my blood,
Is not that a woeful woe.

"Take here the rings from my white fingers,
That are so long and small,
And give them to my lady fair,
Where she sits in her hall.

"So I cannot loup, I cannot come,
I cannot loup to thee—
My earthly part is all consumed,
My spirit but speaks to thee."

The historian continues:—"Thus died this noble Viscount, of singular expectation, Rothiemay a brave youth, and the rest, by this doleful fire, never enough to be deplored, to the great grief and sorrow of their kin, parents, and haill common people, especially to the noble Marquis. No man can express the dolour of him and his lady, nor yet the grief of the Viscount's ain dear lady, when it came to her ears, which she kept to her dying day, disdaining after the company of men all her lifetime, following the love of the turtle dove."

Whether Frendraught and his lady were actually guilty can now never be ascertained. The popular voice was against them; yet it is more than probable that the ballad and tradition have doomed innocent people to an infamous immortality. A gentleman named Meldrum was executed for the burning, but on very insufficient evidence; and he died "without any certain and real confession, as was said, anent this doleful fire." The fire occurred in October 1630.

* A passage in the old ballad is said to have received a singular illustration. When the youths in their agony called upon Lady Frendraught for mercy, she is made to reply,

"The keys are casten in the deep draw well,
Ye cannot get away."

Mr. Finley, after regretting that all his attempts to recover the ballad had proved unsuccessful, relates the following circumstance. "A lady, a near relation of mine, lived near the spot in her youth for some time; and remembers having heard the old song mentioned by Ritson, but cannot repeat it. She says there was a verse which stated that the lord and lady locked the door of the tower and flung the keys into the draw well; and that, many years ago, when the well was cleared out, this tradition was corroborated by their finding the keys—at least such was the report of the country."



FRENNET HALL.

When Frennet Castle's ivied walls
Through yellow leaves were seen;
When birds forsook the sapless boughs,
And bees the faded green;

J. Franklin del. G. Dalziel sc.



Then Lady Frennet, vengefu' dame,
Did wander frae the ha',
To the wide forest's dewie gloom,
Among the leaves that fa'.

Her page, the swiftest of her train,
Had clumb a lofty tree,
Whase branches to the angry blast
Were soughing mournfullie.

He turn'd his een towards the path
That near the castle lay,
Where good Lord John and Rothiemay
Were riding down the brae.

Swift darts the eagle through the sky,
When prey beneath is seen:
As quickly he forgot his hold,
And perch'd upon the green.

'O hie thee, hie thee, lady gay,
Frae this dark wood awa'!
Some visitors of gallant mein
Are hasting to the ha'.'

Then round she row'd her silken plaid,
Her feet she did na spare,
Until she left the forest's skirts
A long bow-shot and mair.

'O where, O where, my good Lord John,
O tell me where ye ride?
Within my castle-wall this nicht
I hope ye mean to bide.

Kind nobles, will ye but alicht,
In yonder bower to stay,
Soft ease shall teach you to forget
The hardness of the way.'



'Forbear entreaty, gentle dame,
How can we here remain?
Full well you know your husband deir
Was by our father slain:

'The thoughts of which, with fell revenge,
Within your bosom swell:
Enraged you've sworn that blood for blood
Should this black passion quell.'

'O fear not, fear not, good Lord John,
That I will you betray,
Or sue requital for a debt
Which nature cannot pay.*

* The following are the stanzas referred to in the introductory remarks:—

'The reek it rose and the flame it flew,
And, oh! the fire augmented high,
Until it came to Lord John's chamber window,
And to the bed where Lord John lay.

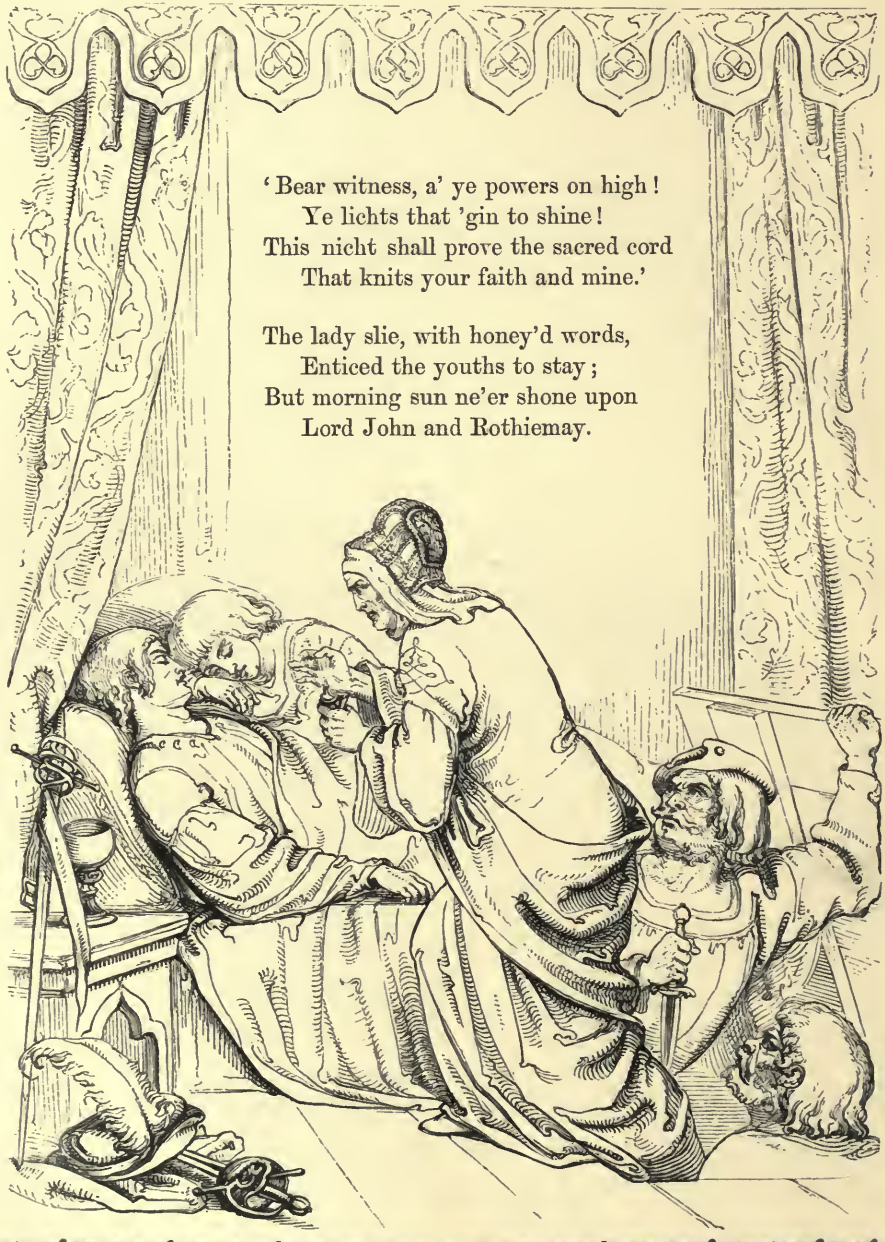
'"O help me, help me, Lady Frennet,
I never ettled harm to thee,
And if my father slew thy lord,
Forget the deed and rescue me."

'He looked east, he looked west,
To see if any help was nigh;
At length his little page he saw,
Who to his lord aloud did cry.

'"Loup down, loup down, my master dear,
What though the window's dreigh and hie,
I'll catch you in my arms twa,
And never a foot from you I'll flee."

'"How can I loup, you little page?
How can I leave this window hie?
Do you not see the blazing low,
And my twa legs burnt to my knee?"'

It was the publication of these fine and vigorous stanzas which led to a general search for the old ballad. At length it was recovered by Kirkpatrick Sharpe in the manner we have described. A rich and rare addition was thus made to the ballad lore of Scotland. It is worthy of note, that in this fragment, also, guilt is attributed to the Lady Frennet.



'Bear witness, a' ye powers on high!
Ye lichts that 'gin to shine!
This nicht shall prove the sacred cord
That knits your faith and mine.'

The lady slie, with honey'd words,
Enticed the youths to stay;
But morning sun ne'er shone upon
Lord John and Rothiemay.

J. Franklin del.

Fred. Branston sc.

KING ESTMERE. This "Old Romantic Legend"—for so it is styled by Dr. Percy—is given by him from two copies;—one in his "folio MS.," but which contained "very great variations." He admits, however, that "some liberties have been taken with the tale." In the introductory remarks, he speculates at some length concerning the age and character of the ballad. "It would seem," he says, "to have been written while part of Spain was in the hands of the Saracens or Moors, whose empire there was not fully extinguished before the year 1491. The Mahometans are spoken of in v. 49, &c., just in the same terms as in all other romances. The author of the ancient legend of Sir Bevis represents his hero, upon all occasions, breathing out defiance against

'Mahound and Termagaunte;'*

and so full of zeal for his religion as to return the following polite message to a Paynim king's fair daughter, who had fallen in love with him, and sent two Saracen knights to invite him to her bower:—

* Dr. Percy, in a lengthened note to the ballad, enters into a detailed history of the use of these terms. The note, which we abridge, is curious:—

"Termagaunt is the name given in the old romances to the god of the Saracens: in which he is constantly linked with Mahound, or Mahomet. Thus in the legend of Syr Guy, the Soudan (Sultan) swears,

'So helpe me Mahowne of might,
And Termagaunt my God so bright.'"

In order to account for its degraded use in modern times the Doctor surmises that, having been given by the Saxons to one of their idols, it was rejected by the early Christian missionaries as profane.

"Afterwards, when the irruptions of the Saracens into Europe, and the Crusades into the East, had brought them acquainted with a new species of unbelievers, our ignorant ancestors, who thought all that did not receive the Christian law were necessarily pagans and idolaters, supposed the Mahometan creed was in all respects the same with that of their pagan forefathers, and therefore made no scruple to give the ancient name of Termagant to the God of the Saracens; just in the same manner as they afterwards used the name of *Sarazen* to express any kind of pagan or idolater."

"Another frequent character in the old pageants or interludes of our ancestors, was the *sowdan* or *soldan*, representing a grim eastern tyrant: this appears from a curious passage in Stow's Annals, p. 458. In a stage-play, 'the people know right well, that he that plaieth the sowdan is percase a sowter [shoe-maker]; yet if one should cal him by his owne name, while he standeth in his majestie, one of his tormentors might hap to breake his head.' The *sowdain* or *soldan*, was a name given to the Sarazen king (being only a more rude pronunciation of the word *sultan*), as the soldan of Egypt, the soudan of Persia, the sowdan of Babylon, &c., who were generally represented as accompanied with grim Sarazens, whose business it was to punish and torment Christians."

Dr. Percy surmises that "the French romancers, who had borrowed the word Termagant from us, and applied it as we in their old romances, corrupted it into Tervagaunte: and from them La Fontaine took it up, and has used it more than once in his tales. This may be added to the other proofs adduced in these volumes of the great intercourse that formerly subsisted between the old minstrels and legendary writers of both nations, and that they mutually borrowed each other's romances.

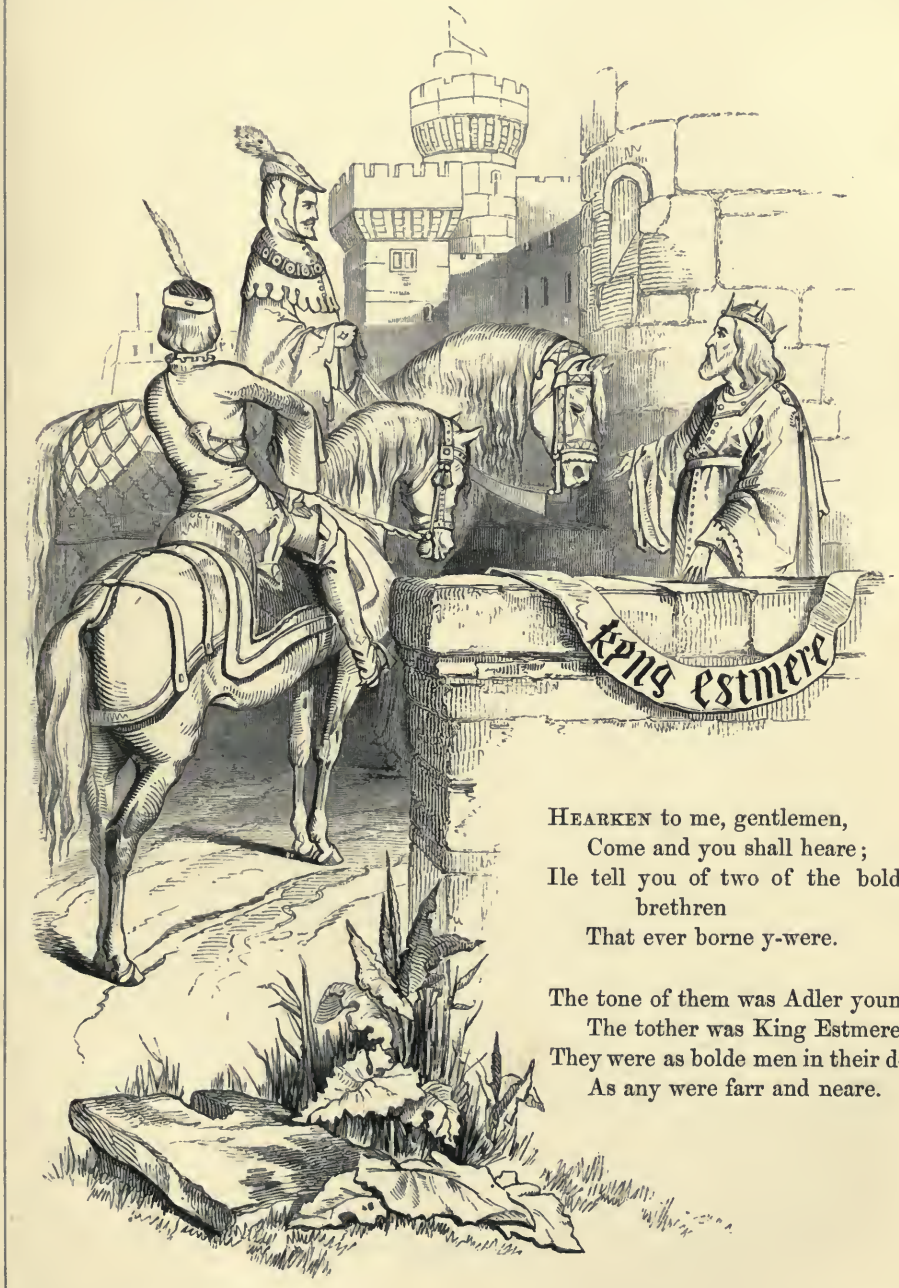
LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF

"I wyll not ones stirre off this grounde,
To speake with an heathen hounde.
Unchristen houndes, I rede you fle,
Or I your harte bloud shall se."

Indeed they return the compliment by calling him elsewhere 'A Christen hounde.'

"This was conformable to the real manners of the barbarous ages: perhaps the same excuse will hardly serve our bard; for that the Adland should be found lolling or leaning at his gate (v. 35.) may be thought perchance a little out of character. And yet the great painter of manners, Homer, did not think it inconsistent with decorum to represent a king of the Taphians leaning at the gate of Ulysses to inquire for that monarch, when he touched at Ithaca as he was taking a voyage with a ship's cargo of iron to dispose in traffic. So little ought we to judge of ancient manners by our own." He adds, "I cannot help observing that the reader will see, in this ballad, the character of the old Minstrels (those successors of the bards) placed in a very respectable light: here he will see one of them represented mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of his composing. Here he will see him mixing in the company of kings without ceremony—no mean proof of the great antiquity of this poem. The farther we carry our inquiries back, the greater respect we find paid to the professors of poetry among all the Celtic and Gothic nations. Their character was deemed so sacred, that under its sanction our famous king Alfred (as we have already seen) made no scruple to enter the Danish camp, and was at once admitted to the king's head-quarters. Our poet has suggested the same expedient to the heroes of this ballad. All the histories of the North are full of the great reverence paid to this order of men. Harold Harfagre, a celebrated king of Norway, was wont to seat them at his table above all the officers of his court; and we find another Norwegian king placing five of them by his side in a day of battle, that they might be eye-witnesses of the great exploits they were to celebrate. As to Estmére's riding into the hall while the kings were at table, this was usual in the ages of chivalry; and even to this day we see a relic of the custom still kept up, in the Champion's riding into Westminster Hall during the Coronation dinner."

It may gratify the curiosity of the reader to note some of the variations between the printed version of Dr. Percy and his "folio MS." In the latter occur the following passages, which may be compared with the changes introduced into the several stanzas. Line 10, "his brothers hall;" line 46, "The King his sonne of Spayn;" line 202, "to stable his steede." These are the only alterations of the slightest importance that Dr. Percy points out. They can scarcely be considered as the only ones to which the ballad was subjected; if they had been, it would not have been necessary for the Doctor to have pleaded guilty to "having taken some liberties with the tale." Our copy of the Poem is printed from the fourth edition of "the Reliques." In a note, the Editor refers to certain other "liberties" taken with the stanzas which follow the line 253, observing that "in this edition the language has been brought nearer to the folio MS." The variations between the first and the fourth editions are however in reality very trifling, and such as did not require to be pointed out. We allude to the remarks chiefly as illustrating the character of Dr. Percy.



HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
Come and you shall heare;
Ile tell you of two of the boldest brethren
That ever borne y-were.

The tone of them was Adler younge,
The tother was King Estmere;
They were as bolde men in their deeds,
As any were farr and neare.

J. Tenniell del. J. Bastin sc.



As they were drinking ale and wine
Within King Estmeres halle;
'When will ye marry a wyfe, brothèr,
A wyfe to glad us all?'

Then bespake him King Estmere,
And answered him hastilee:
'I know not that ladye in any land
That 's able to marrye with mee.'

'King Adland hath a daughter, brother,
Men call her bright and sheene;
If I were king here in your stead,
That ladye shold be my queene.'

Saies, 'Reade me, reade me, deare brother,
Throughout merry Engländ,
Where we might find a messenger,
Betwixt us towe to sende.'

Saies, 'You shal ryde yourselfe, brothèr,
Ile beare you companye;
Many throughe fals messengers are deceived,
And I feare lest soe shold wee.'

Thus the renisht them to ryde
Of twoe good renisht steeds,
And when they came to King Adlands halle,
Of redd gold shone their weeds.

And when they came to King Adlands hall,
Before the goodlye gate,
There they found good King Adländ;
Rearing himselfe theratt.

'Now Christ thee save, good King Adländ;
Now Christ you save and see,'
Sayd, 'You be welcome, King Estmere,
Right hartilye to mee.'



'You have a daughter,' said Adler younge,
'Men call her bright and sheene,
My brother wold marrye her to his wiffe,
Of Englande to be queene.'

'Yesterday was att my deere daughtèr
Syr Bremor the Kyng of Spayne;
And then she nicked him of naye,
And I doubt sheele do you the same.'

'The King of Spayne is a foul paynìm,
And 'leeveth on Mahound;
And pitye it were that fayre ladyè
Shold marrye a heathen hound.'

'But grant to me,' sayes King Estmere,
'For my love I you praye;
That I may see your daughter deere
Before I goe hence awaye.'

'Although itt is seven yeers and more
Since my daughter was in halle,
She shall come once downe for your sake,
To glad my guestès alle.'

Downe then came that mayden fayre,
With ladyes laced in pall,
And halfe a hundred of bold knightes,
To bring her from bowre to hall;
And as many gentle squiers,
To tend upon them all.

The talents of golde were on her head sette,
Hanged low downe to her knee;
And everye ring on her small fingèr
Shone of the chrystall free.

Saies, 'God you save, my deere madàm;'
Saies, 'God you save and see.'
Said, 'You be welcome, King Estmere,
Right welcome unto mee.



'And if you love me, as you saye,
Soe well and heartilèe,
All that ever you are comen about
Soone sped now itt shal be.'

Then bespake her father deare:
'My daughter, I saye naye;
Remember well the King of Spayne,
What he sayd yesterdaye.

'He would pull downe my halles and castles,
And reave me of my lyfe,
I cannot blame him if he doe,
If I reave him of his wyfe.'

'Your castles and your towres, father,
Are stronglye built aboute;
And therefore of the King of Spayne
Wee neede not stande in doubt.

'Plight me your troth, nowe, King Estmère,
By heaven and your righte hand,
That you will marrye me to your wyfe,
And make me queene of your land.'

Then King Estmere he plight his troth
By heaven and his righte hand,
That he wolde marrye her to his wyfe,
And make her queene of his land.

And he tooke leave of that ladye fayre,
To goe to his owne countree,
To fetche him dukes and lordes and knightes,
That married they might bee.

They had not ridden scant a myle,
A myle forthe of the towne,
But in did come the King of Spayne,
With kempès many a one.



But in did come the King of Spayne,
With manye a bold barone,
Tone day to marrye King Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carrye her home.

Shee sent one after King Estmère
In all the spede might bee,
That he must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose his ladyè.

One whyle then the page he went,
Another while he ranne;
Till he had oretaken King Estmère,
I wis, he never blanne.

'Tydings, tydings, King Estmere!'
'What tydinges nowe, my boye?'
'O tydinges I can tell to you,
That will you sore annoye.

'You had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile out of the towne,
But in did come the King of Spayne,
With kempès many a one:

'But in did come the King of Spayne,
With manye a bolde barone,
Tone daye to marrye King Adlands daughter,
Tother daye to carry her home.

'My ladye fayre she greetes you well,
And ever-more well by mee:
You must either turne againe and fighte,
Or goe home and loose your ladyè.'

Saies, 'Reade me, reade me, deere brothèr,
My reade shall rise at thee,
Whether it is better to turne and fighte,
Or go home and loose my ladye.'



'Now hearken to me,' says Adler younge,
'And your reade must rise at me,
I quicklye will devise a waye
To sette thy ladye free.

'My mother was a westerne woman,
And learned in gramaryè,
And when I learned at the schole,
Something shee taught itt mee.

'There grows an hearbe within this field,
And iff it were but knowne,
His color, which is whyte and redd,
It will make blacke and browne:

'His color, which is browne and blacke,
Itt will make redd and whyte;
That sworde is not in all Englande,
Upon his coate will byte.

'And you shal be a harper, brother,
Out of the north countrye;
And Ile be your boy, soe faine of fighte,
And beare your harpe by your knee.

'And you shal be the best harpèr,
That ever tooke harpe in hand;
And I wil be the best singèr
That ever sung in this lande.

'Itt shal be written in our forheads
All and in gramaryè,
That we towe are the boldest men
That are in all Christentyè.'

And thus they renisht them to ryde
On tow good renish steedes;
And whan they came to King Adlands hall,
Of redd gold shone their weedes.

And whan they came to King Adlands hall,
Untill the fayre hall yate,



There they found a proud portè
Rearing himselfe thereatt.

Saies, 'Christ thee save, thou proud portèr;'
Saies, 'Christ thee save and see.'
'Now you be welcome,' sayd the portèr,
'Of what land soever ye bee.'

'Wee beene harpers,' sayd Adler younge,
'Come out of the northe countrye;
Wee beene come hither untill this place,
This proud weddinge for to see.'

Sayd, 'And your color were white and redd,
As it is blacke and browne,
I wold saye King Estmere and his brother
Were comen untill this towne.'

Then they pulled out a ryng of gold,
Layd itt on the porters arme:
'And ever we will thee, proud portèr,
Thow wilt saye us no harme.'

Sore he looked on King Estmère,
And sore he handled the ryng,
Then opened to them the fayre hall yates,
He lett for no kind of thyng.

King Estmere he stabled his steede
Soe fayre att the hall bord;
The froth, that came from his brydle bitte,
Light on King Bremors beard.

Saies, 'Stable thy steed, thou proud harpèr,'
Saies, 'Stable him in the stalle:
It doth not beseeme a proud harpèr
To stable him in a kings halle.'

'My ladde he is so lither,' he said,
'He will doe nought that's meete;
And is there any man in this hall
Were able him to beate?'



Thou speakst proud words,' sayes the King
'Thou harper, here to mee: [of Spayne,
There is a man within this halle
Will beate thy ladde and thee.'

'O let that man come downe,' he said,
'A sight of him wold I see;
And when hee hath beaten well my ladde,
Then he shall beate of mee.'

Downe then came the kemperye man,
And looked him in the eare;
For all the gold that was under heaven,
He durst not neigh him neare.

'And how nowe, kempe,' said the King of
'How nowe, what aileth thee?' [Spayne,
He saies, 'It is writt in his forhead
All and in gramaryè,
That for all the gold that is under heaven,
I dare not neigh him nye.'

Then King Estmere pull'd forth his harpe,
And play'd a pretty thinge:
The ladye upstart from the borde,
And wold have gone from the king.

'Stay thy harpe, thou proud harpèr,
For Gods love I pray thee,
For and thou playes as thou beginns,
Thou'lt till my bryde from mee.'

He stroake upon his harpe againe,
And play'd a pretty thinge;
The ladye lough a loud laughter,
As shee sate by the king.

Saies, 'Sell me thy harpe, thou proud harper,
And thy stringès all,
For as many gold nobles thou shalt have
As heere bee ringes in the hall.'



'What wold ye doe with my harpe,' he sayd,
'If I did sell it yee?'
'To playe my wiffe and me a Fitt,
When abed together wee bee.'

'Now sell me,' quoth hee, 'thy bryde so gay,
As shee sitts by thy knee,
And as many gold nobles I will give
As leaves been on a tree.'

'And what wold ye doe with my bryde soe gay,
Iff I did sell her thee?'
'More seemelye it is for her fayre bodye
To lye by mee then thee.'

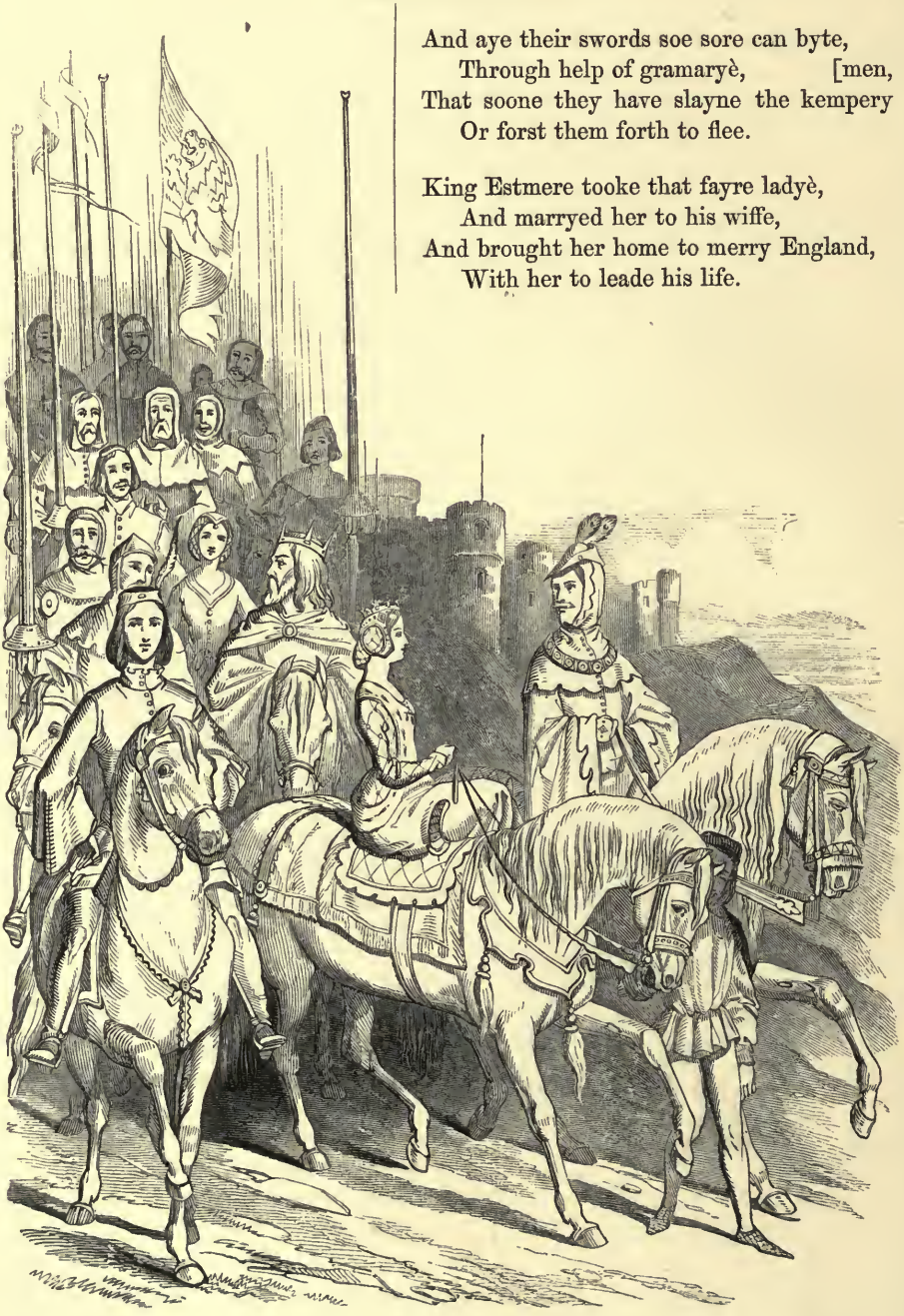
Hee playd agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did sing,
'O ladye, this is thy owne true love;
Noe harper, but a king.

'O ladye, this is thy owne true love,
As playnlye thou mayest see;
And Ile rid thee of that foule paynim,
Who partes thy love and thee.'

The ladye looked, the ladye blushte,
And blushte and lookt agayne,
While Adler he hath drawne his brande,
And hath the Sowdan slayne.

Up then rose the kemperye men,
And loud they gan to crye:
'Ah! traytors, yee have slayne our king,
And therefore yee shall dye.'

King Estmere threwe the harpe asyde,
And swith he drew his brand;
And Estmere he, and Adler younge,
Right stiffe in stour can stand.



And aye their swords soe sore can byte,
Through help of gramaryè, [men,
That soone they have slayne the kempery
Or forst them forth to flee.

King Estmere tooke that fayre ladyè,
And marryed her to his wiffe,
And brought her home to merry England,
With her to leade his life.

J. Tenniel del. J. Bastin sc.

THE CRUEL SISTER. Of this very ancient Ballad there are several versions under various names. Our copy is taken from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which differs essentially from that which has been published in many collections under the title of "Binnorie." It is "composed by Sir Walter Scott, from a copy in Mrs. Brown's MSS., intermixed with a beautiful fragment of fourteen verses, transmitted to the editor by J. C. Walker, Esq., the ingenious historian of the Irish Bards. Mr. Walker, at the same time, favoured the editor with the following note:—"I am indebted to my departed friend, Miss Brooke, for the foregoing pathetic fragment. Her account of it was as follows:—This song was transcribed, several years ago, from the memory of an old woman, who had no recollection of the concluding verses: probably the beginning may also be lost, as it seems to commence abruptly." The first verse and burden of the fragment ran thus:—

"O sister, sister, reach thy hand,
Hey ho, my Nanny, O;
And you shall be heir of all my land,
While the swan swims bonny, O."

The first part of this chorus seems to be corrupted from the common burden of *Hey Nonny, Nonny*, alluded to in the song, beginning, "*Sigh no more, ladyes.*" The chorus, retained in this edition, is the most common and popular; but Mrs. Brown's copy bears a yet different burden, beginning thus:—

"There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
Edinborough, Edinborough;
There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
Stirling for aye;
There were twa sisters sat in a bour,
There cam a knight to be their wooer,
Bonny St. Johnston stands upon Tay."

It is curious to examine briefly the several versions of this ballad, of which nearly every edition of Scottish Ballads contains one. Allan Cunningham has subjected his to sundry emendations, of which the concluding stanzas will be sufficient example:—

"He laid his harp upon a stone,
And the harp began to play alone;

O yonder sits my father the king,
And yonder weeps my mother the queen;

Behind her stands my brother Hugh,
With my love William so sweet and true;

But the curse of God and thy sister Jean,
Be thine for ever, thou false Helen!"

Mr. Chambers gives some additions to Sir Walter's copy: introducing "as usual, the best lines and stanzas of all the other copies." Mr. Buchan publishes another version; Mr. Sharpe, in his "Ballad Book," prints another; and another is to be found

in Jamieson's "Popular Ballads and Songs." Mr. Jamieson, however, professes to give it "verbatim from the recitation of a lady in Fifeshire"—Mrs. Brown—to whom both he and Sir Walter Scott are "so much indebted;" and he acknowledges to have received another copy from Mrs. Arnott of Aberbrothick, but of which he has used no portion. He introduces many interpolations (which he separates by brackets from the original text), of which the following are examples:—

"But the lasten tune it play'd so sma',
Binnorie, O Binnorie,
Was saft, and sadly sweet oer a',
By the bonny mill-dams, O Binnorie.

The hardest heart wad bled to hear;
It maen'd wi' sic a dowie cheir.

And fareweel, O fareweel to thee,
The dearest youth in life to me.

Sin I maun bless thy heart nae mair,
May ruing Heaven mees thy care."

Mr. Jamieson also reprints a parody upon the ancient song, which supplies strong proof of its great popularity. This parody is to be found in "Wit Restored," 1658, and also in "Tom D'Urfey's Pills to purge Melancholy." It is entitled "The Miller and the King's Daughter." We quote two verses as a specimen of the style:—

"What did he (the miller) with the brest bone,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a?
He made him a violl to play thereon,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a."

The poet has here unquestionably exceeded his licence; and thus originated the parody from which we have taken the two verses:—

"What did he doe with her tongue so rough,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a?
But the violl it spoke enough,
With a hie downe, downe, a downe a."

Another version of the Ballad is in Pinkerton's collection. He gives it "from tradition." It differs essentially from all the other copies. Here the spirit of the drowned sister is made to appear to her lover, to whom she relates the story of her fate, upon which he resolves to take revenge for her death, when a page comes "running in," to inform "the gallant squire" that the murderer was self-punished, having "leaped frae aft the hichest touir," and so perished, upon which,—

"Now sleip she in peace," quoth the gallant squire;
"Her dethe was the maist that I cold require;
But I 'll main for thee my Isabel deir,
Binnorie, O Binnorie!
Full mony a dreiry day, bot weir,
By the bonnie mill-dams, O Binnorie!"

There can be little doubt that the ballad may be classed among compositions which are founded upon actual occurrences. It is very beautiful and very touching; and the incident of the harp "playing alone," although belonging to things impossible, is related so simply as to seem perfectly natural and true. Not so the means by which the harp is obtained.



E. Corbould del.

T. Armstrong sc.

The Cruel Sister.



He courted the eldest with glove and ring,
But he lo'ed the youngest abune a' thing;

He courted the eldest with broach and knife,
But he lo'ed the youngest abune his life;

The eldest she was vexed sair,
And sore envied her sister fair;

The eldest said to the youngest ane, [in?'—
'Will ye go and see our father's ships come

She 's ta'en her by the lily hand,
And led her down to the river strand;

The youngest stude upon a stane,
The eldest came and push'd her in;

She took her by the middle sma',
And dash'd her bonny back to the jaw;

'O sister, sister, reach your hand,
And ye shall be heir of half my land;'

'O sister, I'll not reach my hand,
And I'll be heir of all your land;

'Shame fa' the hand that I should take,
It 's twin'd me, and my world's make.'—

'O sister reach me but your glove,
And sweet William shall be your love.'—

'Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove!
And sweet William shall better be my love;

'Your cherry cheeks and your yellow hair,
Garr'd me gang maiden evermair.'—



Sometimes she sunk, and sometimes she
swam,
Until she cam to the miller's dam;

'Oh father, father, draw your dam!
There's either a mermaid, or a milk-white
swan.'—

The miller hasted and drew his dam,
And there he found a drown'd woman;

You could not see her yellow hair,
For gowd and pearls that were so rare;

You could not see her middle sma',
Her gowden girdle was sae bra';

A famous harper passing by,
The sweet pale face he chanced to spy;

And when he look'd that lady on,
He sigh'd and made a heavy moan;

He made a harp of her breast-bone,
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone;

The strings he fram'd of her yellow hair,
Whose notes made sad the list'ning ear;

He brought it to her father's hall,
And there was the court assembled all;

He laid his harp upon a stone;
And straight it began to play alone;

'Oh yonder sits my father, the king,
And yonder sits my mother, the queen;

'And yonder stands my brother Hugh,
And by him my William, sweet and true.'—

The Cruel Sister.



E. Corbould del.

T. Armstrong sc.

FAIR HELEN OF KIRCONNELL. We take this beautiful and deeply-touching ballad from the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," where, however, it is given, "without alteration or improvement, from the most accurate copy which could be procured." The Editor informs us that it has been "handed down by tradition in its present imperfect state." It consists of two parts; but there can be little doubt that they are the productions of different hands, for the second portion is manifestly superior to the first. Sir Walter considers that the earlier stanzas formed no portion of the original poem; but "this suspicion being unwarranted by any copy he has beeu enabled to obtain, he does not venture to do more than intimate his own opinion." The sad catastrophe upon which the ballad was founded is this:—A lady of the name of Helen Irving, or Bell* (for this is disputed by the two clans), daughter of the Laird of Kirconnell, in Dumfries-shire, and celebrated for her beauty, was beloved by two gentlemen in the neighbourhood. The name of the favoured suitor was Adam Fleming of Kirkpatrick; that of the other has escaped tradition, though it has been alleged that he was a Bell, of Blacket House. The addresses of the latter were, however, favoured by the friends of the lady, and the lovers were therefore obliged to meet in secret, and by night, in the churchyard of Kirconnell, a romantic spot, almost surrounded by the river Kirtle. During one of these private interviews the jealous and despised lover suddenly appeared on the opposite bank of the stream, and levelled his carabine at the breast of his rival. Helen threw herself before her lover, received in her bosom the bullet, and died in his arms. A desperate and mortal combat ensued between Fleming and the murderer, in which the latter was cut to pieces. Other accounts say, that Fleming pursued his enemy to Spain, and slew him in the streets of Madrid. Returning to Scotland, he is said to have visited the grave of his unfortunate mistress, and beside it to have died. The grave of the lovers is yet shown in the churchyard of Kirconnell. Upon the tombstone can still be read—HIC JACET ADAMUS FLEMING: a cross and sword are sculptured on the stone.

The fate of Helen Irving has been sung by many modern bards: the latest, and unquestionably the most beautiful, of the poems that commemorate the story is the composition of Mr. Wordsworth. Mr. Pinkerton produced one "from tradition." Its poverty is very apparent. We copy the first three stanzas.

"I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries
To bear her company;
O would that in her darksome bed
My weary frame to rest were laid,
From love and anguish free!

* This dispute is owing to the uncertain date of the ballad; for, although the last proprietors of Kirconnell were Irvings, when deprived of their possessions by Robert Maxwell in 1600, yet Kirconnell is termed in old chronicles *The Bell's Tower;* and a stone, with the arms of that family, has been found among its ruins.

"I hear, I hear the welcome sound
Break slowly from the trembling mound
That ever calls on me;
O blessed virgin! could my power
Vye with my wish, this very hour
I'd sleep death's sleep with thee.

"A lover's sigh, a lover's tear,
Attended on thy timeless bier;
What more can fate require?
I hear, I hear the welcome sound—
Yes I will seek the sacred ground,
And on thy grave expire."

Jamieson also versified the story—somewhat better, because a little closer to the original. He first reprints a copy found in Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland." A single stanza may satisfy the reader:—

"Curst be the hand that shot the shot,
Likewise the gun that gave the crack;
Into my arms bird Helen lap
And died for sake of me.
O think na ye my heart was sair!
My love sunk down and spak nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' mickle care,
On fair Kirconnell Lee."

From Jamieson's own poem we copy also a stanza. He introduces it by the following passage:—"It was therefore imagined, that it might not be unacceptable to the lovers of Scottish melody and song to have an elegy in the Scottish dialect, as nearly as might be in the manner of the original (*i. e.* the copy from which the above stanza is quoted), and containing every line that was worth preserving in it, and as little as possible of what was exceptionable." The result was a signal failure.

"Calm is thy breast, O Helen chaste!
Gin I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou liest laigh, and art at rest,
In fair Kirconnell Lee!
But rest or joy for me is nane,
While far awa' I sich and mane,
Till laid by thy dear side again,
In fair Kirconnell Lee."

Some passages from a still inferior composition are given by Ritson, as written by "one Thomas Poynton, a pauper:"—

"O Fleming! how wretched thy doom,
Thy love to see wounded to death;
No wonder that stretch'd on her tomb,
In grief thou surrend'rest thy breath."

Allan Cunningham prints the genuine old ballad, and adds to it some judicious remarks. "So various," he says, "are the copies of this pathetic song, and of so little merit are many of the verses, that it is difficult to make a judicious selection, lest the lines that are natural and touching should suffer by the separation." He adds, that "Burns retouched one copy," but seemed little satisfied with his success. Perhaps there was never so much written on any subject so pathetic with less honour to the Muse.



FAIR HELEN.

PART FIRST.

O! SWEETEST sweet, and fairest fair,
Of birth and worth beyond compare,
Thou art the causer of my care,
Since first I loved thee.



Yet God hath given to me a mind,
The which to thee shall prove as kind
As any one that thou shalt find,
Of high or low degree.

The shallowest water makes maist din,
The deadest pool, the deepest linn;
The richest man least truth within,
Though he preferred be.

Yet, nevertheless, I am content,
And never a whit my love repent,
But think the time was a' weel spent,
Though I disdained be.

O! Helen sweet, and maist complete,
My captive spirit's at thy feet!
Thinks thou still fit thus for to treat
Thy captive cruelly?

O! Helen brave! but this I crave,
Of thy poor slave some pity have,
And do him save that's near his grave,
And dies for love of thee.

PART SECOND.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirconnell Lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

O think na ye my heart was sair, [mair!
When my love dropt down and spak nae
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

Fair Helen.



As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell Lee;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hacked him in pieces sma',
I hacked him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste and come to me!"—

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low, and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.*

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell Lee.

* The following stanzas conclnde Mr. Wordsworth's Ballad:—

"But many days, and many months,
And many years ensuing,
This wretched Knight did vainly seek
The death that he was wooing:
And coming back across the wave,
Without a groan on Helen's grave
His body he extended,
And there his sorrow ended.

"Now ye who willingly have heard
The tale I have been telling,
May in Kirconnell churchyard view
The grave of lovely Ellen:
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid;
And for the stone upon his head,
May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn HIC JACET!"

Fair Helen.



J. Franklin del.

G. Dalziel sc.

THE LUCK OF EDEN-HALL. This ballad—the composition of Mr. J. H. Wiffen—is founded on a popular superstition, and a family tradition, in Cumberland. Eden-Hall is a small village on the western side of the river Eden. The mansion and estates are the property of the Musgraves—heroes of innumerable ballads—who have held property there since the time of Henry VI., and were distinguished during the reign of William the Conqueror, with whom they came over from Normandy. In the mansion, an old drinking glass, enamelled in colours, called THE LUCK OF EDEN-HALL, is preserved with the greatest care. The letters I. H. S. on the top point out the sacred use from which it has been perverted; but tradition affirms it to have been seized from a company of fairies who were sporting near a spring in a garden called St. Cuthbert's Well; and, after an ineffectual struggle to recover it, vanished into thin air, saying,—

"If that glass do break or fall,
Farewell the Luck of Eden-Hall."*

In presenting to our readers the beautiful modern ballad of "the Luck of Eden-Hall," a few particulars of the literary life of its accomplished author will, we think, be a fitter accompaniment than any elaborate analysis of its merits. Mr. Wiffen, a member of the Society of Friends, came before the public as an author in the year 1812, in conjunction with Dr. Brown of the Inner Temple, and Dr. Raffles of Liverpool, in a little work entitled "Poems by Three Friends." This volume, which contained promise of better things, was succeeded, in 1819, by a volume entitled "Aonian Hours," the principal descriptive poem of which, "Aspley Wood," is perhaps the most finished of all Mr. Wiffen's original works. This work was again succeeded by a Roman story, entitled "Julia Alpinula." From this period our author appears to have turned his attention almost exclusively to foreign lite-

* The subject is thus referred to in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border:"—The martial spirit of our ancestors led them to defy these aërial warriors; and it is still currently believed that he who has courage to rush upon a fairy festival, and snatch from them their drinking cup or horn, shall find it prove to him a cornucopia of good fortune, if he can bear it in safety across a running stream. Such a horn is said to have been presented to Henry I. by a lord of Colchester.—GERVAS TILB. p. 980. A goblet is still carefully preserved in Eden-Hall, Cumberland, which is supposed to have been seized at a banquet of the elves by one of the ancient family of Musgrave, or, as others say, by one of their domestics, in the manner above described. The fairy train vanished, crying aloud,—

"If this glass do break or fall,
Farewell the Luck of Eden-Hall!"

The goblet took a name from the prophecy, under which it is mentioned in the burlesque ballad, commonly attributed to the Duke of Wharton, but in reality composed by Lloyd, one of his jovial companions. The Duke, after taking a draught, had nearly terminated "the Luck of Eden-Hall," had not the butler caught the cup in a napkin as it dropped from his Grace's hand. I understand it is not now subjected to such risks, but the lees of wine are still apparent at the bottom.

"God prosper long from being broke,
The Luck of Eden-Hall."

rature, with a perseverance and success which has left the lovers of literature for ever his debtor. "He was," writes a near relative, "so charmed with the sweet strains of Tasso, that he resolved, with something like a feeling of poetical duty, to rescue his mind's idol from what Sir Walter Scott calls, 'the frozen paws' of his prosaic translator Hoole. In this his labour of love he was encouraged by most of the poetic lights of the day, among whom may be named Scott, Southey, and Rogers." About this period His Grace the late Duke of Bedford offered Mr. Wiffen the appointment of Librarian at Woburn Abbey. An office so every way congenial with his taste and pursuits was entered upon with alacrity, and most ably filled up to the period of his lamented death in the year 1836. Here then, in the year 1821, he took up his abode, encircled

"By mental light and luxury of thought."

He addressed himself with renewed vigour to his pleasant toil, and laid before the public the fruits of his labour in a metrical version of the fourth Book of the "Jerusalem Delivered."

About this period, his taste having led him to explore the stores of Spanish Literature, he commenced a translation of the works of Garcilasso de la Vega, surnamed "the Prince of Castilian Poets." This work, which won for him the highest literary honours of Spain, was little appreciated in England, perhaps because eclogues and pastorals, however beautiful, are only adapted for a state of society emerging into the light of letters, and not one on whom its meridian sun has long looked down. In Spain the lays of this poet are familiar as household words; and, after a long lapse of years, his fountain still flows forth, the pride of the ancient city of Toledo. In 1824 the first volume of the "Jerusalem Delivered" made its appearance, and, after some delay, the second; the whole impression of which perished in a fire at the office of its printer. In 1826 a second edition was called for; and in 1836 another of a smaller size, to meet the wants of readers of more limited means.

This translation, which has won for its author an enduring name, needs no eulogy at our hands; but we cannot refrain from calling the particular attention of our readers to its charming dedication to Georgiana Duchess of Bedford, and its still more exquisite Envoi addressed to the lady who afterwards became his wife. In the year 1826 Mr. Wiffen visited Normandy, for the purpose of collecting materials for his principal prose work, "The Historical Memoirs of the House of Russell," which, after seven years of labour and research, appeared in the year 1833. A copy of this work, for the Library at Woburn Abbey, was illustrated by His Grace the Duke of Bedford with Historical Portraits to the amount of nearly 1000*l*. In the year 1836, from a life calmly lapsing away in the happy solitudes of literature, Mr. Wiffen was suddenly called away, at the early age of 43; leaving a widow and three infant daughters to lament the loss of one equally good and gifted. His remains rest with the dead of his own people; a crypress alone distinguishing his grave from the commoner earth.

The sister of Mr. Wiffen (Mrs. A. A. Watts) is a lady of most accomplished mind; her literary productions, although few in number, possess the highest merit.

The Luck of Eden-Hall was originally published in "The Literary Souvenir."



THE LUCK OF EDEN-HALL.

In Eden's wild romantic bowers,
The summer moonbeams sweetly fall,
And tint with yellow light the towers—
The stately towers of Eden-Hall.

A. Crowquill del

T. Armstrong sc.



There, lonely in the deepening night,
A lady at her lattice sits,
And trims her taper's wavering light,
And tunes her idle lute by fits.

But little can her idle lute
Beguile the weary moments now;
And little seems the lay to suit
Her wistful eye and anxious brow.

For, as the chord her finger sweeps,
Oft-times she checks her simple song,
To chide the forward chance that keeps
Lord Musgrave from her arms so long.

And listens, as the wind sweeps by,
His steed's familiar step to hear—
Peace, beating heart! 'twas but the cry
And foot-fall of the distant deer.

In, lady, to thy bower; fast weep
The chill dews on thy cheek so pale;
Thy cherished hero lies asleep—
Asleep in distant Russendale!

The noon was sultry, long the chase—
And when the wild stag stood at bay,
Burbek reflected from its face
The purple lights of dying day.

Through many a dale must Musgrave hie—
Up many a hill his courser strain,
Ere he behold, with gladsome eye,
His verdant bowers and halls again.

But twilight deepens—o'er the wolds
The yellow moonbeam rising plays,
And now the haunted forest holds
The wanderer in its bosky maze.



No ready vassal rides in sight;
He blows his bugle, but the call
Roused Echo mocks: farewell, to-night,
The homefelt joys of Eden-Hall!

His steed he to an alder ties,
His limbs he on the greensward flings;
And, tired and languid, to his eyes
Woos sorceress slumber's balmy wings.

A prayer—a sigh, in murmurs faint,
He whispers to the passing air;
The Ave to his patron saint—
The sigh was to his lady fair.

'Twas well that in that Elfin wood
He breathed the supplicating charm,
Which binds the Guardians of the good
To shield from all unearthly harm.

Scarce had the night's pale Lady staid
Her chariot o'er th' accustomed oak,
Than murmurs in the mystic shade
The slumberer from his trance awoke.

Stiff stood his courser's mane with dread—
His crouching greyhound whined with fear;
And quaked the wild-fern round his head,
As though some passing ghost were near.

Yet calmly shone the moonshine pale
On glade and hillock, flower and tree;
And sweet the gurgling nightingale
Poured forth her music, wild and free.

Sudden her notes fall hushed, and near
Flutes breathe, horns warble, bridles ring;
And, in gay cavalcade, appear
The Fairies round their Fairy King.



Twelve hundred Elfin knights and more
Were there in silk and steel arrayed;
And each a ruby helmet wore,
And each a diamond lance displayed.

And pursuivants with wands of gold,
And minstrels scarfed and laurelled fair,
Heralds with blazoned flags unrolled,
And trumpet-tuning dwarfs were there.

Behind, twelve hundred ladies coy, [Queen;
On milk-white steeds, brought up their
Their kerchiefs of the crimson soy,
Their kirtles all of Lincoln-green.

Some wore, in fanciful costume,
A sapphire or a topaz crown;
And some a hern's or peacock's plume,
Which their own tercel-gents struck down:

And some wore masks, and some wore hoods,
Some turbans rich, some ouches rare;
And some sweet woodbine from the woods,
To bind their undulating hair.

With all gay tints the darksome shade
Grew florid as they passed along,
And not a sound their bridles made
But tuned itself to Elfin song.

Their steeds they quit;—the knights advance,
And in quaint order, one by one,
Each leads his lady forth to dance,—
The timbrels sound—the charm's begun.

Where'er they trip, where'er they tread,
A daisy or a bluebell springs;
And not a dew-drop shines o'erhead,
But falls within their charmed rings.



'The dance lead up, the dance lead down,
The dance lead round our favourite tree;
If now one lady wears a frown,
A false and froward shrew is she!

'There's not a smile we Fays let fall
But swells the tide of human bliss;
And if good luck attends our call,
'Tis due on such sweet night as this.

'The dance lead up, the dance lead down,
The dance lead round our favourite tree;
If now even Oberon wears a frown,
A false and froward churl is he!'

Thus sing the Fays;—Lord Musgrave hears
Their shrill sweet song, and eager eyes
The radiant show, despite the fears
That to his bounding bosom rise.

But soft—the minstrelsy declines;
The morris ceases—sound the shaums!
And quick, whilst many a taper shines,
The heralds rank their airy swarms.

Titania waves her crystal wand;
And underneath the green-wood bower,
Tables, and urns, and goblets stand,
Metheglin, nectar, fruit, and flower.

'To banquet, ho!' the seneschals
Bid the brisk tribes, that, thick as bees
At sound of cymbals, to their calls
Consort beneath the leafy trees.

Titania by her king, each knight
Beside his ladye love; the page
Behind his 'scutcheon'd lord,—a bright
Equipment on a brilliant stage!



The monarch sits;—all helms are doffed,
Plumes, scarfs, and mantles cast aside;
And, to the sound of music soft,
They ply their cups with mickle pride.

Or sparkling mead, or spangling dew,
Or livelier hyppocras they sip;
And strawberries red, and mulberries blue,
Refresh each elf's luxurious lip.

With 'nod, and beck, and wreathed smile,'
They heap their jewelled patines high;
Nor want there mirthful airs the while
To crown the festive revelry.

A minstrel dwarf, in silk arrayed,
Lay on a mossy bank o'er which
The wild thyme wove its fragrant braid,
The violet spread its perfume rich;

And whilst a page at Oberon's knee
Presented high the waissail-cup,
This lay the little bard with glee
From harp of ivory offered up:

'Health to our sovereign!—fill, brave boy,
Yon glorious goblet to the brim!
There 's joy—in every drop there 's joy
That laughs within its charmed rim!

''Twas wrought within a wizard's mould,
When signs and spells had happiest power;—
Health to our King by wood and wold!
Health to our Queen in hall and bower!'

They rise—the myriads rise, and shrill
The wild-wood echoes to their brawl,—
'Health to our King by wold and rill!
Health to our Queen in bower and hall!'

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



A sudden thought fires Musgrave's brain,—
So help him all the Powers of Light,—
He rushes to the festal train,
And snatches up that goblet bright!

With three brave bounds the lawn he crossed,
The fourth it seats him on his steed;
'Now, Courser! or thy lord is lost—
Stretch to the stream with lightning speed!'

'Tis uproar all around, behind,—
Leaps to his selle each screaming Fay,
'The charmed cup is fairly tined,
Stretch to the strife,—away! away!'

As in a whirlwind forth they swept,
The green turf trembling as they passed;
But forward still good Musgrave kept,—
The shallow stream approaching fast.

A thousand quivers round him rained
Their shafts or ere he reached the shore;
But when the farther bank was gained,
This song the passing whirlwind bore:

'Joy to thy banner, bold Sir Knight!
But if yon goblet break or fall,
Farewell thy vantage in the fight!—
Farewell the luck of Eden-Hall!'

The forest cleared, he winds his horn,—
Rock, wood, and wave return the din;
And soon, as though by Echo borne,
His gallant Squires come pricking in.

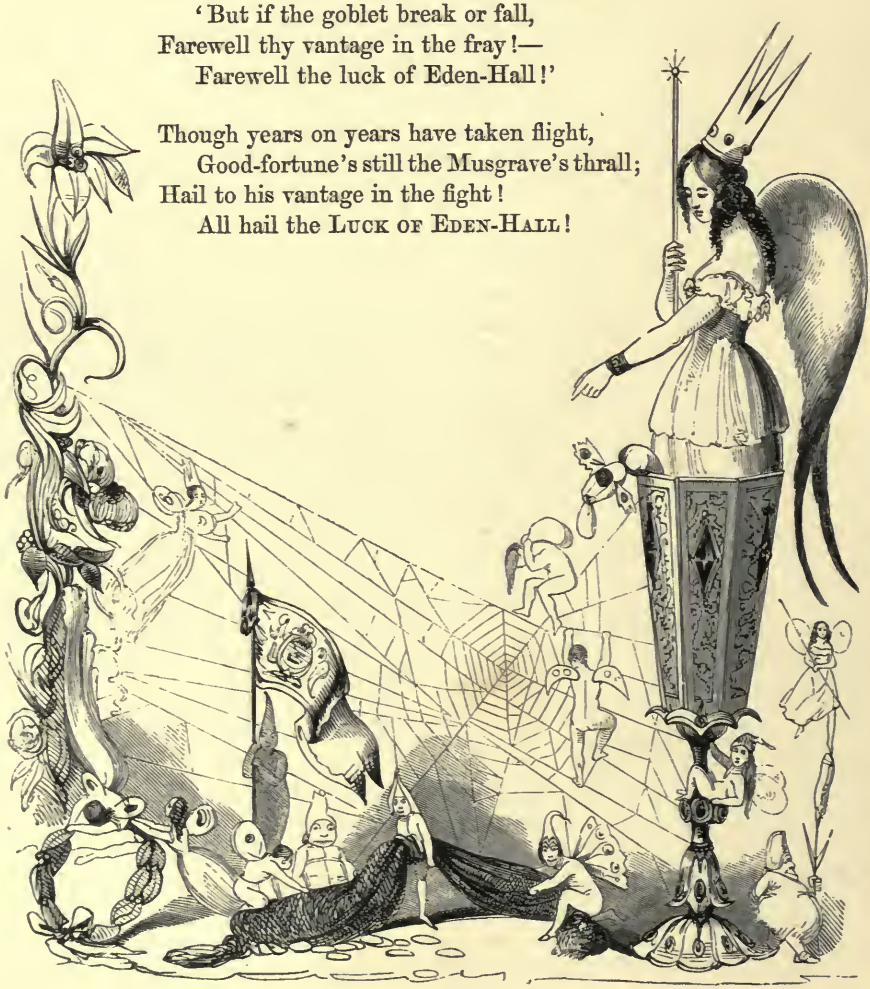
'Tis dusk of day;—in Eden's towers
A mother o'er her infant bends,
And lists, amid the whispering bowers,
The sound that from the stream ascends.

The Luck of Eden-Hall.

It comes in murmurs up the stairs,—
A low, a sweet, a mellow voice,—
And charms away the lady's cares,
And bids the mother's heart rejoice.

'Sleep sweetly, babe!' 'twas heard to say;
'But if the goblet break or fall,
Farewell thy vantage in the fray!—
Farewell the luck of Eden-Hall!'

Though years on years have taken flight,
Good-fortune's still the Musgrave's thrall;
Hail to his vantage in the fight!
All hail the Luck of Eden-Hall!



A. Crowquill del. T. Armstrong sc.



ADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT. Our copy of this beautiful and long popular ballad is given from the volume of "Scottish Ballads," edited by Robert Chambers. By him it is "composed out of that which appeared in Watson's collection, with some stanzas and various readings from a version altogether different, which was published by Dr. Percy." Dr. Percy's ballad contains only seven stanzas; and these seven vary in no essential particulars from the version we here print. In the "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry" it was thus introduced:—"The subject of this pathetic ballad the editor once thought might possibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell, and his desertion of his wife Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with the Queen of Scots: but this opinion he now believes to be groundless; indeed Earl Bothwell's age, who was upwards of sixty at the time of that marriage, renders it unlikely that he should be the object of so warm a passion as this elegy supposes. He has been since informed that it entirely refers to a private story. A young lady of the name of Bothwell, or rather Boswell, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself; which are here given from a copy in the editor's folio MS., corrected by another in Allan Ramsay's Miscellany."

Allan Cunningham considers the Scottish song to have a "deeper pathos than the fragment which Percy found in his folio;" but thinks that it has been modernised "by a skilful and a tender hand." "It is," he states, "very old, and was in existence as early as the reign of Queen Mary;" and he adds, "I have often thought that the song of 'Bothwell Bank, thou bloomest fair!' which a traveller, before the year 1605, heard a Scottish lady sing in Palestine, was a variation, or a portion, of this pathetic Lament." Pinkerton publishes also a fragment of the ballad from which one passage (although but one) might have been taken with advantage; it occurs in the concluding verse:—

"Be still, my sad one; spare those tears,
To weip when thou hast wit and years."

His fragment is, however, of little value—the simple nature of the composition having been completely sacrificed.

Mr. Chambers, in a note to his copy of the ballad, considers that, "by the assistance of a valued antiquarian friend," he is enabled to lay before the public a true and certain history of the heroine. "Lady Anne Bothwell," he says, "was no other than the Honourable Anne Bothwell, daughter of Bothwell, bishop of Orkney at the Reformation, but who was afterwards raised to a temporal peerage, under the title of Lord Holyroodhouse. (He married Queen Mary to the Earl of Bothwell, after the form of the Catholic church.) This young lady, who is said to have possessed great beauty, was betrayed into a disgraceful connexion by the Honourable Sir Alexander Erskine, third son of John, seventh Earl of Mar, (by his Lordship's second wife, Lady Maria Stewart, daughter of Esme, Duke of Lennox).. As Miss Bothwell's father died in 1595, and as Sir Alexander had a letter of provision of the abbacy of Cambuskenneth in

1608, there arises a presumption, considering the age of the parties, that the unhappy circumstance which occasioned the Lament took place early in the seventeenth century. This, indeed, is set almost beyond a question by the occurrence of a poem, apparently the first edition of Miss Bothwell's Lament, in a publication of the year 1606, "The Northern Lass; or the Nest of Fools."

"Peace, wayward bairn! O cease thy mone;
Thy far more wayward daddy's gone,
And never will recalled be,
By cries of either thee or me:
For should we cry
Until we die,
We could not 'scant his cruelty.
Ballow, ballow, &c.

"He needs might in himself foresee
What thou successively might'st be;
And could he then, though me forego,
His infant leave, ere he did know
How like the dad
Would be the lad
In time, to make fond maidens glad.
Ballow, ballow, &c."

"Sir Alexander Erskine was considered to be the handsomest man of his age; and his goods looks are to this day testified by a portrait of him, by Jamieson, now in the possession of James Erskine of Cambus, Esq. He is there represented in military dress, with a cuirass and scarf; but the splendour of his warlike attire is evidently unnecessary to set off the extreme beauty of his countenance. In addition to a pair of dark blue eyes, mustaches, and a set of fine ringlets—all of which were, no doubt, most effective auxiliaries to the 'sugared words' and 'feignings false' which moved Miss Bothwell to love—his visage is characterised by a peculiar vivacity of expression, which in the living man, it is easy to conceive, must have been to the last degree fascinating.

"As to the ultimate fate of Miss Bothwell, it is unfortunately out of the editor's power to say anything. That of her faithless lover happens to be better known. He entered into the French service, and became a colonel. When the religious troubles broke out in Scotland, Sir Alexander, disloyal in politics as in love, was prevailed upon by the Covenanters to undertake the command of one of their regiments. There is, in Lord Hailes' collection of letters, one written in 1640, by the chief men in that interest to a person unknown in France, desiring him to intercede with the cardinal Richelieu and the king of France for leave of absence for Sir Alexander till the end of the campaign then in hand. Ten days after the date of that letter the colonel was blown up, along with the Earl of Haddington, and about eighty other persons of distinction, in the castle of Dunglass, Berwickshire, the powder-magazine having been ignited by a menial boy, out of revenge against his master. It was the general sentiment of the time, and long a traditionary notion in the family, that he came to this dreadful end on account of his treatment of the unhappy lady who indites 'the Lament;' she having probably died before that time of a broken heart."



LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

BALOW, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip:
If thou'se be silent, I'se be glad;
Thy maining maks my heart full sad.
Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy;
Thy father breids me great annoy.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see the weip.

Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.



When he began to court my luve,
And with his sugred words to muve,
His feignings false and flattering cheir
To me that time did not appeir:
But now I see most cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see the weip.

Lie still, my darling; sleip awhile,
And, when thou wakest, sweetlie smile:
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids: nay, God forbid!
But yet I feir, thou wilt gae neir
Thy father's heart and face to beir.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

Farewell, farewell, thou falsest youth,
That ever kist a woman's mouth!
Let nevir any, after me,
Submit unto thy courtesie;
For, if they do, Oh, cruel thou
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

I was too credulous at first,
To yield thee all a maiden durst.
Thou swore for ever true to prove,
Thy faith unchanged, unchanged thy love;
But, quick as thought, the change is wrought,
Thy love's no more, thy promise noucht.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

Balow, my boy; weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wronging thee;
Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart.

J. S. Brine del. T. Armstrong sc.

Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.



The too soon trusting, latest finds,
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to heir thee weip.

Oh, do not, do not, prettie mine,
To feignings false thy heart incline.
Be loyal to thy lover true,
And never change her for a new:
If good or fair, of her have care;
For women's banning's wondrous sair.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

Balow, my boy; thy father 's fled,
When he the thriftless son has play'd.
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Prefers the wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
Make him eat acorns with the swine.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to heir thee weip.

Yet I can't chuse, but ever will
Be loving to thy father still:
Where'er he gae, where'er he ride,
My luve with him doth still abide:
In weel or wae, where'er he gae,
My heart can ne'er depart him frae.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to heir thee weip.

Then curse him not: perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee:
Perhaps at death; for who can tell,
Whether the judge of heaven or hell,
By some proud foe, has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to heir thee weip.

Lady Anne Bothwell's Lament.



I wish I were into the bounds
Where he lies smothered in his wounds—
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he called his fair.
No woman 's yet so fiercely set,
But she 'll forgive, though not forget.
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

Balow, my boy! I'll weip for thee;
Too soon, alas, thou'lt weip for me:
Thy griefs are growing to a sum—
God grant thee patience when they come;
Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
A hapless fate, an outcast's name!
Balow, my boy; lie still and sleip!
It grieves me sair to see thee weip.

J. S. Brine del.

T Armstrong sc.

THE merit of this most touching ballad has been universally acknowledged. It is unquestionably one of the most pathetic and affecting compositions that has ever been penned. It exhibits a perfect picture: the characters of the drama—for such it is—seem actually before us as we read; our sympathy is powerfully excited; we feel assured that fiction has had nothing to do with the work; Truth seems to speak in every line. Few poems have obtained such universal celebrity; yet, as far as we know, it is the only one its author ever printed. Its popularity is confined to no class: it is one of those pure transcripts of nature felt and appreciated alike by high and low, the ignorant and the refined. Sir Walter Scott describes it as "that real pastoral which is worth all the dialogues that Corydon and Phillis have had together, from the days of Theocritus downwards." Mr. Hazlitt says, "The effect of reading this old ballad is as if all our hopes and fears hung upon the last fibre of the heart, and we felt that giving way. What silence, what loneliness, what leisure for grief and despair!

'My father pressed me sair, my mother didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break.'

The irksomeness of the situations, the sense of painful dependence, is excessive; and yet the sentiment of deep-rooted, patient affection, triumphs over all, and is the only impression that remains." It is indeed received into all collections as one of the chiefest gems of the language—a production unsurpassed in natural pathos and simple truth. Yet there can be no question that it owes very little to those artificial graces to which—generally, but erroneously—Poetry is supposed to be mainly indebted for its influence and effects.

The history of the author and the poem may be briefly told. Lady Ann Lindsay, the eldest daughter of James fifth Earl of Balcarres, was born on the 8th of December, 1750, and died on the 27th of October, 1825; having married (in 1793) Sir Andrew Barnard, librarian to King George III, to whom Dr. Johnson addressed his celebrated letter on the formation of a Library. She survived her husband eighteen years, and left no issue. The mystery connected with the poetical production that makes her name immortal was cleared up by Sir Walter Scott, who printed—as a contribution to the Bannatine Club—the ballad, with a letter acknowledging the authorship, and two "continuations," one of which we shall print, although very inferior to the original. The story of its production is simply thus:—It was written about the year 1772. Lady Ann was, to use her own expression, "passionately fond of an ancient Scottish melody, called 'the Bridegroom grat when the sun gaed down.'" The air was sung to her by an aged person at Balcarres, with the old and rather free spoken words. Her sister Margaret had just married, and left Balcarres with her husband for London; she was melancholy thereat, and sought consolation from the Muse. "I longed to sing old Sophy's air"—thus writes Lady Barnard to Sir Walter Scott in

1823—"to different words, and give its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it." In pursuance of her simple plan, therefore, she proceeded to create a heroine—oppressed her with many misfortunes, sent her Jamie to sea, broke her father's arm, made her mother fall sick, and gave her Auld Robin Gray (a herd at Balcarres) for a lover. She wished then to load the unhappy maiden with a fifth heavy sorrow; and while thinking over what it should be, in her closet, she called to her little sister (afterwards Lady Hardwicke), who was in another room, to help her to another misfortune. "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said the little girl; so the cow was lifted, and the song was finished. "Auld Robin Gray" became immediately popular. At the fire-side of Balcarres, and among the neighbouring peasantry, the song was "always called for." In process of time a new air was written—by Mr. Leeves of Clevedon, near Bristol—to the words. It found its way to the stage, where it has ever since been occasionally sung; and in no part of the world, where the English language is spoken, is the poem a stranger. "I was pleased in secret," says Lady Barnard, "with the approbation it met with; but such was my dread of being suspected of writing any thing, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret." But the song wanted the name of an author. The words had "an undoubted air of antiquity." It was soon attributed to David Rizzio, the unfortunate minstrel of Mary, Queen of Scots, and was for a time looked upon as a great literary curiosity. Ere long, however, this notion was exploded, and public curiosity very strongly excited. Some inquisitive person boldly offered, through the newspapers, a sum of twenty guineas to any one who would prove the authorship past a doubt. "I was persecuted," writes Lady Barnard, "to avow whether I had written it or not, or say where I had got it." Meanwhile, an envoy from the Antiquarian Society of Edinburgh, a Mr. Jerningham, their secretary, paid the lady a visit, and endeavoured to entrap the truth from her in a way she "took amiss." Nothing was gained by this attempt:—"Had he asked the question obligingly," Lady Barnard writes, "I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially." In July, 1823, however, her ladyship, as we have intimated, acknowledged the authorship to Sir Walter Scott,—sending him the two "continuations," which she had written long after the song itself. In these Auld Robin falls sick; confesses he had stolen the cow himself, in order to force upon the afflicted family another motive for the marriage; dies, and leaves the young couple all his "warldly gear." They are of course in due time wedded; and the melancholy close of the story is thus avoided—but certainly at the cost of its truth. Sir Walter Scott added to the Ballad the following verse, in which it will be perceived he has borrowed an idea from the continuation:—

"Nae longer she wept, her tears were a' spent,
Despair it wss come, and she thought it content;
She thought it content, but her cheek it grew pale,
And she droop'd like a lily broke down by the hail."

Such is the brief history of this exquisitely touching poem. Of the author far too little is known. It is not impossible, however, that hereafter her memoirs, and some unpublished compositions of hers, may be given to the world. Both are, to our knowledge, in existence; or at all events were, a very few years ago.



AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,
When a' the weary warld to quiet rest are gane;
The woes of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown piece, he 'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

J. Franklin del. G. Dalziel sc.



Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sck—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, 'Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me!'

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, wherefore am I spar'd to cry out, Woe is me!

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, 'I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!'

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I 'm no like to dee;
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me.

THE CONTINUATION.

The wintry days grew lang, my tears they were a' spent:
May be it was despair I fancied was content.
They said my cheek was wan; I cou'dna look to see—
For, oh! the wee bit glass, my Jamie gaed it me.



My father he was sad, my mother dull and wae;
But that which griev'd me maist, it was Auld Robin Gray;
Though ne'er a word he said, his cheek said mair than a',
It wasted like a brae o'er which the torrents fa'.

He gaed into his bed—nae physic wad he take;
And oft he moan'd and said, 'It 's better, for her sake.'
At length he look'd upon me, and call'd me his 'ain dear,'
And beckon'd round the neighbours, as if his hour drew near.

'I 've wrong'd her sair,' he said, 'but ken't the truth o'er late;
It 's grief for that alone that hastens now my date;
But a' is for the best, since death will shortly free
A young and faithful heart that was ill matched wi' me.

'I loo'd, and sought to win her for mony a lang day;
I had her parents' favour, but still she said me nay;
I knew na Jamie's luve; and oh! it 's sair to tell—
To force her to be mine, I steal'd her cow mysel!

'O what cared I for Crummie! I thought of nought but thee,
I thought it was the cow stood 'twixt my luve and me.
While she maintain'd ye a', was you not heard to say,
That you would never marry wi' Auld Robin Gray?

'But sickness in the house, and hunger at the door,
My bairn gied me her hand, although her heart was sore.
I saw her heart was sore—why did I take her hand?
That was a sinfu' deed! to blast a bonnie land.

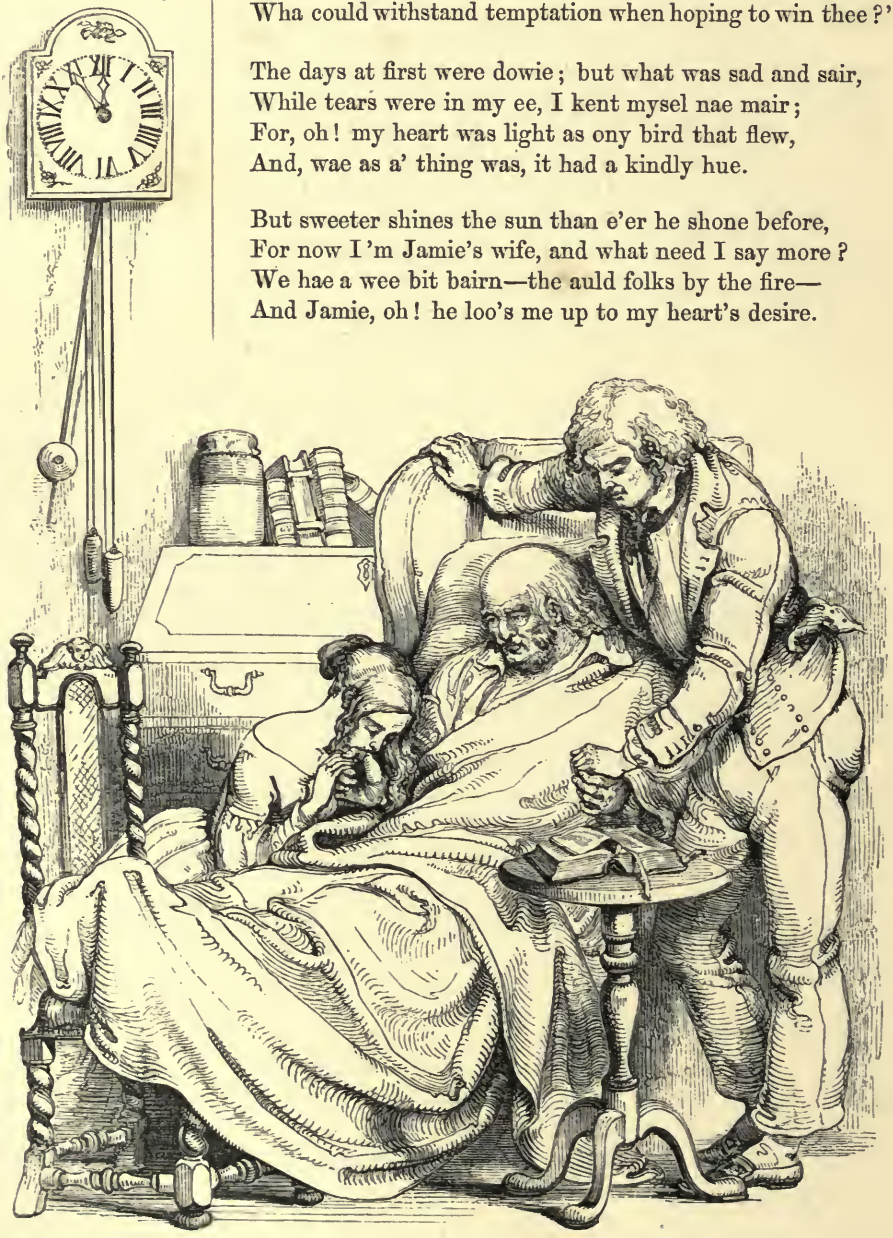
'It was na very lang ere a' did come to light;
For Jamie he came back, and Jenny's cheek grew white.
My spouse's cheek grew white, but true she was to me;
Jenny! I saw it a'—and oh, I 'm glad to dee!

'Is Jamie come?' he said; and Jamie by us stood—
'Ye loo each other weel—oh, let me do some good!
I gie you a', young man—my houses, cattle, kine,
And the dear wife hersel, that ne'er should hae been mine.'

We kiss'd his clay-cold hands—a smile came o'er his face;
'He 's pardon'd,' Jamie said, 'before the throne o' grace.
Oh, Jenny! see that smile—forgi'en I 'm sure is he,
Wha could withstand temptation when hoping to win thee?'

The days at first were dowie; but what was sad and sair,
While tears were in my ee, I kent mysel nae mair;
For, oh! my heart was light as ony bird that flew,
And, wae as a' thing was, it had a kindly hue.

But sweeter shines the sun than e'er he shone before,
For now I 'm Jamie's wife, and what need I say more?
We hae a wee bit bairn—the auld folks by the fire—
And Jamie, oh! he loo's me up to my heart's desire.



J Franklin del. Fred. Branston sc.

THIS singular and very remarkable composition is the production of Mr. William Motherwell. It was written, avowedly, as an imitation of the "old style;" and, as with most imitators, the peculiarities and defects of the originals have been exaggerated, while the simplicity and truth by which they are invariably characterised are far less faithfully copied. It will be unnecessary to pass any remarks upon the Poem; and our space may be advantageously occupied by some particulars relative to the brief life of its author, of whom at present far too little is known. He was one of many who pass a life of industry and labour, profitable more to others than to themselves, but of whom the world know nothing until the ear is "deaf to the voice of the charmer."

William Motherwell was born in Glasgow (where his father was an ironmonger) on the 13th of October, 1797. The family belongs to Stirlingshire, where the elder branches have resided, for several generations, on a small property of their own, called Muirmill, in virtue of a grant originally conferred by the celebrated Marquis of Montrose. Part of his early life was passed at that place and in Edinburgh. In his twelfth year he was placed under the care of an uncle in Paisley, where he was brought up to the legal profession. On the termination of his apprenticeship he was employed for some time by Dr. Robert Watt in assisting in the compilation of that useful and laborious work, the "Bibliotheca Britannica." In 1819, while he was only in his twenty-second year, he was appointed deputy to the sheriff-clerk at Paisley. In 1828 he became proprietor and editor of the "Paisley Advertiser"—a journal wherein he zealously advocated Conservative principles, to which he had always been attached. In the following year he resigned his official appointment, and applied himself exclusively to the management of the newspaper, and to literary pursuits. In the beginning of 1830 he was called to the exercise of more important duties, having, on the retirement of Mr. M'Queen, the able and well-known advocate of the West India interests, been appointed editor of the "Glasgow Courier," a respectable newspaper of long standing, published thrice a week. To Glasgow he accordingly removed; and there he remained, conducting the Courier with great talent and intrepidity, during a period of much political strife, till his death, which happened suddenly, of apoplexy, on the 1st of November, 1835, just after the completion of the thirty-eighth year of his age. He was interred in the Necropolis of his native city, deeply lamented by his friends, to whom he was endeared by many excellent qualities, not the least conspicuous of which were kindness of heart, quaintness of humour, and an ingenious and chivalrous disposition.

Motherwell early evinced a taste for literature, especially for that of Scotland. In 1819 he contributed to a collection of poetical pieces, entitled the "Harp of Renfrewshire," an essay on the poets of that county—a theme of considerable interest, as it included the names of Wilson, the ornithologist of America, and Tannahill, the admired song-writer. He subsequently became editor of a work entitled "Minstrelsy, Ancient

and Modern," published in parts, and completed in 1827, illustrated by notes and an elaborate historical introduction, which exhibited his extensive acquaintance with the ballad and romantic literature of Scotland.* During the year 1828 he conducted the "Paisley Magazine," a monthly publication, which, though it displayed much talent, and contained many articles of a rare and curious nature, did not survive beyond the year. While occupied with the compositions of others, he did not forget cultivating the Muse on his own account; and many of his poetical effusions appeared from time to time in periodical works. At length, in 1832, he published a volume of his "Poems, Narrative and Lyrical," which was most favorably received, and established his reputation as one of the sweet singers of his native land. About the same time he furnished his friend, Andrew Henderson, with an interesting preface for his collection of Scottish Proverbs. He was also a frequent contributor, both in prose and verse, to "The Day," a literary paper then published at Glasgow, of which he was one of the originators; and his "Memoirs of Peter Pirnie," a Paisley Bailie, formed one of the most amusing and popular articles in that journal. The last literary undertaking with which he was connected was an edition of the works of Burns, which he superintended in conjunction with Hogg, the Etrick Stepherd, and to which he contributed a large amount of notes, critical and illustrative. He was much devoted to the wild legends of the ancient northern nations, and composed a prose romance, embodying some of these, and hitherto unpublished, entitled "The Doomed Nine, or the Langbein Ritters."

The distinguishing characteristics of Motherwell's poetry are simplicity, gracefulness, purity of spirit, and depth of feeling. His poems are eminently beautiful; and although they appear to come warm from the heart, are highly polished. Few poets, ancient or modern, have been more entirely successful in creating a corresponding feeling in the reader. It is impossible to peruse his bolder compositions without strong excitement, his more descriptive pieces without earnest sympathy, or his more tender lyrics without tears. In the composition of the Scottish Ballad, both after the ancient and the modern style, he eminently excelled. The Ballad here printed evinces his proficiency in the former of these styles; while some of his productions in more modern phraseology, such as "Jeanie Morrison," and "My heid is like to rend, Willie," have attained an extensive popularity. His prose compositions are vigorous and often eloquent, mixed at times with an antiquated phraseology which appeared natural to him, and which well befitted most of the subjects of which he treated.

* To this volume we have been largely indebted. There is, indeed, scarcely one of the Scottish Ballads published in this work the introduction to which has received no aid from the publication of Mr. Motherwell. In many instances he has procured new and authentic versions; and to nearly all he has appended brief notes, that communicate considerable information in a clear, sensible, and comprehensive manner; while the "Introduction" is a complete History of the Ballad lore of Scotland. The general reader will find in the work nearly all the knowledge he can require concerning the various publications that have from time to time appeared in Scotland, either partially or entirely devoted to the ancient ballads of the country.



ELFINLAND WUD.

Erl William has muntit his gude grai stede,
(Merrie lemis munelicht on the sea,)
And graithit him in ane eumli weid.
(Swa bonnilie blumis the hawthorn tree.)

J. N. Paton del.

T. Armstrong sc.

Elfinland Wud.



Erl William rade, Erl William ran—
(Fast they ryde quha luve trewlie,)
Quhyll the Elfinland wud that gude Erl wan—
(Blink ower the burn, sweit may, to mee.)

Elfinland wud is dern and dreir,
(Merrie is the grai goukis sang,)
Bot ilk ane leafis quhyt as silver cleir,
(Licht makis schoirt the road swa lang.)

It is undirneth ane braid aik tree,
(Hey and a lo, as the leavis grow grein,)
Thair is kythit ane bricht ladie,
(Manie flowris blume quhilk ar nocht seen.)

Around hir slepis the quhyte muneschyne,
(Meik is mayden undir kell,)
Her lips bin lyke the blude reid wyne;
(The rois of flowris hes sweitest smell.)

It was al bricht quhare that ladie stude,
(Far my luve, fure ower the sea.)
Bot dern is the lave of Elfinland wud,
(The knicht pruvit false that ance luvit me.)

The ladie's handis were quhyte als milk,
(Ringis my luve wore mair nor ane.)
Her skin was safter nor the silk;
(Lilly bricht schinis my luvis halse bane.)

Save you, save you, fayr ladie,
(Gentil hert schawis gentil deed.)
Standand alane undir this auld tree;
(Deir till knicht is nobil steid.)

Burdalane, if ye dwall here,
(My hert is layed upon this land.)
I wuld like to live your fere;
(The schippis cum sailin to the strand.)



Nevir ane word that ladie sayd;
(Schortest rede hes least to mend.)
Bot on hir harp she evir playd;
(Thare nevir was mirth that had nocht end.)

Gang ye eist, or fare ye wast,
(Ilka stern blinkis blythe for thee,)
Or tak ye the road that ye like best,
(Al trew feeris ryde in cumpanie.)

Erl William loutit doun full lowe;
(Luvis first seid bin curtesie.)
And swung hir owir his saddil bow,
(Ryde quha listis, ye 'll link with mee.)

Scho flang her harp on that auld tree,
(The wynd pruvis aye ane harpir gude.)
And it gave out its music free;
(Birdis sing blythe in gay grein wud.)

The harp playde on its leeful lane,
(Lang is my luvis yellow hair.)
Quhill it has charmit stock and stane,
(Furth by firth, deir lady fare.)

Quban scho was muntit him behynd,
(Blyth be hertis quhilkis luve ilk uthir.)
Awa thai flew lyke flaucht of wind;
(Kin kens kin, and bairnis thair mither.)

Nevir ane word that ladie spak;
(Mim be maydins men besyde.)
Bot that stout steid did nicher and schaik;
(Smal thingis humbil hertis of pryde.)

About his breist scho plet her handis;
(Luvand be maydins quhan thai lyke.)
Bot thay were cauld as yron bandis;
(The winter bauld bindis sheuch and syke.)



Your handis ar cauld, fayr ladie, sayd hee,
(The caulder hand the trewer hairt.)
I trembil als the leif on the tree;
(Licht caussis muve ald friendis to pairt.)

Lap your mantil owir your heid,
(My luve was clad in the reid scarlett,)
And spredd your kirtil owir my stede;
(Thair nevir was joie that had nae lett.)

The ladie scho wald nocht dispute;
(Nocht woman is scho that laikis ane tung.)
But caulder hir fingeris about him cruik.
(Sum sangis ar writt, bot nevir sung.)

This Elfinland Wud will neir haif end;
(Hunt quha listis, daylicht for mee.)
I wuld I culd ane strang bow bend,
(Al undirneth the grein wud tree.)

Thai rade up, and they rade doun,
(Wearilie wearis wan nicht away.)
Erl William's heart mair cauld is grown;
(Hey, luve mine, quhan dawis the day?

Your hand lies cauld on my briest-bane,
(Smal hand hes my ladie fair,)
My horss he can nocht stand his lane,
(For cauldness of this midnicht air.)

Erl William turnit his heid about;
(The braid mune schinis in lift richt cleir.)
Twa Elfin een are glentin owt,
(My luvis een like twa sternis appere.)

Twa brennand eyne, sua bricht and full,
(Bonnilie blinkis my ladeis ee,)
Flang fire flauchtis fra ane peelit skull;
(Sum sichts ar ugsomlyk to see.)

J. N. Paton del T. Armstrong sc.



Twa rawis of quhyt teeth then did say,
(Cauld the boysteous windis sal blaw,)
Oh, lang and weary is our way,
(And donkir yet the dew maun fa'.)

Far owir mure, and far owir fell
(Hark the sounding huntsmen thrang;)
Thorow dingle, and thorow dell,
(Luve, come, list the merlis sang.) *

* Glossary.—Muntit, *mounted.* Gude, *good.* Lemis, *gleams, scintillates.* Graithit, *dressed.* Dern, *hidden, secret, dark.* Swa, *so.* Quha, *who.* Quhyll, *while.* Grai goukis sang, *song of the "cuckoo-grey."* Ilk ane, *each, every one.* Ilka has the same signification. Quhyt, *white.* Schoirt, lang, *short, long.* Braid aik tree, *broad oak tree.* Kythit, *discovered.* Quhilk, nocht, *which, not.* Kell, *a woman's head-dress.* The rois, *the rose.* Stude, *stood.* Fure, *fared.* Bot dern is the lave, *but dark, or hidden, is the remainder.* Als, *as.* Mair nor ane, *more than one.* Schinis, halse bane, *shines, collar bone.* Hert, schawis, *heart, shows.* Standand alane, *standing alone.* Till, *to.* Burdalane, a term used to denote one who is the only child left in a family; *bird alone,* or solitary. Layed, "lay" means *basis,* or *foundation,* and the signification of "layed," here, is *fixed,* I think, or *set.* Fere, *a companion.* Schortest rede hes least to mend, *shortest counsel has least to expiate.* Nocht, *not.* Gang, eist, waat, *go, east, west.* Stern, *star.* Loutit, *stooped.* Seid, bin, *offspring, is.* Scho, *she.* Its leeful lane, *by itself alone.* Furth by firth, *forth, abroad by frith.* Blyth be hertes quhilkis uve ilk uthir, *blithe be hearts which love each other.* Flaucht, *gust,* and also *flake.* Bairnis, mither, *children, mother.* Mim, *affectedly modest or coy, prim.* Nicher, *neigh.* Quhan thai lyke, *when they choose.* Bauld, sheuch, *bold, a furrow or ditch.* Syke, *a rill, or rivulet, usually dry in summer.* Hairt, *heart.* Ald, pairt, *old, part.* Nae lett, *no obstruction, no hinderance.* Nocht woman is scho that laikis ane tung, *she who lacks a tongue, is not a woman.* Sangis, *songs.* Haif, *have.* Quhan dawis the day, *when breaks the day.* Braid mune, *broad moon.* Lift, *the firmament.* Glentin, *glancing, gleamiug.* Brennand, *burning.* Fra ane peelit skull, *from a peeled skull.* Ugsomlyk, *very loathsome, disgusting* Rawis, *rows.* Boysteous, *boisterous, blustering.* Donkir, *damper, danker.* Maun fa', *must fall.* The merlis sang, *the blackbird's song.* Flude, *flood.* Mudy, *moody.* Blude, *blood.* A seamless shrowd weird schaipis for me! *a seamless shroud fate, or destiny, prepares for me.* To rede aright my spell, *to explain aright my tale.* Eerilie, *awfully, drearily.* Sal, *shall.* Quhill fleand Hevin and raikand Hell, *while avoiding Heaven and ranging Hell.* Ghaist, *ghost.* Luvand, *loving, affectionate.*

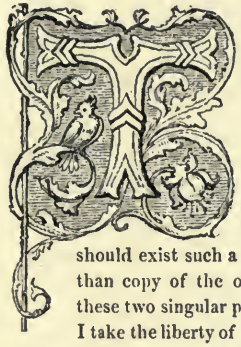
Elfinland Wud.



Thorow fire, and thorow flude,
(Mudy mindis rage lyk a sea;)
Thorow slauchtir, thorow blude,
(A seamless shrowd weird schaipis for me!)

And to rede aricht my spell,
Eerilie sal nicht wyndis moan,
Quhill fleand Hevin and raikand Hell,
Ghaist with ghaist maun wandir on.

J. N. Pat n del. T. Armstrong sc.



HE TWA CORBIES. Of the several versions of this singular fragment we prefer that which occurs in the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." It was communicated to the editor by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, "as written down, from tradition, hy a lady." "It is a singular circumstance," he observes, "that it should coincide so very nearly with the ancient dirge, called 'The Three Raveus,' published by Mr. Ritson, in his 'Ancient Songs;' and that, at the same time, there should exist such a difference as to make the one appear rather a counterpart than copy of the other. In order to enable the curious reader to contrast these two singular poems, and to form a judgment which may be the original, I take the liberty of copying the English ballad from Mr. Ritson's collection, omitting only the burden and repetition of the first line." The learned editor states it to be given "From Ravenscroft's 'Melismata.' Musical Phansies, fitting the Cittie and Country Humours, to 3, 4, and 5 Voyces," London, 1611, 4to. "It will be obvious," continues Mr. Ritson, "that this ballad is much older, not only than the date of the book, but most of the other pieces contained in it.

"There were three rauens sat on a tre,
They were as blacke as they might be:

"The one of them said to his mate,
'Where shall we our breakefast take?'—

"'Downie in yonder greene field,
There lies a knight slain under his shield;

"'His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
So well they their master keepe;

"'His haukes they fly so eagerlie,
There's no fowle dare come him nie.

"'Down there comes a fallow doe.
As great with yong as she might goe.

"'She lift up his bloudy hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

"'She got him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthen lake.

"'She buried him before the prime,
She was dead her selfe ere euen song time.

"'God send euery gentleman,
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a leman.'"

The moral of the two stories, it will be perceived, is very opposite. In the one, the dead knight is deserted by "his hawk, his hounds, and his lady fair;" in the other, they are described as constant and true, such as the poet prays may be sent to "every gentleman." Mr. Motherwell states that he has "met with several copies almost the same as in Ritson." His own version, however, is very different from either of those

printed by Ritson and Scott. It is, however, nearly the same as the one given by Allan Cunningham, and which is avowedly "made up from various readings and recitations." Nevertheless, it is a very touching and beautiful composition, although neither so powerful nor so effective as the less polished fragment given by Sir Walter Scott. We copy it entire:—

"There were two ravens sat on a tree,
Large and black as black may be,
And one unto the other gan say,
'Where shall we go and dine to-day?
Shall we go dine by the wild salt sea?
Shall we go dine 'neath the greenwood tree?

"'As I sat on the deep sea sand,
I saw a fair ship nigh at land;
I waved my wings, I bent my beak,
The ship sank, and I heard a shriek;
There lie the sailors, one, two, three;
I shall dine by the wild salt sea.'

"'Come, I will show ye a sweeter sight,
A lonesome glen and a new-slain knight;
His bleed yet on the grass is hot,
His sword half drawn, his shafts unshot,
And no one kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and his lady fair.

"'His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild fowl hame,
His lady 's away with another mate,
So we shall make our dinner sweet:
Our dinner 's sure, our feasting free,
Come, and dine by the greenwood tree.

"'Ye shall sit on his white hause-bane,
I will pick out his bonny blue een;
Ye 'll take a tress of his yellow hair,
To theak yere nest when it grows bare;
The gowden down on his young chin
Will do to rowe my young ones in.

"'O, cauld and bare will his bed be
When winter storms sing in the tree;
At his head a turf, at his feet a stone,
He will sleep nor hear the maiden's moan;
O'er his white bones the birds shall fly,
The wild deer bound and foxes cry.'"

James Hogg attempted an imitation of it, which he introduces by the following remarks, in allusion to Scott's version of the ballad. "It appears as if the bard had found his power of description inadequate to a detail of the circumstances attending the fatal catastrophe, without suffering the interest already roused to subside, and had artfully consigned it over to the fancy of every reader to paint it what way he chose; or else that he lamented the untimely fate of a knight, whose base treatment he durst not otherwise make known than in that short parabolical dialogue."



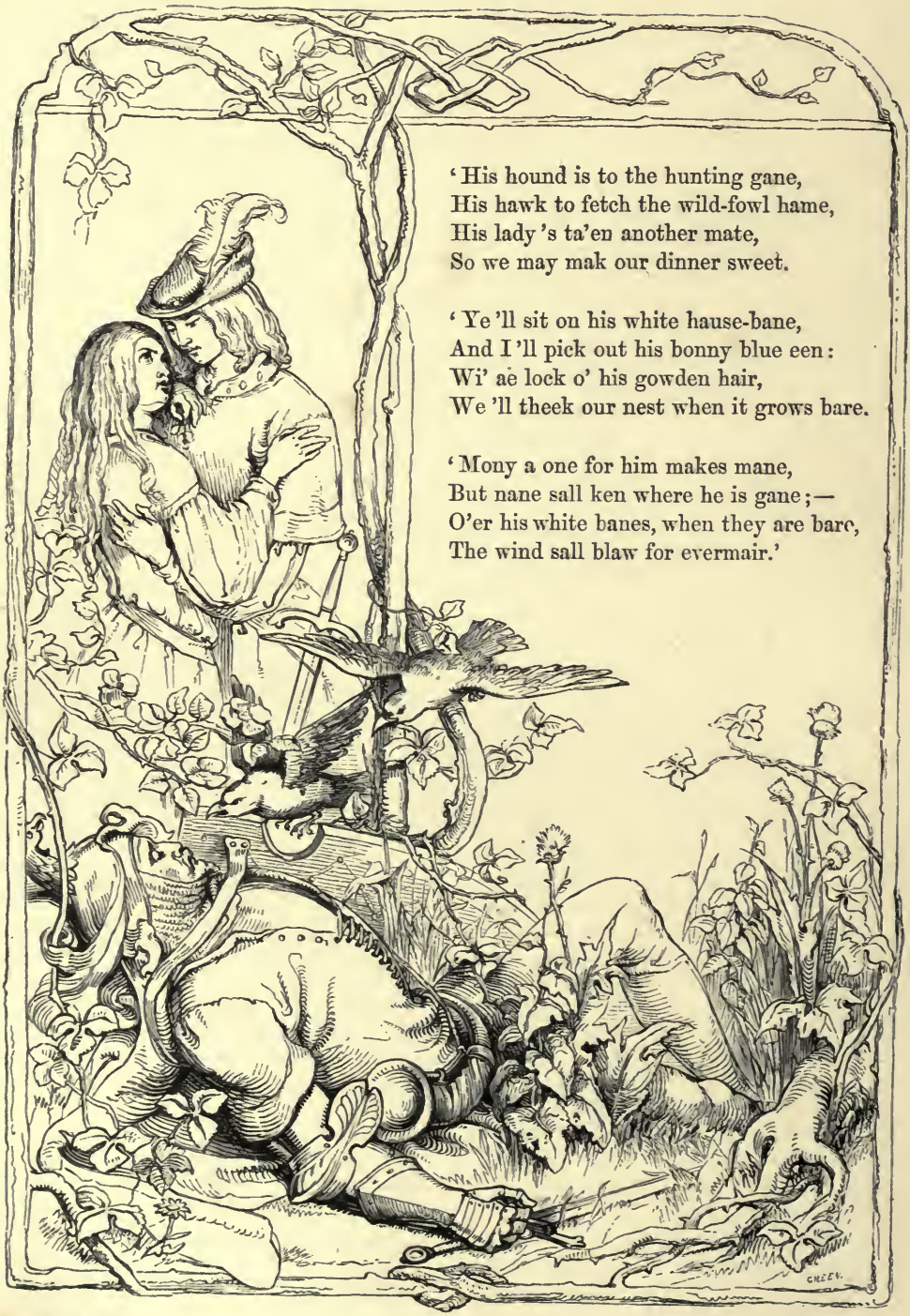
THE TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane;
The tane unto the t'other say,
'Where sall we gang and dine to-day?'—

'In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain knight;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

J. Franklin del.

W. T. Green sc.



J. Franklin del.

W. T. Green sc

THE ballad of HENGIST AND MEY is the production of William Julius Mickle. Its merits are not of a high order; but it supplies an example of a class, popular for a time, which "came in" between the rugged Nature of the old and the over-refinement of the new. It professes to be an imitation of the ancient ballad; of the character of which, however, it partakes but little. The incident upon which it is founded is presumed to have grown out of the wars between the Britons and the Saxons; and the "Saxon story" supplied the author with the ground-work of another "heroic ballad," entitled "The Sorceress,"—these two being the principal compositions of the kind produced by the author. He was born in 1734, at Langholm in Dumfries-shire, where his father was minister. He was early "bound prentice to the Muse;" for although he entered into business as a brewer in Edinburgh, and "paid more duty to the excise than any other member of the trade," he had "written two tragedies and half an epic poem before he was eighteen," and was, of course, unsuccessful in his attempts to "gather gear." Having passed through various vicissitudes, he was at length patronised by a Governor Johnstone, who being appointed to the command of the Romney ship of war, named the poet as his secretary: in this capacity he visited Lisbon, where he obtained the lucrative post of prize-agent, and amassed a considerable sum of money. He died at Wheatley, in Oxfordshire, in 1789.

The poems of Mickle consist chiefly of short pieces, the longest being an imitation of Spenser. He is indebted for his fame, however, to his translation of "The Lusiad" of Camoens, the first part of which he published in 1771,*—a work of no inconsiderable value, which continues to maintain some hold on the public mind. "Of the Lusiad," writes Dr. Anderson, "Mickle was not only the able translator, but a spirited advocate. He has very judiciously prefaced his translation with a copious and satisfactory introduction to the history of the Poem, and accompanied it with notes that were necessary to give it proper elucidation. The narrative is liberal and elegant, interspersed with many sensible observations and just political reflections." "His character as a poet," according to the same authority, "ranks very high among his countrymen. His versification is undoubtedly very vigorous and manly; but certainly not equally remarkable for correctness." Of his personal character a contemporary writer in the European Magazine thus speaks:—"He was, in every point of view, a man of the utmost integrity, warm in his friendship, and indignant only against vice, irreligion, or meanness. During the greatest part of his life he endured the pressure of a narrow fortune without repining, never relaxing his exertions to acquire by

* A writer, who printed in the European Magazine some account of the life of Mickle, relates a curious anecdote concerning the dedication of this work. Mickle selected as his patron the Duke of Buccleuch, who took no notice whatsoever of the compliment paid to him; received the copy without condescending to give any reply; and some months afterwards a friend of the author's ascertained that it had never been read by his Grace,—"to whom it had been represented not to have the merit it was at first said to possess."

honest industry that independence which he at length enjoyed. His foibles were few, and those inoffensive; his virtues many; and his genius was very considerable. He lived without reproach, and his memory will be always cherished by those who were acquainted with him."

Besides the two ballads to which we have made reference, he is understood to have written some others printed in the multifarious "gathering" of Mr. Evans.* Mr. Cunningham speaks of his having contributed "a dozen and a half" to this collection. "But," he adds, "he had no wish to own these hasty and somewhat unequal productions; and, with a desire to let them win their way as the works of the antique muse, he encumbered their language with all the idle garnishing of superfluous letters. Now, if one quote, or pretend to quote, from some old manuscript, such embarrassments to the reader may be defended; but all oral or remembered things must come stript of idle letters—their presence betrays the imposture. Throughout the whole number there is a family resemblance, and they are all alike marked as the offspring of a tender heart: their descriptions are simple and graphic, their sentiments natural and affecting. They are all emblazoned, too, with old manners, and old customs, and old deeds, in the spirit with which a true poet will employ his antiquarian knowledge. I am glad of this opportunity of rendering back to departed genius the ornaments of which it too carelessly despoiled itself; and it may be a warning to many who imagine they can estimate their own capacity, and decide what works of theirs posterity will honour; for, in my opinion, his hastiest effusions are his best, and in those heroic and romantic legends he breathed out a far more free and natural strain than in some of his more elaborate productions."

If, however, Mickle was the author of the song "There's nae luck about the house," it will bestow upon him more fame than all his other productions. Mr. Cunningham is "not quite satisfied with the claims," which he considers to depend exclusively on the fact of the song, with variations, being found in his handwriting. He admits, however, that Mickle has "made out a better claim to the merit of writing that delightful song than any other person; and since it is an old favourite now," he adds, "and all knowledge of its origin may be fairly reckoned to be departed, I am ready to believe that it owes to him most of those charms by which it cannot fail to captivate attention, so long as the happiest language in which truth and nature can be expressed has any sway over men's hearts." The song is not included in the collected edition of Mickle's Poems, and his countryman, Dr. Anderson, who appears to have taken some pains to procure information concerning the poet's life, makes no reference to his claim to the authorship of one of the most exquisite compositions in the language.

* The collection of ballads published in four volumes contains, mingled with a few of a good class, a singular mass of mediocre performances. The collector—who was "an old bookseller,"—did, indeed, little more than heap together all things of the kind he could procure, and transmit them to a printer. Scarcely any of them contain explanatory notes of any sort; yet it is known that several were here printed for the first time: and though of no great value, it is to be regretted that in many instances the names of their authors are lost. Into this volume of "British Ballads," we have not been enabled to introduce any from Evans's collection.





HENGIST AND MEY.

In ancient days, when Arthur reigned,
Sir Elmer had no peer;
And no young knight in all the land
The ladies loved so dear.

His sister, Mey, the fairest maid
Of all the virgin train,
Won every heart at Arthur's court;
But all their love was vain,



In vain they loved, in vain they vowed;
Her heart they could not move:
Yet, at the evening hour of prayer,
Her mind was lost in love.

The abbess saw—the abbess knew,
And urged her to explain:
'O name the gentle youth to me,
And his consent I 'll gain.'

Long urged, long tried, fair Mey replied,
'His name—how can I say?
An angel from the fields above
Has 'rapt my heart away.

'But once, alas! and never more,
His lovely form I 'spied;
One evening, by the sounding shore,
All by the green-wood side.

'His eyes to mine the love confest,
That glowed with mildest grace;
His courtly mien and purple vest
Bespoke his princely race.

'But when he heard my brother's horn,
Fast to his ships he fled;
Yet, while I sleep, his graceful form
Still hovers round my bed.

'Sometimes, all clad in armour bright,
He shakes a warlike lance;
And now, in courtly garments dight,
He leads the sprightly dance.

'His hair, as black as raven's wing;
His skin—as Christmas snow;
His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,
His lips like rose-buds glow.

F. R. Pickersgill del. J. L. Williams sc.



'His limbs, his arms, his stature shaped
By nature's finest hand;
His sparkling eyes declare him born
To love, and to command.'

The live-long year, fair Mey bemoaned
Her hopeless, pining love:
But when the balmy spring returned,
And summer clothed the grove,

All round by pleasant Humber side,
The Saxon banners flew,
And to Sir Elmer's castle gates
The spearmen came in view.

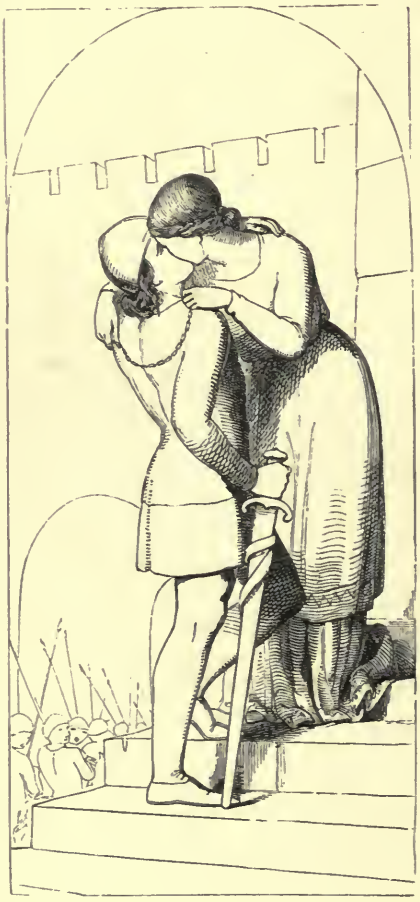
Fair blushed the morn, when Mey looked o'er
The castle walls so sheen;
And lo! the warlike Saxon youth
Were sporting on the green.

There Hengist, Offa's eldest son,
Leaned on his burnished lance,
And all the armed youth around
Obeyed his manly glance.

His locks, as black as raven's wing,
Adown his shoulders flowed;
His cheeks outvied the blush of morn,
His lips like rose-buds glowed.

And soon, the lovely form of Mey
Has caught his piercing eyes;
He gives the sign, the bands retire,
While big with love he sighs.

'Oh, thou! for whom I dared the seas,
And came with peace or war;
Oh! by that cross that veils thy breast,
Relieve thy lover's care!



'For thee, I 'll quit my father's throne;
With thee, the wilds explore;
Or with thee share the British crown;
With thee, the Cross adore.'

Beneath the timorous virgin blush,
With love's soft warmth she glows;
So, blushing through the dews of morn,
Appears the opening rose.

'Twas now the hour of morning prayer,
When men their sins bewail,
And Elmer heard King Arthur's horn,
Shrill sounding through the dale.

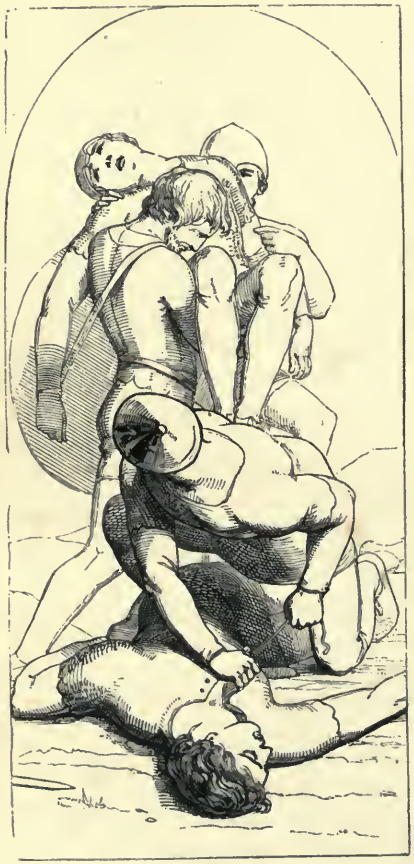
The pearly tears from Mey's bright eyes,
Like April dew-drops fell,
When, with a parting, dear embrace,
Her brother bade farewell.

The cross with sparkling diamonds bright,
That veiled the snowy breast,
With prayers to Heaven her lily hands
Have fixed on Elmer's vest.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
He 's marched across the plain;
Till with his gallant yeomandrie,
He joined King Arthur's train.

Full forty thousand Saxon spears
Came glittering down the hill,
And with their shouts and clang of arms
The distant valleys fill.

Old Offa, dressed in Odin's garb,
Assumed the hoary god;
And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,
Before the horsemen rode.



With dreadful rage the combat burns,
The captains shout amain;
And Elmer's tall victorious spear
Far glances o'er the plain.

To stop its course young Hengist flew,
Like lightning, o'er the field;
And soon his eyes the well-known cross
On Elmer's vest beheld.

The slighted lover swelled his breast,
His eyes shot living fire!
And all his martial heat before,
To this was mild desire.

On his imagined rival's front,
With whirlwind speed he pressed,
And glancing to the sun, his sword
Resounds on Elmer's crest.

The foe gave way;—the princely youth
With heedless rage pursued,
Till trembling in his cloven helm
Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

He bowed his head—slow dropped his spear;
The reins slipped through his hand;
And, stained with blood—his stately corse
Lay breathless on the strand.

'O bear me off (Sir Elmer cried);
Before my painful sight
The combat swims—yet Hengist's vest
I claim as victor's right.'

Brave Hengist's fall the Saxons saw,
And all in terror fled;
The bowmen to his castle gates
The brave Sir Elmer led.



'O, wash my wounds, my sister dear;
O, pull this Saxon dart,
That, whizzing from young Hengist's arm,
Has almost pierced my heart.

'Yet in my hall his vest shall hang;
And Britons yet unborn,
Shall with the trophies of to-day
Their solemn feasts adorn.'

All trembling, Mey beheld the vest;
'O, Merlin!' loud she cried;
'Thy words are true—my slaughtered love
Shall have a breathless bride!

'Oh! Elmer, Elmer, boast no more
That low my Hengist lies!
Oh! Hengist, cruel was thine arm!
My brother bleeds and dies!'

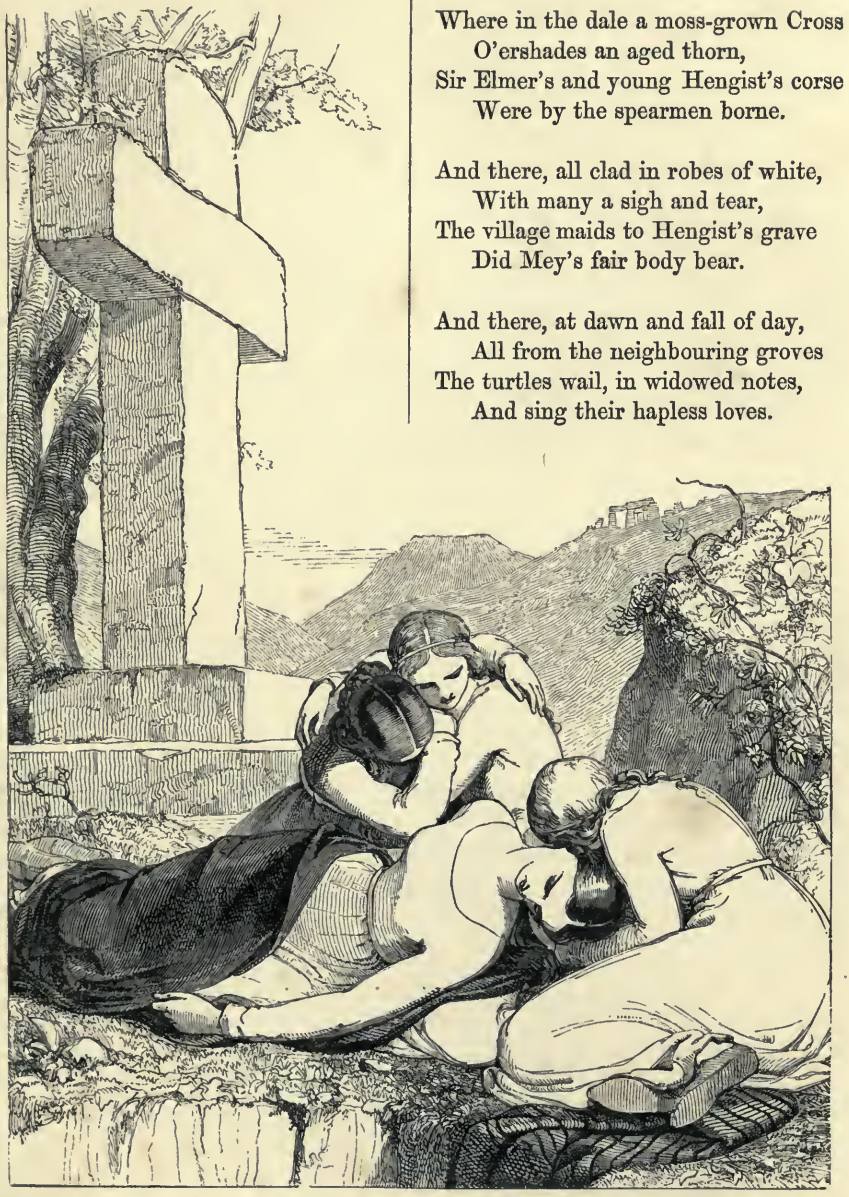
She spake,—the roses left her cheeks,
And life's warm spirit fled:
So, nipt by winter's withering blasts,
The snow-drop bows its head!

Yet parting life one struggle gave,—
She lifts her languid eyes;
'Return, my Hengist! oh, return,
My slaughtered love!' she cries.

'Oh—still he lives—he smiles again,
With all his grace he moves;
I come—I come, where bow nor spear
Shall more disturb our loves!'

She spake—she died! The Saxon dart
Was drawn from Elmer's side;
And thrice he called his sister Mey,
And thrice he groaned,—and died!

Hengist and Mey.



Where in the dale a moss-grown Cross
O'ershades an aged thorn,
Sir Elmer's and young Hengist's corse
Were by the spearmen borne.

And there, all clad in robes of white,
With many a sigh and tear,
The village maids to Hengist's grave
Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there, at dawn and fall of day,
All from the neighbouring groves
The turtles wail, in widowed notes,
And sing their hapless loves.

F. R. Pickersgill del. J. L. Williams sc.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. E. ADLARD, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.

ALEXR B. GROGAN.
SAN FRANCISCO.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA

THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS

WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH DAY AND TO $1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY OVERDUE.

OCT 11 1938

NOV 25 1942

AUG 3 1943

JUL 13 1944

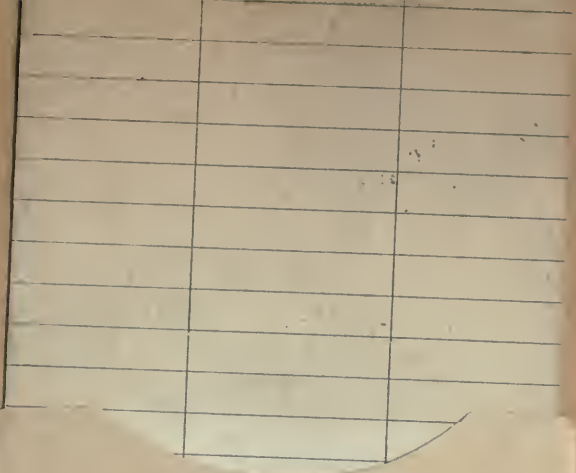
MAY 21 1948

10Dec51W

2-9-52

15Mar55 JL

LD 21-20m-5,'39



146880

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY